



The Abbot Courant

January, 1920

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1920

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY

THE
ABBOT COURANT

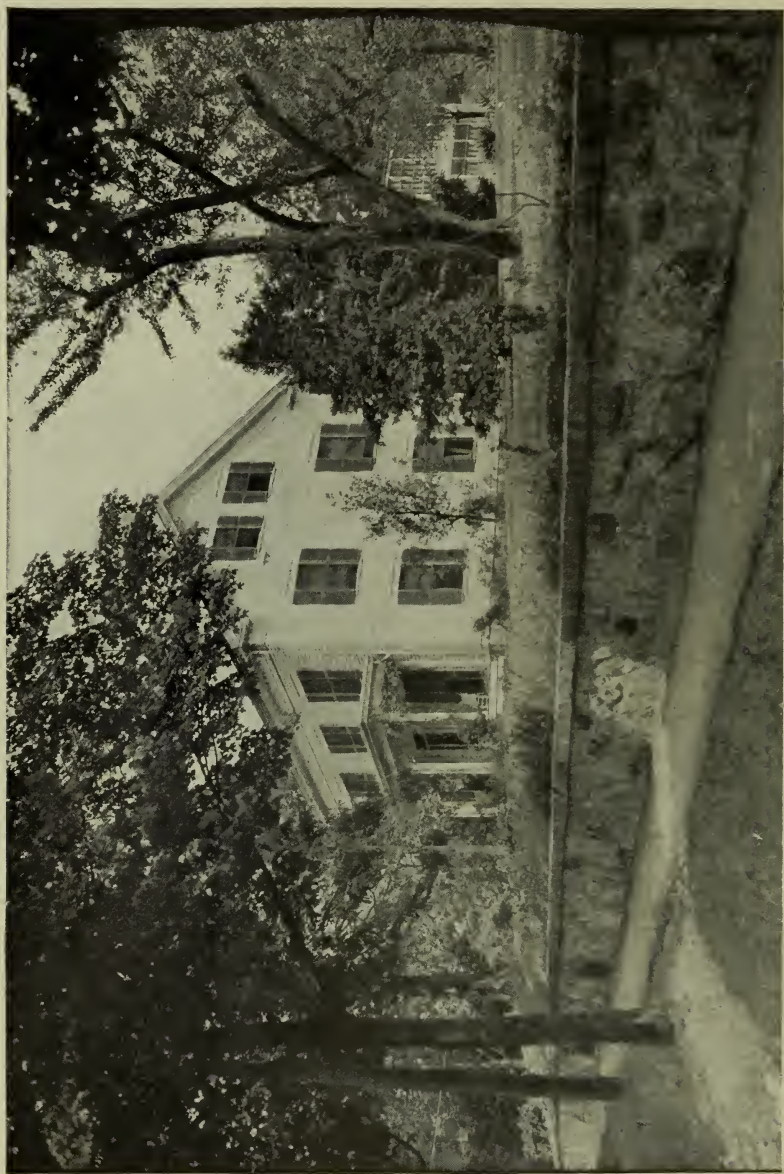
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SHERMAN COTTAGE

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLVI

JANUARY, 1920

No. 1

In Nanking

It was late afternoon of a beautiful Sunday in autumn when I left the busy Chinese streets and turned into a by-path, which led over the brown hills. As I passed a group of little brown mud huts, surrounded by carefully kept vegetable gardens, the people sauntered out to see the foreigner. There were mothers with jolly little fat babies, dressed in bright crimson garments, so well padded that when they fell down they couldn't pick themselves up, but rolled like a ball, and with little caps, embroidered with ferocious cats' faces and covered with little jingling bells. The little boys, with dirty faces smiled at me happily. Everybody was overflowing with friendly curiosity. The old mother-in-law, with only a few teeth left in her head and leaning on a long pipe which she used as a cane, wanted to know how old I was, the price of my clothes and whether I had just eaten.

After leaving the little plantation, with the rays of the setting sun streaming across the brown straw roofs of the little huts and filtering through the crooked limbs of the peach trees, I started climbing the hill to the old temple on top.

Dusk was already coming on as I entered the old courtyard and the chant of the priests at their evening service sounded weird and plaintive. The barking of a dog aroused one of the priests, who came out to see who had come. I told him that though I was rather late, I had come to visit. With a kind smile he led the way through the courtyard and I stepped into a room which looked very gloomy in the fast falling twilight. The air was cold and damp and filled with the fragrance of burning incense. Around the walls I could barely make out the shadowy forms of the idols, some with such terrible expressions of hate, and the very much worn straw mats on the cold paving stones, upon which the people knelt to offer their prayers to the god of sickness or health, happiness or death. Under one gold-leafed demon, there was a little flickering candle burning. The priest told me that that was the God of Children's Diseases. By the pale light I noticed that the little straw mat was almost worn bare by the patient kneeling of hundreds of sorrow- and terror-stricken mothers.

In the midst of the dark room was a gigantic image with ferocious black eyes. His hands were clenched and he looked as though he were gnashing his teeth in rage. Many tall candles were burning on his altar and the fragrance of the incense filled the air. As the room became darker, this ugly idol was the only thing left visible, and it sent a cold chill down my back. Such a terrible religion! The thought came to me that if death should come upon that happy home which I had passed, they would have no hope but to drop upon their knees before this hideous idol and pour their grief into his unhearing ears. Suddenly in the midst of my reverie, I was roused by a gong clanging through the dismal place, calling the priests back to their prayers. It was with a sense of relief that I bade good-bye to my old guide and left the temple.

As I came in sight of the lights of home, a feeling of thankfulness filled my heart that our religion was one of hope instead of dread.

Mary Williams, 1921

Night on a Hillside

Velvety blackness and grey dusk of night;
Night on a hillside,
Alone, alone.
Only the shadowy spectres of trees,
And shrub-softness,
And coolness of night-dewed grass;
Only the crickets' faint chirp,
A tiny brook's murmur, and sleepy small whimper,
A breeze softly stirring the pale dreaming willows,
And the silver-grey moon shedding mercy benignly.
The meadowed hill became a vast haven,
A dreamland, of quiet.
It drew a noise-wearied soul
Out,
Till a world's length from thought,
And from worry, and care,
It dissolved
To a whisper of gratitude,
Safe in night stillness,
Exulting in loneliness.

Somewhere, close at hand, flickered
An orange-red flame
Beneath the wing of a firefly.
And there rushed back the lure
Of the world
In its crimson.
But the night had left silence,
And strength.

Paulina Miller, 1920

D'Annunzio

In our regular orderly life of the twentieth century, we have suddenly been startled by a striking voice from the age of chivalry. We have thought that the romance of the Middle Ages was a delicate dream that had miraculously come true in a far distant past, and that now there is no longer any chance for those who long for true adventure. But a man has come with all the charm of the Knight-errant whom we had long thought dead, and given us the opportunity to see what real romantic adventure is.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, has come to us as a revelation of the past. We see in him the true spirit of the age of chivalry. He stands upright, clear-cut, sure of his goal, a greater, finer Italy. There is not an atom of selfishness in him, yet he has no thought for others. His one great love is for his country. People flock to him and worship him, for his clearness of purpose, and absolute lack of thought for himself. D'Annunzio has the wonderful charm of a man completely given up to his ideal, and that alone draws people as nothing else can.

In Fiume, D'Annunzio has gone forward, thoughtless, unafraid, and simply by daring has accomplished, in defiance of the Italian government, a feat that men all over Italy had longed for, but not dared, for weeks. D'Annunzio did not think of his own personal danger, but neither did he think of the greatest good for others. He was daring everything for his purpose, wantonly sacrificing other people as well as himself to his high ideal. A policy like this cannot stand fire. Individualism has been tried for centuries and has been found lacking. Any man who is really great must have at heart the good of all men. D'Annunzio saw only the point of view of the ardent Italian patriot, who wants everything for Italy, even at the expense of other nations. This patriotic feeling seems indeed paltry beside the splendid breadth of mind of Venizelos in signing away Greece's right to Constantinople.

D'Annunzio is a man who brings us a wonderful glimpse of the knight-errantry of the past, but a man like D'Annunzio cannot solve the great problems of the present day, nor can he lead a great people in the right way. We must take him as an indi-

vidual tremendously inspired with his ideal, and ready to give up everything for it, but in his very loyalty to this ideal we find his great weakness, lack of thought for others.

Elizabeth Hawkes, 1920

Sonnet

I was a ship fast in the harbor tied.
The gentle breezes rocked me in my nest;
The softened waters lulled me into rest,
In stupor, thus I lay, but for the tide.
But — "On, sail out and on," my captain cried,
"Sail out to some new shore; seek some new quest.
Now sail! for honor of our royal crest.
You would not here forever useless bide."
Then slowly I broke loose from my strong mooring;
Reluctantly, my long-closed sails I spread,
But — vision of a goal forever luring
Me on to lands of promise far ahead
Aroused me. In my captain faith securing
I knew 'twas "On, and ever on," he'd said.

Jean D. Lyon, 1920

It Happened on Dartmouth Street

The street lights were lighted on Dartmouth Street at half-past five one dreary November day, and it was raining — raining as persistently, doggedly and fluently as it had all day. A girl, hurrying along, stopped at the entrance to the subway to close her umbrella, and a man coming out collided with her. When the man had passed on, after apologies on both sides, the girl started down the subway stairs, and saw something white on the step; in the darkness it was not plain what it was, but it seemed to be a folded paper. Her first thought was that the man must have dropped it when he bumped into her; as he was nowhere in sight she crushed the paper into her pocket and dashed into the subway.

The girl's name was Ethel May, and Ethel was feeling very much depressed. Contributions for the school paper had to be in before the following evening, and Ethel had intended to be home at half past four in order to write a poem or story for it. She glanced at her watch and was worried to see how near to six it was. She would have to write something that night, for she was going to the theater the next afternoon.

At half past seven she sat down at the library table with a fresh pad of paper, a sharp pencil and a mind absolutely blank in regard to any idea for her composition. At the end of one hour her mind was just as blank, though her pencil had lost its sharpness and her pad its freshness, in her efforts to make a start.

Her coat fell off a chair where she had thrown it in her haste, and in picking it up she found the paper. Thoroughly curious she read the poem which covered one side of it. Idly repeating the rhyming words gave her the idea of "fixing the thing up" and using it. Of course, she reasoned, she would not take it exactly as it was, "just borrow an idea here and there — and I am sure even Shakespeare did that".

Some of the lines Ethel thought were very silly, others were too good to change; the result of this wholesale plagiarism was about three-fourths original poem and about one-fourth Ethel. This labor was finished at about ten o'clock and Ethel went to bed and slept the sleep of the just.

The little poem was handed in the next morning and it caused a sensation. Ethel received a message to the effect that the Principal would like to have a few words with her. In fear and trembling Ethel started for the office, in fear and trembling not because she had a guilty conscience, but merely because a call to the Principal's office seemed to call for that state of mind.

On the desk lay Ethel's poem and an open copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*. "I did not know that you were a devoted reader of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Ethel, are you?" And the Principal held out the latest copy of the magazine, which Ethel gazed at wildly. Ethel had often seen the outside of the *Atlantic Monthly* before, but she did not understand why she was being asked this question. Poor Ethel could not explain satisfactorily why there were such striking similarities between her poem and the one in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Before she left the office she understood that the poem she found on the street had been a copy of the one in the magazine, and also that the poem had been written by a very famous author and was considered remarkably beautiful. Her opinion was the same about the changes she had made, for she told her best friend afterward, "Some of those lines were so silly you couldn't make any sense out of them, so I wrote them over."

She had to give up the matinee and spend the afternoon writing a more original and perhaps no less extraordinary poem. "'Truthfulness is more costly than rubies,' as Solomon says," we find in Ethel's diary. "But who would think any man would be so dishonest! He had copied that whole poem, and never changed a word of it."

Frances Keany, 1921

On Growing Up

Suddenly, one day you find yourself grown up. This happens, it may be supposed, in other parts of the world — and at Abbot. It seems to be a common experience; the wonder of it is that there isn't more complaining about it. For who can say that it is pleasant, on finding oneself alone, and looking suddenly about, to discover your childhood, with its paper dolls and rubber balls and roller skates, slipped off into a misty distance? Even worse than that: to realize, that first awful time, that those girlish amusements — slang, puffs, and movies no longer thrill you? Then one knows the dreadful day has come. It is a shock and who can deny it? It is that day — no matter in what year of your life — when, with unsuspecting innocence, you welcome *System* into your life. This is a matter which cannot be treated lightly: System, an unrelenting despot, enemy of all children, bringing destruction on carefree youth. And saddest of all, on that day that one grows up, is the fact — that we really like it! We hold out eager hands to grasp it, we welcome it with smiles, and joyfully submit ourselves to its tyranny.

Why do we allow it! How can we coldly, composedly, with that detestable poise of our newly acquired age, turn up our nose on our own young, little selves, and sail confidently off to join the ranks of grown-up people, who are all, undoubtedly, the victims of System! To take the example of any one of our friends who is badly affected by this malady of grown-upness: such lady rises at her usual hour, takes her usual bath, and proceeds to a usual breakfast; all in confident expectation of a serene day without an adventure. Her work is divided suitably into its proper periods, allowing time for Recreation, Refreshment and Rest. Her clothes are a marvel of neatness. She does not throw them madly about the room in moments of excitement or perturbation. Hangers are her mania! Rips are promptly sewed up on appearance. Her mental life is correctly cubbyholed and ticketed; each thought as it enters, flying direct to its compartment. How she hates light reading! For her the *Saturday Evening Post* holds no charm; all desultory reading is her aversion. On the other hand, she takes delight in hours of leis-

ure to read Biography and Travel, and follows the national politics with fervor.

Is this what we are coming to? Is this what Abbot is doing for us? We hope so. For here, above all else, we learn, after futile struggling, that we must recognize the merits of efficiency; that the only way to accomplish all those things that we so desperately want to do, is by systematized hours, ways of working, and ways of thinking. Even in admitting this older point of view, we hear the gate clanging shut behind us. So be it! Are we then destined to a life in a plaster cast of primness, of inflexible habits? If that were true, what an unhappy view for anyone on the younger side of — say twenty!

We have stepped out of childhood, but our hands are not empty. We bring with us, as in a treasure box, the strangest odds and ends of curios, nonsensical little trinkets they are: funny quirks and twists of temperament, a touch of childish shyness, pieces of a laugh, and queer associations long forgotten. All these, jumbled in a hodge-podge, with dreams about fairies, and faith in white horses, are gathered carefully together and kept, like bits of colored glass and crystal beads, sea shells and amber.

With such a heritage as this can we be anything but light-hearted — for all the methods — for all the systematizing in the world? We must sift, sift, sift, these gossamer treasures through the whole structure of our lives, until of the firm system of living we have made a beautiful fabric.

Constance Ling, 1920

Obey Ye the Dead!

Solomon Barclay had existed dismally enough for some sixty years, but out of his sordid, actionless life had treasured one gem that glittered, even if only in comparison with the dullness of its setting. This was his will. Friendless, companionless, he had come from no one knew where, to the little rural settlement of Morton's Corners, a cold, wordless man with a sneering smile, and countless gold — unearned, according to the curious village folk. Wild rumors of a black shadow that flung through his window sacks of coal that clinked to the floor as yellow gold were vetoed by the sober people of the town, but Solomon was left much alone, ignored, and rather despised. Unconcerned enough he was though, and merely leered at the children in the streets, pushing his sparse grey hair up into elf-locks, and emitting a throaty gurgle that seemed the living realization of the unknown death rattle of their most fearful bogey stories, and sent them shrieking to incredulous and exasperated parents.

Solomon bought the largest and oldest house in the neighborhood and retired, losing all touch with the town and centering all his interests on his masterpiece, the will. He was left more and more alone, and spent most of his time sitting in a diabolically carved armchair, the sole possession that he had brought with him, and meditating on the one child of his brain, his will. The disposal of his famous wealth he ignored; the will was simply a burial request. His one desire was to be buried sitting up in a chair in a tomb to be erected in the village cemetery. But this one request gave Solomon utter happiness and his senile cacklings were only inspired by the thought of such an end to a life dominated by the carved armchair.

The wind blew fitfully and moaned down chimneys, and howled around corners the night Solomon Barclay died. He was alone in his creaky, dismal house all that night, but only children believed the tales of shivering, groaning shades that slunk from his windows, or of the sizzling, hissing sigh in the chimneys at midnight. The next noon a village lad happened in and found Solomon dead in his armchair with the will on the table before him, and carried the news to the others. His death caused as little

excitement as had his life, and when the rumored money was not found in or about the house the neighbors were intolerant and disgusted, and the ridiculous will brought forth only annoyed head-shakings. No money, the property uncared for and valueless, the times hard — how could they pay for such a tomb as old Solomon demanded? So by careless, unanimous consent the will was torn up, and Solomon Barclay laid out on his back and decently interred in the cemetery, with negligent rites, the curious children and idle youth of the village his only attendants.

And Solomon Barclay lay there, his last desire ungranted, in the restlessness of an unfamiliar attitude — for most of his days and nights had been spent sitting in the carved armchair. The neighbors had neither known nor cared, yet his body could have no rest till the Day of Judgment.

Solomon's belongings were soon auctioned off, but the carved armchair could find no buyer, and sat pensive, ownerless for many days on the lawn of the village auction house. And then one night a strange guttural creaking was heard there, and for a moment a black shadow hovered over the chair. The observers shuddered involuntarily and hastened homeward to the comfort of familiar sounds and furniture. But the desolate creaking seemed to permeate the whole atmosphere, intensifying when any person was comfortably seated. To the standing man the world was bright and noisy; the moment he dropped to any seat a wavering black shadow, desiring, demanding something, seemed to surround him, and he heard the throaty gurgle that might have been natural enough — or might have been the plea of the comfortless dead.

The still incredulous townspeople smiled anxiously and were daily drawn unwillingly toward Solomon's chair. The inarticulate moaning, the flickering of the black shadow, now imploring, now threatening, increased restlessly. The armchair seemed to vibrate with agony, its unintelligible mutterings were slowly burdening the onlookers with awe and an aching that was almost physical. In some way the Solomon Barclay whose body had been forgotten and scorned had become a Solomon Barclay whom the armchair had caught as an ever-present and increasingly horrible nightmare of the town.

The happy, carefree village was being dulled and deadened; shoulders stooped, heads cringed before invisible unfelt blows, and ever the creaking, moaning, groaning deepened and intensified to a nameless horror that dominated the bodies and souls of men. And one awful night, living and dead revolted. The heavens were rent with the final, unquenchable fury of the racked dead, the earth was a sounding-board for the crash of a spirit's agony, and wind and fire from heaven ripped and tore the little town.

And two men looked in each other's eyes and found there a despair and anguish beyond words, and, without words, gasping and panting in the whirling force of the storm, they found and seized Solomon Barclay's armchair and stumbled with it to the cemetery. There, guided only by the steel-blue flashes of lightning, and their own mad determination, they found their way to the grave of Solomon Barclay. With the strength of a fear beyond expression they found and ripped open the coffin, and utter silence and utter darkness fell as the soul and body of Solomon Barclay found rest and the end of desire in his armchair.

Then in scurrying haste and a terror that gibbered the two men thrust the chair and its contents to the depths of a lightning-torn grave that was almost a cavern, and heaped in earth and still more earth till the mound was almost a tomb. And with eyes glazed, and nerveless, ghastly speed they fled.

In the morning a quiet heaven looked upon the wreck of the little town. And the white-faced people glanced once toward the cemetery, and by common consent departed for other homes. And the contented spirit of Solomon Barclay, sitting forever in his diabolically carved armchair, ruled over what had once been the little rural settlement of Morton's Corners.

Paulina Miller, 1920

Point of View

The terrors of a new school are numerous. In the first place you stand outside its gates, staring at its millions of doors and wonder which you are supposed to enter. Strange girls of all sizes and ages stream past you, all apparently very well acquainted and chatting and laughing in an enviable way. Where, oh, where is that one friend from the multitude to gladden the heart of the stranger by a smile? In the second place, who, I ask, could find a classroom in the three floors of rooms, with never a signpost to be seen? And who could stop his shaking limbs or calm his trembling voice, when requested to stand and conjugate a Latin verb of which he has never heard, while surrounded by a class, brilliant beyond all conception of marvelous Latin classes? Not I, and I am not timid; not you and you are a veritable lion, compared to me: Oh, isn't it tragic to be in a new school?

The joys of an old school are myriad. You hesitate outside its gates a moment, a flood of memories surging over you at the sight of its friendly doors and windows. A group of girls comes laughing by. You are besieged, enveloped in fifteen pairs of arms, smothered with kisses. Hat on one ear, breathless with excitement, you dash into school and with the surety of long acquaintance past three rows of open doors into your own classroom. Your own old desk with the initials on the side, the old ink spot in the floor! — And in class it really doesn't matter much, if you haven't ever heard of the Latin verb, for there's only the same old class there, just as stupid as you are. Oh, isn't it joyful to be back in the old school again?

Lydia McCreary, 1920

An Appreciation of William Blake's Poetry

William Blake's poetry has a very rare and exquisite beauty. It is wonderfully musical. The poems seem actually to sing themselves along as I read them, and each one rings with a tune all its own. Some have the sound of the harp in them, others have the soft, sweet minor tones of the lute, and clear viola notes run through others. The one which I think most beautiful is "The Lamb," seeming to vibrate with the loving and tender tones of a perfect human voice, full of rich and deep feeling.

We see clear pictures, too, besides hearing the music. In his poem "The Tiger", there comes before our eyes in a most startling way the tiger, "burning bright in the forests of the night," the contrast between the brightness of the tiger and the darkness of the forest being a glowingly vivid one. This poem, like many of the others, has a questioning, a longing about it which fills one's whole heart and being with an emotion hard to express in words, because it is indefinable, vague, touched perhaps with a bit of sorrow and perplexity, and wonder, a little bewildered. Could it really be that the same God who made the gentle lamb make the fierce, dread tiger, too?

Blake has tremendous power of imagination. He sees all sorts of things, and expresses them in a unique way, and with great charm.

"Piping down the valleys wild,
"Piping songs of pleasant glee,
"On a cloud I saw a child—"

What a delightful picture it is! The "Mad Song" which begins:

"The wild winds weep,
"And the night is a-cold,—"

is a strange one, almost fearful, and mysterious. It has an unnatural loneliness, and a bitter pathos about it. We see in it the author's desire to be alone, sorrowful and melancholy, and to evade all light, that he says fills him with "frantic pain." A hopeless note of despair, and a longing for silence are in this poem, as well as in some others, which he must have written in the same wondering, shadowy mood. But the sadness is filled with rhythm

and music, and always we hear the musical accompaniments to the pictures and emotions which he sets before us in song.

If some of Blake's poems are not full of pathos and wondering sorrow, they at least have a half-sad wistfulness about them. His fancy loves to brood over things. His poems are entirely lacking in any joy, or exuberance of light spirits. There are none that I can see which have a buoyant gladness. The beauty of the most lovely ones lies in their gentle tenderness, and longing appeal. In one where joy is mentioned, the child "wept with joy to hear." Is it not rather an unusual thing for a little child to shed tears in his joy? Anyway, there is a sadness mingled with joy at the sight of tears, — a feeling which goes deeper. Perhaps it pleased Blake to be in a sorrowful mood, as it pleased Jacques in "As You Like It." He did not look at life through a rosy, bright light, but seemingly always darkly. Although Blake thinks about the highest and finest things, and writes about them, we cannot help feeling that it was a pity he did not feel more happiness in life. But in spite of that, his poems have a rare beauty, a beauty with an appealing and touching sweetness, and with a great and sad longing.

Julia C. Abbe, 1920

Jimmie

Red hair and freckles were greatly in evidence, but the boy was a little mite of a thing. He sat on the fence swinging his feet, which, at every swing made the holes in his stocking look bigger. He was in rags, but his face was not that of a common little boy of the slums. He had such a winning expression and such lovely blue eyes that one felt like picking him up and hugging him. We all have a great ambition at some time or another, and so had this child. It seemed to Jimmie that if his dream would only come true, he would be the happiest boy in the world, in spite of his being called "Carrots". But Jimmie's dream was not that which most little boys, living in crowded districts among squalidness and poverty, would want to come true. Boys under these conditions usually long for wonderful and delicious things to eat, for a house where there is grass upon which to play, for toys and fun. But not so with Jimmie, even though the conditions under which he lived were so terrible. Jimmie had one ambition, and only one. He wanted to be an actor. If only something would happen so that he could act in the movies. As he sat there he seemed far away from the noise and clutter around him. He was thinking of himself acting in the movies. How heroic he would be, and what thrills would run up his spine! For the past year, Jimmie had spent what money he could earn by selling papers, in going to the movies. It was here that on the screen Jimmie found and admired his friends. He had heard that at the far end of the city there was a place where pictures were taken. He had heard that it was almost a city by itself, it was so huge, and that in this place, his movie friends spent most of their time. With a start, he jumped off the fence. He had had a thought. It was early in the morning. Perhaps he could find his way to this so-called Filmland and see what it was like.

Leave it to Jimmie! In less than two hours we find the little lad standing in front of an enormous towering building. He stood with his hands in his pockets, gazing at a large sign which stared down at him. It read, in enormous letters, "Paramount Pictures." Jimmie grinned from ear to ear with the thought that he was really in this wonderful place. He looked around. Peo-

ple were going in and out, machines drove in and out — the general atmosphere was business-like. As he was gazing at the sign, three limousines drew up. A group of actors and actresses, laughing and talking, came through the door, over which "Paramount Pictures" stared. They got into the different cars. From their conversation Jimmie found out that they were preparing to go somewhere to take a picture. Just then, one of the actors, who was standing with his back toward Jimmie and very near, said, "But where's the kid we're going to rescue at the wharf?" He swung around quickly, nearly knocking Jimmie over. Looking down to see what he had fallen over, he suddenly exclaimed, "By king, here's just the little man I'm after!" It was Wallace Reed speaking. "Say, sonny, can you swim?" "Gee! But if you ain't Wallace Reed, I'll eat my hat!" gasped Jimmie, all excited. "But I say," continued Mr. Reed, "can you swim?" Not knowing why this question was so abruptly asked, but feeling that something was going to happen, Jimmie tossed up his head, looked the actor square in the face and said, "You bet I kin!"

Things began to happen. Before Jimmie could say Jack Robinson, he was whizzing through parts of the city unknown to him, in a luxurious limousine with all the pretty ladies, and the nice actors. The car came to a stop at a wharf, and all piled out. Every one seemed to have something to do. It seemed as if they had just arrived when the cameras were set up, everything was ready, and Wallace Reed came up to Jimmie and said, "Now, here's your fish-line. Get here on the edge," passing the said line to him and leading him to the designated spot, all at the same time. "When I say 'Fall', you will be accidentally pushed off the wharf. The rest will take care of itself." Jimmie gazed at the cold, black water far beneath him, his heart beating faster and faster. Thoughts flashed through his mind. Would he run back as fast as he could — when, "Fall!" And Jimmie found himself in the depths of the sea.

A few minutes later, a limp boy, dripping from head to foot with the salty brine, was laid out on the wharf. There were various whispers. "Is he all right?" "That was a rescue all right!" Jimmie groaned and half opened his eyes. "Gosh!" he breathed.

In a few minutes with some assistance, he got up on his feet, still rather dazed and mystified. Wallace Reed was holding him by the arm. "Sonny, you couldn't swim." Jimmie straightened up, tossed back his head and bellowed out, "No, but kin I act?" "I'll be darned, I never saw a pluckier little chap," said one of the actors.

Later Jimmie found himself in the same limousine again, whizzing toward home, toward the slums, all wrapped up in a big soft robe, with Wallace Reed at his side. It had all happened so quickly. Jimmie was supremely happy. His great ambition had been realized. He was an actor, a real actor, at last! His little head was full of the thrilling adventure, his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed, all the more pink after his ducking. As Wallace Reed left him at the curb stone, Jimmie breathed a long, full sigh, the kind that one breathes when it seems as if one were in a heavenly dream too good to be true. Jimmie watched the car out of sight. As he turned to go into the house with a radiant smile, he slowly shook his head from side to side and said, "Gee, aint it grand?"

Charlotte Vose, 1920

Good Roads

Roads are something like the poor of the Bible text — they are always with us; and like the poor there are several different kinds: the self-respecting road, the run-down-at-the-heel road, and those which have seen better days. You can always tell what kind of a town you are going through by the sort of roads which that town has. The town with self-respecting roads is the town which has been founded recently, or which has people in it who are awake to questions of the time — for they realize that it helps their commerce and population to have good roads. Then there is the town which has run-down-at-the-heel roads. That is the town which has become just a little passé; perhaps someone started a dirty manufacturing plant there and all the old families have moved away. Now there is a scattering of mixed people who don't care whether the roads are kept up or not — in fact, it wouldn't pay to keep excellent roads for just heavy teams and a few tourists to pass over. And last, but far from least, there are the roads which have seen better days. They seem to belong mostly to the south and those little towns too far away from the busy center to be homes for the present generation. They try to struggle along to keep some semblance of old pre-Civil War days; but it is hard, very hard.

The roads which have seen better days are found now and then throughout the country. Indeed, I have ridden over some of them near here. They are usually quite narrow and encroached upon by bushes, but they are generally as straight as people in those days knew how to make them and they will bring you to your objective just as surely as the modern tarvia roads. Somehow, when you once get on one of these roads you don't seem to want to turn off onto the busy thoroughfare. You feel as if you had entered a little old-fashioned garden, closed the white gate, and sat down by the sun-dial and box-bordered garden to think of older times. You hear the rumble of the busy outside world, but it merely sounds like the tumbling of a great waterfall. You are at peace in the midst of a throbbing world and you are glad that there are such roads. They do not seem shiftless because they have not been kept up, it seems as if they

really should be that way; a little oasis of quiet in the center of a desert of noise.

But it does seem shiftless not to have kept up the roads that are run-down-at-the-heel. We find them in the center of small and sometimes large cities. In fair-sized cities I have been over roads that were so bumpy and uneven that I should think the inhabitants would either move away or buy aeroplanes. These roads remind me of some people I have known. They seem like a girl who wears a long skirt because she has holes in her stockings, or like a woman who wears a boudoir cap to cover up her un-combed hair. This is the sort of road which is annually repaired by sprinkling a thin coat of gravel dust over the pitfalls, thus making them worse than ever. It is like a thief who slinks about trying to hide, but when caught covers over his faults with a coat of untruths.

Then there are the self-respecting roads of which, I am glad to say, there are a great many. These are like the "tailor-made" person and can be depended on to stand wear and tear. They always remind me of an architect's plan, for if they are built in the way planned they will stand almost forever. These are the roads that are practical, reliable and sometimes unappreciated.

I believe that roads are more like us than we imagine. They say that "environment makes the person," and I believe that roads help to make the environment. So give us all the roads — the self respecting, the run-down-at-the-heel roads, and the ones which have seen better days, and let us see if we can't appreciate, improve, or enjoy them — just as they demand.

Muriel Moxley, 1920

Back to Nature

Harry Madden was going through that restless period that every man who has been in the war across the sea has to go through. He had left college in the middle of his junior year to enter the service, and now that it was all over he was too old to go back — at least he thought so.

The great question now before him was what should he do with his life. There was that desire to make money that seems to be in every young American; at the bottom of it all, of course, but still there, was something more. If Harry could have defined it, he no doubt would have called it, "The Back to Nature movement." It was not until he had been at home two months that he really knew what this mood was that was brooding over him.

He had consented to take his small brother to the county fair. He hated fairs and he walked along with a very bored air through all the sideshows, by every lemonade stand. He wanted to show the "kid" a good time he said. At last they came to the stock show.

"This place is the worst yet," Harry thought as he followed his little brother, but on he went until he came to a man who was pointing out a sheep and giving a lecture on its good qualities. Harry let his brother go on about the building while he listened to the man. When Harry left the fair, his future was decided.

That evening after dinner he had had a long talk with his father about buying a sheep ranch. Somehow his father didn't understand, for he knocked the tobacco out of his pipe and said, "Now look here, boy, if you want to go out there and learn the business, all right. After you've been there awhile and know the hind end from the front end of a sheep I'll stock a ranch for you, but I haven't any money to throw away on experiments, you hear?" and he went off to bed.

Harry sat thinking for some time; he was no quitter and he knew a good thing when he saw it. Of course this wasn't just what he wanted, but Harry had been in the army long enough to know that life wasn't all a bed of roses.

In a week's time he was off for a little western town. Then the next thing was to get a job. This was somewhat difficult, but

at last he did find a man who was willing to give him a chance to learn the business.

He was sent near the top of a mountain with two thousand sheep. This wasn't just as the man at the fair had pictured it! The nights were almost uncanny in their stillness and in the daytime the bleating of the sheep nearly drove him crazy.

It is a beautiful thing, this back to nature, when the poets sing about it, but it is an entirely different story when a city man is left alone on a mountain with two thousand sheep!

One day almost in despair, Harry walked to the top of the mountain. Why, he really wasn't far from the road and there was something standing about a half a mile away. It looked like an auto — yes, it was an auto. Harry hurried down the slope to it and found a girl bending over the engine.

"Can I help?" he asked.

The girl looked up and said, "Have you any horses?"

"Only my saddle horse and that won't get you and the car very far. But what is the matter? Engine trouble? Let me see if I can fix it."

The girl stepped in front of the open hood. "How much do you know about machinery?"

"Not very much," he said with a smile. "I've only driven a car since I was fifteen and sometimes I had to repair my own plane when I was in France."

"In France!" she gasped, "You aren't Harry Madden, Dad's new sheepherder?"

"I am, if you are Mr. Suiter's daughter."

That was introduction enough for the Rocky Mountains. They had a beautiful time working over the car and as you can well imagine, they did more talking than working. It was nearly sunset when the girl turned the little gray car toward home and Harry went back to the sheep.

As he walked along he hummed to himself.

"When I get back to the wagon," he thought, "I'll see how my 'grub' is holding out. I may have to go to the ranch in a few days. This 'Back to Nature' is not so bad after all!"

Catherine Greenough, 1920

Sometime

I shall buy me an acre of land and plant a blooming garden there all full of roses and fountains and sweetpeas and forget-me-nots. And in amongst the rosebushes and by the fountain and beneath the blossoming apple trees, chubby little kiddies, in blue and pink rompers shall play, and there shall be milk and honey and jam and bread and butter and cookies for everybody. And at night when the moon is sending silver beams through the apple blossoms, I shall sit by the fountain and listen to a violin, playing very softly, somewhere in the rose garden, and I will steal away from the garden to kiss all the chubby little kiddies in their cribs and to lay out fresh blue and pink rompers. — Sometime I shall buy me an acre of land and plant a blooming garden there.

Lydia McCreary, 1920

How 3 Happen to Be in Prison

"Pat" McBrian was the policeman who went on duty at five-thirty p.m. and stayed on duty until seven-thirty the next morning. He was a short, red-faced, good-natured Irishman, so fat that he looked as though he had been melted and poured into his uniform. He was stationed on Besley Square in one of the suburbs of New York.

Every night when I passed "Pat" on my way home from the factory, I would give him a hearty whack on the back and he would laugh and say something pleasant to me, in brogue you could cut with a sharp knife only.

Well one night, it was 'bout a month ago, I was coming home from work as usual and as I looked ahead of me I saw my friend "Pat" busy as usual, turning first this way then that, putting up his white-gloved hand to stop the traffic, then beckoning it on again. Well, it was dusky and the lights were just coming on, or I wouldn't have made the mistake I did. Just as I stepped up to him his back was turned to me and I lifted my hand and let it come down on the broad fat shoulders before me, with a resounding whack! I had no more than done so when a loud feminine shriek issued from the short, fat form before me, which turned about like a whirlwind and grabbed me by the collar. My Lord! it was a woman!

Anyway, she had me imprisoned for assault. That's why I am here now. I say darn! Women policemen anyway!

Katherine Weld, 1921

Editorials

THE REUNION OF THE CLASS OF EIGHTY-SIX

The reunion of the Class of '86, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilkinson Darling in Hampton, Virginia, during the last week in October was in many ways a notable event.

The ties of friendship established at Abbot Academy and affectionate loyalty to the school drew together, from widely scattered places, eight busy women, four of them with their husbands, for a few days of happy fellowship in that lovely home on the shore of Hampton Roads.

It is a tribute to the school which can hold through all these decades the loyal devotion of its students; and it is a tribute to the quality of womanhood developed at Abbot Academy, that these women, able, resourceful leaders in their communities, should cherish so tenderly the friendships and the memories of their life together here.

It is, moreover, an inspiration to the students now forming here their associations and establishing their loyalties, to find how far-reaching and permanent are these experiences; while their teachers must realize with new force that the results of the work they are doing are not to be measured by the results immediately apparent, but that the thoughts and purposes and ideals now developing under their guidance will unfold in new forms of strength and power through all the years ahead.

The plans for the memorial gateway to Miss Maria Stockbridge Merrill have been under way for some time, and the trustees are very glad that they feel authorized to proceed with them this spring, the funds being now practically in hand. The plans include an enlarged center gate of wrought iron, with small gates at the corner of Abbot street and before the John-Esther Gallery. There is to be a close privet hedge flanked with low barberries, and a path from the Abbot street gate to the circle. It will be not only a beautiful memorial to Miss Merrill, but also a beautiful addition to the school.

As we all know, Abbot has not had a regulation hockey field since hockey was first begun here. Our field not only is too small, but its surface is irregular. And, of course, since we have not this advantage in athletics, many girls much interested in athletics do not choose Abbot as they doubtless otherwise would. And, too, the girls here cannot be expected to be so interested in going out for hockey when the field is insufficient, as they would if we had a regulation field. And now at last the money has been pledged for the new field, and it seems as though we should soon have it. We have shown that we are willing to give up a few of our own little luxuries for the common good of the school, even after the great crisis and the greatest need for giving is over. If we can always keep before us some purpose for which we can sacrifice ourselves, even though only a little, we shall never sink again to the degree of selfishness that we allowed ourselves to indulge in before the war. And so in fulfilling the pledges so generously made we can and must show that we care more for the good of every one than for our own little pleasures.

Because we are Americans and Abbot is an American school we are increasingly proud of having among us girls that come from other countries and other peoples. We have had China, South America, Armenia, Mexico and Greece represented here, and now we are devoting our interests and efforts to drawing a Greek girl once again within our circle. We like to feel that, in our little way, we typify the United States, which gladly holds the lamp of education and freedom and brotherhood for those of fewer advantages and greater hardships. Since Demetra Vaka, who is now Mrs. Kenneth Brown, talked to us on December 1st, we have been more keenly fired with the longing to help, by the gift of a scholarship here, the girlhood of the little country which has given so infinitely of its glorious past to enrich the world and which has suffered so much for centuries since its fall. Realizing the importance of Greek girlhood in the future of Greece has made us doubly appreciate our own youth, and with our quick deep wish to help that Greek girl of the near future and through her her comrades and country, has come a determination to increase

fourfold our own growth and development. We must be fine ourselves as girls and as part of a country of fine ideals, if we are to mean much to those who need us. We cannot help working hard to be worthy of helping our Greek girl who comes here to light her torch at the fire of love and learning that glows among us.

We have always thought we were a sunshiny school. Now, however, we are sure of it, for there has come among us this year a ball of sunshine, or, if we must be literal, of golden fur, waving tail, and insignificant claws, which constitutes a cat. This apparition answers indifferently to the name of Sunshine or of Dandelion, and frequents Miss Bailey's office preferably, occasionally showing his fascinating whiskers and person in other parts of the house. He was once upon a time one of three small cats, we know, but the other two have deteriorated, one into an unfailing mouser, the other into a handsome but unpettable black shadow, also so-named. So Dandelion reigns supreme, being primarily a house kitten. He flatters us by his infallible response to our caresses; he flaps his tail against us engagingly, and chases knitting needles with graceful curves. We enjoy him immensely, seeing him only too infrequently. He is rather careless; latest reports credit him with only four of his nine lives on hand.

It really wasn't until it was all over and we were cogitating within ourselves in the dark of our respective abodes, that we realized what a great success the Bradford and Abbot field day had been from a friendship standpoint. From the minute we stepped off the trolley cars in the morning and found all Bradford waiting in front of the school, to the minute we stepped back into those same trolley cars at night and left all Bradford singing farewell, we were as friends of long standing. Strange girls mingled with other strange girls with perfect ease. Everybody was so eager to give everybody else a good time and to meet everybody else halfway, that it was a tremendous success from the beginning. Abbot and Bradford have been fellow schools for a long, long time, but never have they felt so closely allied as they have since this glorious field day.

When you and your date wander down the stairs and pause before the bulletin board, some such conversation is sure to ensue. "How about 17?" "Too long." "Well, we could do 3." "I've done it." "8?" (hopefully.) "Done it." "Well (exasperatedly), what one shall we take?" — You finally decide upon one and off you go, following endless country roads and making countless mistakes in your directions to have the satisfaction of putting down one more number on your exercise card. For Abbot is distinctly a walking school this year. No matter how weary, or fat, or lame we may be, every afternoon at 3.30 we're off, because ever before our eager eyes there comes a vision of the blue band of attainment.

A murmur of "They're coming" wafts out into the dark and deserted corridor. You fly into an equally dark and deserted room on the front of the building.—Deserted? No, six pairs of legs are pawing the near-by tables and chairs in an attempt to get a firm foothold and you see the silhouette of their eager faces smiling blissfully down at the glare beneath. With a cry, you scramble to a place of vantage on top of the prostrate figures and rapturously and perilously almost stick your head out the window in an attempt to see and not be seen. Below you are the myriad lights of Andover's torchlights gleaming and twinkling; white pajama-clad figures are leaping and swaying gleefully about the circle. The air is resounding with wild cheers and songs for Phillips; horns are tooting. Everybody is making some noise expressive of joy and triumph. Round and round the circle they wind, while you crane your neck in awful fear that you will miss something. What matters that your suit skirt is being ruined or that a hand has seized you by the arm and a voice is saying firmly, "Not quite so far out the window, girls!" You forget that you've been for Exeter all the time and shriek wildly, "Hurrah for Andover!" Only when the last cheering, torch-light figure has disappeared from view, do you turn with a regretful sigh to a contemplation of the mass of wrinkles in your skirt.

Among the engrossing problems of a girl for generations past is the still all-important question of — her coiffure. Our grand-

mothers looped their hair simply into a net in the back but the front was frizzed within an inch of its life! Our mothers piled all on top of their heads and (with a rat, we fear) trained a wily pompadour so that it continually threatened the sight of one eye.

Are the girls of today behind-hand?

Just walk into an Abbot class room. The first thing you notice is the unnatural shape of the young ladies' heads. Can it be that their ears are so large? No, for nearly every girl has her hair sprouting forth from each side of her head in this fashion.

In fact, Abbot girls have adopted this most exclusive type of hairdressing, commonly called "puffs". There are girls with neat little puffs and others with large ones, and, in every case, one side is sure to be larger than the other. But, anyway, they are "puffs."

What is the reason for this mode?

The old gentleman thinks that they are probably constructed to keep the ears warm.

But an Abbot girl would tell you that they're so stylish, that they make one's face look round, and hide inconveniently protruding ears, that she looks a perfect fright with her hair any other way, and will give numerous other weighty excuses.

Well, styles must change and we predict in a month or so (for even now the tide is turning) the bare mention of "puffs" will be met with the up-turning of certain aristocratic noses.

In passing through the corridors of Abbot, just before the evening lights-out bell, the sympathy and tender feeling of some unenlightened stranger might be strongly aroused. For, as if in mortal agony, figures of girls are seen twisting themselves into frightful contortions. Some are lying upon the floor, arms and legs waving in the air; some are bending this way, some that. What can be the meaning of these strange actions? Are these girls ill or overcome by some strong emotion?

No, dear stranger, lean a little closer and let me whisper in your ear. They are reducing! Physical tests were held the other day, and the all too frank revealments of the scales cast trouble and despair into the hearts of many. Abbot sports received more

and more enthusiastic volunteers. Lawn-mowing and raking became a popular pastime.

But the evening orgy, — the mysterious rite held just before bedtime! A host of zealous observers hover around the outer circle of the sacred performance, while one or two favored ones are admitted to the solemn observance.

Unversed in the meaning and significant importance of all this, a few, but only a very few, dare to lift their voices in loud and unseemly mirth, to criticise, and to ridicule. Woe be to them if ever they acquire a similar superfluousness of *avoirdu pois*! Their day of reckoning will come! Then, just imagine for one moment their feelings when they too will be bending every effort toward losing one or two pounds. Just imagine their terror of the reading of the scales and their worries if fashion should chance to decree those slinky, tight-fitting dresses.

Only a few months, stranger, and when you return, where will the plump maidens be? "Who," you will say, "are those sylph-like creatures treading airily about the circle?" Then we shall say, "Those are the contortionists. Those are the ones who appeared to be in such agony. Behold the effects and join too the ranks of reducers!"

There are very few changes in the faculty this year and among the newcomers we are glad to welcome three old friends, Mrs. Sarah Utter Fletcher, Mme. Stelle, formerly known as Mme. Wright, and Margaret Wilkins. Mrs. Fletcher comes back after an absence of six years and takes up again with her old energy and enthusiasm the work in physical education. She, as well as Miss Charlotte Johnson, who has come to take charge of the Infirmary, has interesting things to tell us of her work in France with the wounded soldiers. We are glad, too, to have Mme. Stelle back in the French department, and to have another "old girl" take Betty Bacon's place as supervisor of the day scholars' room, especially such a loyal alumna as Margaret Wilkins.

Mrs. Louise Whiting Debb has been living in South Sudbury since her marriage in September, but expects to move in the spring to Detroit. Betty Bacon has been living in Detroit since

the fall, and writes enthusiastically of her work as assistant membership secretary of the Detroit Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. Boutelle is nurse in the Bangor Hospital, and Mrs. Cramer is connected with the Christian Science Church in Minneapolis.

School Journal

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 16 School opens.
- 20 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: Rules of the School.
- 21 Teas for the new girls.
Chapel. Miss Bailey on: "The Forming of a Christ-like Life."
- 23 Dance for the new girls.
- 27 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey on "Personality."
- 28 Chapel. Miss Bailey.
- 30 School Corn-roast on Campus.

OCTOBER

- 2 Senior Welcome to new Seniors.
- 5 Rev. Markham W. Stackpole on "Reverence."
- 7 Baby Party.
- 8 Senior Picnic at Haggett's Pond.
- 11 Recital by Jewel Humphries and Edna Dixon.
- 12 Chapel. Dr. William F. Slocum on "Character as the Source Power."
- 13 Morning Chapel. Dr. Slocum on "The League of Nations."
- 17 Party goes to Boston to see Walter Hampden in "Hamlet."
- 18 Hall Exercises. Miss Agnes Donham on "Budgets."
- 19 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Character Building."
- 26 Chapel. Rev. Charles W. Henry on "Education."
- 28 Hallowe'en Party.
Miss Bailey leaves for reunion of Class of '86 at the home of Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling at Hampton, Virginia.

NOVEMBER

- 1 Trip of Senior History of Art Class to the Art Museum in Boston.
- 2 Chapel. Rev. John E. Williams on "China."
- 7 Miss Bailey goes to meeting of the Head Mistresses' Association in New York.
- 8 Half the school goes to see Sothern and Marlowe in "Twelfth Night."
Football game between Phillips Andover and Worcester.
- 9 Chapel. President John Martin Thomas of Middlebury College on "The Indwelling Spirit of Christ."
- 11 Bradford Field Day.
- 13 Mr. Charles F. Underhill presents "The Rivals."
- 15 Andover-Exeter Football Game. Torchlight Snake-Dance on Abbot Circle.
Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour on "Our Promised Land."

- 21 Faculty-Student basketball game.
- 22 Hall Exercises. Miss Sally Simpson on "The Peace Treaty."
Chapel. Dr. Robert E. Speer on "Religions."
- 26 Thanksgiving vacation begins.
- 28 Thanksgiving vacation ends.
- 30 Chapel. Rev. Frank R. Shipman on his work among the Southern poor whites.

DECEMBER

- 1 Morning Chapel. Mrs. Kenneth Brown (Demetra Vaka)) on "Lighting a Greek Girl's Torch."
- 2 Corridor Stunts.
- 3 Concert. The Berkshire Quartet.
- 6 Hall Exercises. Miss Marion Pooke on "In France with the A. E. F."
- 7 The school went to Christ Church for Chapel service. Dr. Alexander Mann on "The Church's Place in the Modern World."
- 8-9 Miss Bailey at Northeastern Field Conference of the Y. W. C. A. in New York City.
- 13 Christmas Party in Davis Hall for the town children.
- 14 Christmas Service in Davis Hall.
- 17 Miss Bailey's birthday party.
- 18 Fall term ends.

JANUARY

- 8 Winter term begins.
- 11 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "Building the New World."
- 13 Dance in Davis Hall for the Hockey Field Fund.

Lectures

Dr. Slocum, ex-president of Colorado College, spent here the week-end of October twelfth, and on Monday morning he spoke to us on the League of Nations. He stated the facts simply, and then explained to us what would probably be the next steps taken by the United States. Dr. Slocum made the purposes of the League of Nations much clearer to most of us than they had ever been before, and he gave us a great deal of confidence in our own government.

On Saturday, October eighteenth, Miss Agnes Donham spoke to us on how to arrange our budgets. She explained that if we buy what we want without planning, even though the amount we spend seems very small, we probably shall not have enough to buy all that we need. However, if we can only arrange our own allowances so that the money will be properly divided between necessities, charities and luxuries, we shall be able to get much more from our money, and shall have much less trouble about it.

On November twenty-second Miss Sally Simpson came to us to talk on the Treaty of Peace. Our need of an explanation of the Treaty was certainly very great, since the papers only made the whole affair more confusing. Miss Simpson explained graphically the basis of the whole treaty, and then told us a little of the Chinese question, and other points of special interest. It was a great help to most of us to have the situation in America and abroad explained so clearly, and Miss Simpson surely gave us a clear conception of the affairs of the world.

Mr. Charles F. Underhill, on November thirteenth, read to us selections from Sheridan's "Rivals." Mr. Underhill's rendering of the characters of the comedy was delightful, and through them we had a charming glimpse of his own personality. *Mrs. Malaprop* especially went to our hearts, and maybe we blushed a little at some of her mistakes, thinking of words in a recently handed-in theme, now furiously underlined with red ink. Altogether the whole evening was one of hilarious fun, and the joy of finding a true actor.

On December sixth, Miss Pooke told us some of the things she had seen and done while she was in France with the A. E. F. I am sure all of us wished we had been artistically-inclined soldiers after Miss Pooke began to tell us what she had done for them. The work was to teach any wounded men who were interested to use their artistic ability to the greatest advantage, and so help themselves to find work when they should be discharged. Miss Pooke went over together with many other young women intent on the same work, but when she was ready to sail for America, she was holding one of the most responsible positions there was. We are very proud to have had Miss Pooke represent us in France, and she has honored everyone whom she has represented there.

Mrs. Kenneth Brown, or, as she is perhaps better known, Demetra Vaka, spoke to us in chapel on December first. Mrs. Brown told us of the great need of Greek young people for the very thing that we are enjoying, thoughtlessly perhaps, an education. She is planning to send Greek girls to America and have them spend a year in an American boarding school, and then several years of specialization in another school or college. With such a training a Greek girl would be able not only to succeed herself, but to help others to succeed. It would be possible for Abbot to take one of these girls if only enough money could be raised for her scholarship. And Abbot has helped, we are proud to say, to raise the sum necessary. Next year we shall have here a Greek girl striving to learn from us the high ideals of America to help her country to rise again to the heights Greece saw so many centuries ago.

Concerts

On the eleventh of October we had a very interesting recital given by Miss Jewel Humphries, a pupil of Miss Bennett's. Miss Humphries' rendering of the lovely Aria from "The Barber of Seville" was particularly remarkable for the beauty of the high notes. And throughout the whole programme Miss

Ruth Crossman, Beatrice Goff, Catherine Greenough, Carolyn Grimes,
Hilda Heath, Lydia McCreary, Marjorie Miles, Helen Norpell, Mildred
Peabody, Agnes Titcomb

88%

Items of General Interest

In a November number of the *Townsman* there appeared this notice:

An event of interest to friends of Abbot Academy is the recent reunion of the class of '86 at the home of one of their members, Mrs. Frank Wilkinson Darling, in Hampton, Virginia. Mrs. Darling was Miss Mary Gorton. She is now president of the Abbot Academy Club of New York, and of the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy.

The reunion dinner was held on Wednesday, October 29th, though the party began to assemble on October 28th and some of its members remained over the following Sunday. At the reunion proper, eight members of the class out of a possible fifteen, were present, four of them bringing their husbands with them. Among others present were Mrs. Darling's mother, Mrs. I. I. Gorton, who was matron of "German Hall" from 1879-1886, and Miss Bailey. Miss C. M. Folsom of Hampton Institute, who had written a reunion song for the occasion, was also a guest of the class. The song, which had been set to music by Geoffrey O'Hara, whose war songs are well known, was sung by the class with enthusiasm.

During the pleasant days together, excursions were made to some of the many points of interest in the vicinity. Old Point Comfort and Fortress Monroe, with the wonderful water vistas in every direction, captivated every one. Hampton Institute and the Whittier School were visited with keen interest and appreciation of the great work which these institutions are doing toward the solution of the race problem. The colossal war work carried on in this part of the country was evidenced from even a hasty survey of the great Langley Aviation Field, and the successions of embarkation camps at Newport News: Camp Stuart, Camp Hill, Camp Alexander; as well as from the ship-building works, and giant naval coaling stations. The expedition made by the entire party to Norfolk, to attend the performance of the great Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, under the personal conduct of Mrs. Ringling, a friend of one of the members of the class, must not be forgotten.

The close fellowship and loyalty of the members of this class, which through all the thirty-three years since their graduation have been binding them even closer to each other and to the school, should be an inspiration to all other classes that have gone out from Abbot Academy.

The members of the class and their husbands who were present were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilkinson Darling (Mary Gorton), Hampton, Virginia; Dr. and Mrs. Augustus Walker Buck (Jennie Lamphear), Fall River, Mass.; Mrs. George Byron Vilas (Phoebe Curtis), Evanston, Ill.; Miss Alice Carter Twitchell, Portland, Maine; Mrs. Forrest Fairchild Dryden (Grace Carleton), Newark, New Jersey; Mrs. Calvin Pardee Hull Vary (Louise Pitts), Newark, New York; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Leslie Chaplin (Susan Tenney),

Georgetown, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. John Burbank Brosnan (Harriet Raymond), Bradford, Mass.

We are glad to report that a letter has recently been received from Miss Schiefferdecker, who is now living at Schloss Pretzsch, Pretzsch an der Elbe, Provinz Sachsen. We were sorry to learn of the death of her two sisters during the last two years.

The response to Miss Bailey's Christmas letter to the alumnae has been very gratifying. A large number of letters have come to the school, and the first gift of \$100.00 from Mrs. Harrison Parker (Fanny Fletcher, 1872), has been deposited in a separate account for the Centennial Fund. It is very pleasant to have the alumnae show such active interest in the school.

Mr. George G. Davis has given \$1000 for the upkeep and care of Davis Hall during this year.

The gift of the class of 1919, a walnut chair and table to be used in Davis Hall, was dedicated there October 12, 1919.

Mrs. James Horace Pettee (Isabella Wilson 1874) Okayama, on a furlough from her missionary work spent a day and night at the school, and left behind her a gift of many interesting Japanese curios.

Marjorie Bellows, 1905, has presented the Art Department with two portfolios of very fine Braun photographs.

The Alumnae Association made a present to the school of new hymnals and \$209.00.

Dr. and Mrs. William F. Slocum gave ten dollars for the upkeep of the library.

A toboggan slide has been put up near Sherman Cottage, and toboggans given for the use of the school by the trustees. The course is long, going down the hockey field almost to the stone fence, and with the splendid snowfall has been very popular. It is a permanent structure, and will be taken down and put up again each year.

An addition is to be made to the recreation room. The girls have permission to raise money by popular subscription to buy a small victrola and dance records, thus relieving the few pianists of the school and providing entertainment for all.

Since summer Miss Bancroft has been the possessor of a Chevrolet "Kitty", which she herself drives, and in which all the rest of the faculty ride. What a pleasant arrangement for all concerned!

Miss Dowd's dramatic ability was well shown when she played the part of the Maker of Dreams in the play of that name, which was given at the November Club early in December. The Abbot girls did not witness the performance, to their disappointment, but all reports gave much of the credit for the success of the play to Miss Dowd.

Miss Gertrude Sherman is teaching French in the High School in Springfield.

Miss Margaret Elliott has been working since August with the Waitt and Bond Co., cigar manufacturers of Newark, New Jersey. She has charge of the employing of all the workers, both men and women. She is living in New York.

Alumnae Notes

The Boston Abbot Club meetings, held as usual at the Vendome, have been varied in their interests. Those who gathered in November heard Miss Keniston tell of her experiences overseas as entertainer of the soldiers under the Y. M. C. A. The December meeting took the form of a musicale. The program included numbers by a string trio, consisting of Mrs. Mabel Bacon Ripley and Mrs. Harriet R. Ashton, former Abbot teachers, and Miss Helen Eaton, all of Andover; piano solos by Olga Sjostrom and songs by Esther Milliken. All the audience became children at the January meeting, when young Atherton Noyes, of Cambridge, did sleight-of-hand tricks with the dignity and readiness of an old hand, much to the amazement of the little ones present, and the enjoyment of the grown-ups.

The New York Abbot Academy Club held its fall meeting on Wednesday, November 12th, at the Gregorian Hotel, New York City. Twenty-one members were present. Miss Alice Twitchell of the class of '86, gave a very charming talk on "Class Spirit and What It Means to Abbot Academy." This was followed by camp songs sung by Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, army song leader. Luncheon was served at one o'clock.

The Alumnae Association is sending out an appeal for membership which should bring to definite action many who have always meant to join sometime, but have never come to the point. Non-graduates, as well as graduates, are eligible. Many Abbot Club members, devoted workers for the school in various ways, do not belong to the Association. It should be well understood that the general Association needs the support of every loyal Abbot girl. The entrance fee is five dollars (payable to the Treasurer, Miss Agnes Park, Andover) and there are no annual dues. The income only of the permanent fund formed by these entrance fees is expended and is a valuable asset of the school.

In response to the request sent out last June for news items, especially as to war service, reports have come in of which the school may well be proud, quite too many to print in this issue. Abbot Academy women have held important administrative positions, have conducted drives, doctored and nursed epidemics, superintended Red Cross movements of all kinds, besides doing the steady, responsible work of the rank and file all over the country. They have given brothers, husbands and sons to the service, and not a few have the sad honor of wearing a gold star. It gives a thrill to any Abbot girl to think of this body of twenty-five hundred women scattered all over the world, upholding the ideals of the old school and serving their country in its time of need.

1858. Henry Mills Alden, the distinguished author, and editor for fifty years of *Harper's Magazine*, died on October 7th in New York. He was the husband of Susan Frye Foster of North Andover, who died many years ago.

1859. This sixty year class was represented in June by Mrs. Helen Seagrave Simpson, of Wellesley, who was a pupil in the last year of Miss Emma Taylor's administration. She was much pleased to talk over old times with Miss Anne Means, who entered school in the fall of that year, when Miss McKeen began her charge of the school. She left a gift of five dollars for the needs Miss Bailey had presented at the alumnae meeting.

1860. Prof. Charles H. Hitchcock, husband of Charlotte M. Barrows, and father of three Abbot girls, Maria, †1886, Martha, †1891, and Alleine, †1893, died on November 6th in Honolulu, where the family have been living for some years. He was for forty years professor of geology at Dartmouth College and was the author of notable works on that subject.

1866. Katherine Wright, of Siena, Italy, though an invalid, has distributed hundreds of parcels of knitted articles received from the United States, to soldiers in the Italian army, and gifts of money to needy persons, besides writing many letters and cards to soldiers.

1886. Mrs. Florence Woodbury has just been going through the sad task of breaking up her home in Topeka, Kan., after the death of her husband. She will make her home with her three married daughters.

†1868. In 1918, at Commencement time, Mrs. Henrietta Learoyd Sperry was one of the happy group which celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the class of 1868. Since then she has been in poor health and, on November 19th, died in a hospital in Brookline. Her life was closely bound up with Abbot Academy. For several different periods she was teacher, acting as principal during the year of Miss McKeen's absence in Europe, 1875-76. For nine years, 1892-1901, she was a member of the Board of Trustees. The latest evidence of her untiring loyalty to the school was her service as president of the Alumnae Association, 1914-16.

1870. Mary E. Cutler, florist in Holliston, is supervisor of school gardens, and was chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of that town through the five calls.

†1874. The reunion of the class last June was made doubly pleasant by the presence of Belle Wilson Pettee, at home on a furlough from her missionary work in Japan. Other members attending were Elizabeth Reed Brownell of Worcester, Emma Wilder Gutterson, now of Cambridge, and Mary Cressey Hill of Woodfords, Me. A gift of twenty-five dollars was made in memory of their classmate, Alice Moore Merriam. This will probably be used for special needs in the library.

†1874. Rev. George D. Reid, husband of Phoebe Sykes, died recently in Hartford after several years of failing health. He had served many years in the Baptist ministry.

†1876. All the family circle will rejoice to learn of the safe return in June of Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford from Turkey, and will glory in her heroic spirit. In speaking before various large missionary meetings in the fall, she greatly moved her hearers by the calm, earnest, self-forgetting recital of the

tragic experiences of the past few years, and her plea for protection of the Armenians in the future.

1878. Mary C. Pixley, after many years of missionary life in Natal, South Africa, has returned to this country and is living at the Missionary Home in Auburndale.

†1879. Four of the class had a happy reunion in June with class colors in evidence. Julia Twichell, class president, had procured a brass marker for the oak tree behind Draper Hall, which was planted at their graduation, the semi-centennial year of the school. Miss Twichell entertained the class at her home, including Isabel Parker Brewer, Caroline Potter and Amy Learoyd.

†1879. Caroline Potter of Brunswick, Me., after thirty-five years of teaching in the high school there, has retired and is living at home.

†1879. Amy Learoyd has resigned her position as teacher of French in Peabody after a term of twelve years. She had previously taught there from 1890 to 1897.

†1882. Annie F. Frye of Rockland, Me., is state chairman of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae.

†1882. Edith E. Ingalls is teaching at the Ogontz School, Ogontz, Pa. Last year she acted as head of the English Department at Dickinson Seminary, Williamsport, Pa.

1882. Mrs. Mary McCandless Ogden of Radnor, Pa., has served as Chief of Column and Chairman of Preparing Committee of the Women's Division for War Relief (Department No. 3.)

1883. Mrs. Hattie Clark Guild of Windham, Ct., has a daughter, Julia Exton, at Abbot this year. Her older daughter, Harriet, is a senior at Vassar.

†1884. One can easily read between the lines of Dr. Jane Greeley's matter-of-fact summary of her work enough to realize something of what she is making her life mean to the world. "General community service in time of war and epidemics gives little to describe, but takes most of one's strength and time. Occasional public speaking in drives for causes like local prohibition, Y. W. C. A. work and patriotic undertakings, enters into even a doctor's civic program."

†1884. Mrs. Marion Keene Little has come East to live, as her husband has resigned his pastorate in Peoria, Ill., after a long term of service. Her son, Edward, was in the Aviation Section of the service, the daughter, Mildred, a recent graduate of Wellesley, and the youngest son, Dwight, a senior at Yale. They are making their home at 47 Lincoln St., Lexington.

1885. Rev. Edward S. Stone, husband of Ellen Burt, received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University of Vermont last June.

†1894. The class had reunion headquarters in June at the home of Mrs. Hannah Greene Holt, and nine were present, including Mrs. Aida Dunn Furst of Lock Haven, Pa., class president.

†1894. The new address of Mrs. Frank C. Bogart (Henrietta Calhoun) is 420 Seventh Street, Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada.

1895. Flora Johnson was for a year and a half librarian of the U. S. Fuel Administration in Washington. She organized the library and made searches.

1895. Mrs. Helen Kline LeFavour of Amsterdam, N. Y., was ready to sail for France to do Red Cross work when word was received that no more workers need be sent.

1895. Mrs. Anna Morrison McCormick and her husband of Menominee, Mich., both had important positions in the food saving movement during the war. Mrs. McCormick was County Chairman of Food Conservation and held meetings and talked in every village in the county on this work, securing 4000 pledges and sending out recipes.

†1896. Florence Gildersleeve Bartlett received the degree of B. A. from Colorado College last June and planned to work for an M. A. this year in the history department.

†1896. Mrs. Jessie Ross Gibby's only son, Ross, died of influenza in the fall of 1918.

†1897. We are very sorry to tell of the death of Frances Hinkley Quinby's baby Philip on December 7th. He had not been well since he had the influenza the year before.

1897. Martha Emerson, who has been for the past four years librarian of the New Hampshire State College in Durham, is now head cataloguer of the Dartmouth College Library.

1899. Bertha Sperry (Mrs. Hugh MacCullum) has moved to Everett, as her husband has become pastor of the First Congregational church there.

†1900. Professor John Vose Hazen, father of Ethel Hazen Lillard, and of Fanny Hazen Ames, †1905, died at Hanover, N. H., on October 2nd. He had been giving instruction at Dartmouth College in branches of Civil Engineering for forty years. He was the son of Martha Vose, 1841.

†1902. Martha Blakeslee came home in June after more than a year of work as Y. M. C. A. canteen worker in France, in the Bordeaux region and at Neufchateau.

1903. Margaret Mills is taking the kindergarten training course in the State Normal School, Montclair, N. J.

†1904. The laconic report of Laura Eddy McCabe is very expressive: "More than busy with three youngsters — Marianna, three years, Jack, twenty-two months; Newell, four months. No reunions for me for a while!"

1904. Nellie Bampton is a pupil nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital.

1905. Elizabeth Ripley's address is Cragmor, Colorado Springs, Colo.

†1907. Laura Howell says: "For the past year I have been supervising a group collecting data for a cost of living study which was being made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the Department of Labor."

1907. Louise Kiniry was married in 1916 to Mr. Arthur H. Badeau, and lives at 3405 Fairview Ave., Walbrook, Baltimore, Md.

†1908. Marguerite Eyer received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Southern California in 1918. She is now Mrs. Wilbur.

†1908. Mary Howell is assistant director of the Department of Child Welfare of Westchester County, N. Y.

†1908. Winifred Ogden (Mrs. John Marshall Lindley) writes from Cambridge, "My present work is to keep that happy smile on the face of one, Marshall Lindley, another, John Marshall, Jr., aged five months. It takes some eighteen hours or more every day, and is the happiest, jolliest job any Abbot girl ever had!"

1908. Marion Eddy is Mrs. S. E. Symons, Jr., and has a little son two years old. They live in Saginaw, Mich., 419 Carroll St.

†1909. Mary Sweeney is in Madrid, Spain, teaching English and games in the well-known International Institute for Girls.

1909. Bertha Ewart is Y. W. C. A. Secretary at Gary, Ind. She graduated last year at the Y. W. C. A. National Training School in New York.

†1910. Mira Wilson is at Smith College as general secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association.

†1910. Lydia Trask is secretary to the purchasing agent of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation. Her brother served in France in the American Ambulance Corps.

1910. Anne Blauvelt was for several months in the spring of 1919 on duty at Newport News, helping in "reception work" for returning soldiers at the Casino Hut of the Y. M. C. A.

1910. Grace Hatch studied last year at the Tide Over League School of Occupational Therapy in Boston, and began a course in the same subject at Teachers' College, Columbia University, in the fall, preparing to teach, but found the work too much for her strength. She did practical work last year in connection with several Boston hospitals.

1910. Dorothy Renwick served as secretary in the Medical Department of the army from November 1917 to May 1919, being in France for a full year.

†1911. Olivia Flynt has a position in the New York Public Library.

1911. Helen Hart is now Mrs. Griswold Hurlbert of 56 Oak Knoll Drive, Warren, O. Her husband was an officer in the Motor Transport Corps.

1911. Helen Vail is kindergartner at the Halsted School at Yonkers, N. Y. Her brother, Captain Herrman Vail, of the 78th Division, was killed in action at Grand Pre, October, 1918. After his death his family received his citation.

1911. Elsa Wade is head nurse at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital. In June she expects to go with Dr. Grenfell to Labrador.

†1912. Mildred Chutter was appointed to a position in the New York State Library at Albany, after a year in the State Library School. She is continuing her study in addition to her staff work and hopes to graduate in June.

1912. Helen Bowman is general secretary of the Associated Charities in Muncie, and expected to study at the School of Civics and Philanthropy in Chicago in the summer. Her brother was Personnel Adjutant in the 16th Division, and was commissioned captain.

†1913. Louise Coe took the place of her father's bookkeeper in a lumber yard office while he was in the service.

1913. Mildred Bryant was principal of the kindergarten at North Easton last year. She took a course in Domestic Science and Americanization at the Hyannis Normal School in the summer, in preparation for work with immigrants. We were sorry to learn of the death of her father in the fall.

1913. Gladys Folts gives a report of various activities. She worked last year at the Boston Army and Navy Canteen, and for two years has been in Girl Scout work. She hoped, when she wrote, to go to one of the missionary conferences at Northfield in the summer, to fit herself to lead a missionary society for little girls in her church.

†1913. Cornelia Crittenden taught French in the University of Nebraska last year. She had been studying typewriting and shorthand to fit herself for war work when this opportunity came to her. Her pupils were boys in the Student Army Training Camp.

1913. Janet Nevius is now Mrs. Frederick A. Curtis and gives her address as Chevy Chase Apartments No. 23, Chevy Chase, D. C.

†1913. The following people of the class of 1913 have changed their addresses: Mrs. Enid Baush Patterson, who is living at 47 Clarendon avenue, West Somerville, Massachusetts; Mrs. Charlotte Amsden Flint, at 367 Prospect avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Mrs. Dorothy Perkins Estabrook, at 402 West Stafford street, Germantown, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Helen Danforth Prudden, at 534 Judson street, Evanston, Illinois.

†1914. Hildegard Gutterson Smith has found ample use for all her resourceful ingenuity in her experience in Turkey, as one of the relief unit at Gonia. She has charge of a large industrial work for women, and the lack of all sorts of needed appliances has kept her inventive mind busy. At times revolutionists have surrounded the city and isolated them entirely. Thrilling experiences have been frequent. At last reports, she and her husband hoped to start for home in March.

†1914. Helen Gilbert reached home in August after six months very interesting service with the Y. M. C. A. in France. She had three splendid appointments. She was first at Chaumont, General Pershing's headquarters, then at the old university town of Dijon and last at the Pershing Stadium

just outside Paris. She was sent there the day the boys arrived who had been picked from the Army of Occupation and who formed the regiment which paraded in Paris on July 14th.

†1914. Lucretia Lowe received the Master of Arts degree at Radcliffe last June, and is now studying for her doctorate at the University of Illinois. She is also instructor in the department of English.

1914. Ada Brewster received the degree of B. S. from Simmons College in June and is teaching in St. Mary's School, Concord, N. H.

1914. Alice Fidler is contralto soloist in a Philadelphia church.

1914. Olga Sjostrom is studying piano and composition with John Orth, and is also teaching music. She played at the musicale arranged by the Abbot Club in December.

†1915. Phyllis Brooks is taking courses in Miss Farmer's School of Cooking, Boston, this winter.

†1915. Bessie Gleason has studied three years at the Worcester State Normal School. She is now on the regular staff of the *Worcester Evening Gazette*. She writes: "I am focussing my attention on industrial problems relating especially to women, but where this may lead me I know not."

†1915. Gertrude Shackleton substituted last year in kindergarten and primary grades in Lawrence and in Hartford, Ct.

†1915. Patty Williams and Arline Talcott, who graduated from Wellesley in June, are both teaching, Arline in Winchester, and Patty in Durham, Connecticut.

1915. Aurelia Hillman has finished her course at the University of Rochester.

1915. Inga Little received the degree of B. S. from Jackson College in June with rank *Cum Laude* in history and public law. She was at once appointed private secretary to the professor at the head of that department at Tufts College.

†1916. Margaret Allison is a junior at Simmons College. Last summer she managed the tearoom of the Petersham Exchange in connection with her Household Economics course.

†1916. Charlotte Fleming and Dorothy Wells, 1916, are studying at the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture in Groton.

†1916. Myrtle Dean took the secretarial course at Burdett College after leaving Abbot, and then became private secretary at the Library Bureau. She was married to Lieut. Lewis soon after his return from nineteen months of service overseas.

†1916. Louise Kimball did Red Cross Home Service work last year, and helped in the various campaigns. She also began the study of shorthand, which she expects to continue.

†1916. Dorothy Niles is a student at Skidmore School of Arts, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. "Was a farmerette for four weeks last summer (1918)"

†1916. Katharine Odell graduated last June from Miss Neil's Kindergarten Training School in Boston and has opened a kindergarten of her own in Beverly.

†1916. Marion Selden was canteen worker under the Y. M. C. A. in New York this summer as a member of the "Smith Unit on this side."

†1916. Helen Warfield was doing secretarial work in New York last year.

1916. Elizabeth Willson studied Interior Decoration last year at the New York School of Fine and Applied Art.

†1917. Miriam Bacon is at the Hale hospital at Haverhill.

†1917. Dorothy Baxter is a private secretary and teaching shorthand.

†1917. Gertrude Goss has a position as teacher of physical education in Rock Hill, South Carolina.

†1917. Frances Gere received in June the Eloise Nottingham prize of \$50.00 for the best work in the freshman class in the School of Painting at Syracuse University.

†1917. Mary Catherine Yeakle, according to her report in June, was working in the Liberty Loan Department of a Philadelphia bank.

1917. Tsing Tien Li is taking the first year medical course at Ann Arbor. Katherine Chen hopes to begin to study medicine next fall at Johns Hopkins. The two girls enjoyed being together last summer in Ann Arbor.

1917. Margaret Mitchell has a position as teacher of physical education in Detroit, Mich. She was counsellor at Little Bay Camp, Fairhaven, this summer.

1917. Mary Shipman is spending the winter at Walla Walla, Washington. She is studying at Whitman College, of which her uncle, Dr. Penrose, is president.

1917. Helen Cutting is in the class of 1921 at Adelphi College, Brooklyn. She writes of the death of her younger sister from typhoid pneumonia.

1917. Marcia Higgins has a secretarial position this year in New York City.

1917. Lucy Lane inspected gas shells for several months during the war. She had a brother in the service.

1917. Grace Prescott reports: "Farmerette, summer of 1918. Brother in Naval Aviation."

1917. Martha Swalm is continuing her music study and singing in church.

†1917. Mary Kunkel has been taking the nurses' training course at St. Luke's hospital in New York since last January.

†1918. Ruth Allen is at the Children's Hospital in Boston studying nursing.

†1918. Louise Bacon, whose engagement has just been announced, is engaged in secretarial work in the social service of the Massachusetts General Hospital. Her fiancé served as captain of infantry for eleven months overseas.

†1918. Emmavil Luce wrote the English summary of the Chinese play given in December by the four Chinese girls at Wellesley.

†1918. Lieutenant Legal, to whom Alice Littlefield is engaged, has been doing farming in France and received a medal from the French. He is now with the National Harvester Company.

1918. Virginia Colbath took a course at Gray's Business College in Portland last year and later went into her father's office to do bookkeeping.

1918. Elizabeth Moore is studying at the College of Secretarial Science at Boston University. She represents the college on the staff of the Boston University *News* and is president of the college Spanish Club. She is well versed in Spanish because of her long residence in Porto Rico.

REPORT OF CLASS OF 1919

Ruth Alley—freshman, College of Secretarial Science, Boston University. Elizabeth Armstrong—Studying vocal; leader of a Federated Club, Industrial Department of Buffalo, Y. W. C. A. Kathryn Beck—Working with the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Co. Marea Blackford—sophomore, College of Letters and Science, University of Wisconsin. Ethel Bonney—Social Science Work, Boston. Gwendolen Bossi—freshman, Wellesley College. Gertrude Bowman—freshman, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Mary Brewer—Business Course, Worcester Business Institute. Gretchen Brown—Miss Peirce's Secretarial School, Boston. Mary Button—freshman, Middlebury College, Vermont. Marion Chandler—Active in extensive church and Y. W. C. A. work at home. Margaret Clark—freshman, Smith College. Louise Clement—At home. Katherine Coe—Business and Secretarial Course, Ballard School, Y. W. C. A., New York. Mary Cole—Working with an Insurance company at home, studying vocal, active in Girl Scout work and teaching Sunday School. Charlotte Copeland—Social Service Work, Boston. Margaret Dane—At home. Catherine Danforth—freshman, Connecticut College for Women. Helen Dole is taking the Secretarial Course at Miss Peirce's School in Boston. Jennie Marr Dunaway—Studying Psychology and Art, Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville, Ill. Cora Erickson—Secretarial Course, Bryant and Stratton, Boston. Dorothy Evans—Kindergarten School, St. Petersburg, Florida; active in church work. Grace Francis—School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Mildred Frost—freshman, Smith College. Gladys Glendining—Studying painting and toe-dancing. Margaret Greely—School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Josephine Hamilton—freshman, Smith College. Harriette Harrison—At home. Ruth Hathaway—At home. Jane Holt—Studying French at home. Muriel Johnson—Wheelock School of Kindergarten Training, Boston. Grace Kepner—School of Expression, Boston; studying vocal; active in church work. Dorcas King—freshman, Wellesley College. Doris Knights—Miss Peirce's Secretarial School, Boston. Dorothy Korst—Studying piano; about to take position at Sampson Tractor

Co., Janesville. Grace Leyser—At home. Helen Locke—freshman, Wellesley College. Gertrude Lombard—freshman, Bates College, Lewiston, Maine. Elizabeth Luce—Studying Greek at Columbia University; studying Religious Education and Child Psychology at Union Theological Seminary; Social Settlement work at New York Y. W. C. A. Her address is 514 West 122nd street. Virginia McCauley—Physical Education and Hygiene Course, Ballard School, Y. W. C. A., New York; Settlement Work. Mary Martin—Studying piano and cello, Ithaca Conservatory of Music. Thelma Mazey—sophomore, Denison University, Granville, Ohio. Gladys Merrill—Studying Shorthand, Typewriting, French and Spanish, Portland High School. Frances Moses—freshman, Wellesley College. Geraldine Murray—University of Wisconsin. Elizabeth Newton—freshman, Simmons College. Marian Nichols—sophomore, College of Literature, Science and the Arts, University of Michigan. Kathreen Noyes—freshman, Vassar College. Caroline Richardson—Studying music. Harriet Sanford—Studying Costume Designing, New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. Her address is 452 Riverside Drive. Nadine Scovill—freshman, Wellesley College. Dorothy Shapleigh—School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Elizabeth Sjöström—Studying Spanish at Abbot. Gertrude Stark—Miss Peirce's Secretarial School, Boston. Dorothy Stibbs—Secretarial Course, Springfield Business College. Eleonore Taylor—freshman, Smith College. Dorothy Williams—working at Erie Accounting Bureau, Hornell, N. Y. Elizabeth Wright—Secretarial Course, Brown's Business College, Moline, Illinois. Helen Wygant—Interested in Junior Welfare League, Newburgh.

1919. Martha Morse took the examinations for Smith and is now a Freshman.

1919. Mary Emery is at Mt. Holyoke, in social standing a sophomore, in academic standing a freshman.

1919. Doris McClintock and Martha Grace Miller (†1918) are studying at Miss Bouvé's School of Physical Education.

1919. Amelia Hartel is at the New England Conservatory of Music.

1919. Anna Davidson is at Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey.

1919. Helen Bradley is at Miss Peirce's Business School, Boston.

1919. Patty Thompson is at the Farmington School.

1919. Elinor Sutton is at Miss Windsor's School in Boston.

Visitors

Mrs. Amy Childs Rose, †1893, Mrs. Ella Castle Reder, 1892, Mrs. Hattie Clark Guild, 1883, Katharine Coe, †1919, Ethel Bonney, †1919, Gretchen Brown, †1919, Mary Flett, 1918, Ethel Dixon, 1919, Charlotte Copeland, †1919, Mrs. Alice Fleek Miller, 1891, Mrs. Alice Hinkley Black, †1891, Kathryn Beck, †1919, Julie Sherman, †1918, Mrs. Eloise Gallup Re Qua, 1887, Mrs. Jessie Nye Blodgett, †1915, Miriam Bacon, †1917, Louise Bacon, †1918, Mrs.

Emilie Staats Carter, †1892, Lois Gaudreaux Lowes, 1918, Dorothy Bigelow, †1911, Marian McPherson, †1918, Mrs. Mary Byers Cobb, 1881, Charlotte Fleming, †1916, Honora Spalding, †1902, Elizabeth Grover, 1919, Dorothy Cleveland, 1919, Mrs. Jeanie Carter Prall, †1887, Helen Heywood, †1880, Esther Sheldon Salzman, †1915, Muriel Baker Wood, †1915, Cora Erickson, †1919, Gwendolen Bossi, †1919, Dorothy Pillsbury, †1916, Esther Kilton, †1916, Grace Kepner, †1919, Mildred Frost, †1919, Esther Van Dervoort, †1916, Miss Sibley Wilkins, Martha Grace Miller, †1918, Mary Church, †1917, Mrs. Isabella Wilson Pettee, †1874, Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford, †1876, Mildred Greenough, †1918, Louise Stilwell, †1918, Dorcas King, †1919, Harriet Shongood, 1918, Doris McClintock, 1919, Ruth Hathaway, †1919, Helen Locke, †1919, Frances Moses, †1919, Dorothy Shapleigh, †1919, Mrs. Louise Whiting Hebb, Miss Emily A. Means, Marie Winsor Appleby, †1914, Betty Sawyer, 1913, Enid Baush Patterson, †1913.

Engagements

†1908. Edith Gutterson to Mr. Karl Howenstein of Chicago, now in New York with the American Social Hygiene Association.

†1911. Edith H. Johnson to Mr. Douglas Donald of Andover.

1914. Freda Joslin to Lt. Harold Hardy, a cousin of Helene Hardy Bobst, †1916.

†1915. Charlotte Morris to Mr. Hazelton Mirkel, Jr.

†1916. Eugenia Parker to Mr. Henry Bigelow.

†1916. Eleanor Frary to Mr. Duncan McDougal White of New York City. Mr. White served in the navy during the war.

†1917. Cornelia Chapell Newcomb to Mr. Asa Vern Wilder of Berkeley, California.

†1917. Rachel Olmstead to Mr. John Storrs of Ware, Massachusetts.

†1917. Ruth Jackson to Mr. Gerald Dean French.

†1918. Alice Littlefield to Mr. Chapin Legal of Georgetown.

†1918. Louise Jackson Bacon to Mr. Francis Sanborn Fuller of Newton.

†1918. Louise Stilwell to Mr. Earle Stewart.

†1918. Katherine M. Pinckney to Mr. Charles Wesley Purdy of Cambridge, Harvard 1916.

†1918. Mary Jepherson to Mr. Edwin Buck.

1919. Ethel Dixon to Mr. Albert Knights of Littleton.

Irene Fulton Franklin to Mr. William Phillips Foster of Andover.

Marriages

HEBB—WHITING. In South Sudbury, September 13, 1919, Louise Adams Whiting to Mr. Edwin Elijah Hebb.

†1898. ZECCHINI—HOLT. In Andover, December 31st, Mary Eleanor Holt to Mr. Francis Zecchini. Address South Main St., Andover.

†1900. CARROLL—KENNEDY. In Newark, Ohio, October 4, 1919, Grace Fleek Kennedy to Mr. John Joseph Carroll.

†1905. AMES—HAZEN. In Hanover, N. H., January 3, 1920, Fanny Vose Hazen to Mr. Adelbert Ames, Jr.

†1906. CARR—MACKINTIRE. In Princeton, October 11, 1919, Persis Louise MacKintire to Mr. Homer Denison Carr.

†1908. WILBUR—EYER. April 26, 1919, Marguerite Knowlton Eyer to Mr. Van Rensselaer Gideon Wilbur, Jr. Address, 25 Thirteenth Place, Long Beach, Cal.

1908. ALLEN—HILLS. August 20, 1918, Marjorie C. Hills to Dr. Morse Shepard Allen, assistant professor of English, Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

1909. DOWNEY—MCINTIRE. In Berkeley, California, October 25, 1919, Persis Charlotte McIntire to Mr. Stephen Wheeler Downey. At home, 2604 H Street, Sacramento, California.

1909. ULMO—DRAKE. July, 1918, Dorothy Lois Drake to Lt. H. W. Ulmo.

†1910. SUTTON—PORTER. In Claverack, New York, September 16, 1919, Lucy Du Bois Porter to Mr. John E. Sutton.

1910. PYM—HEYS. In Lynn, September 17, 1919, Dora Evangeline Heys to Mr. Arthur Frederick Pym.

†1911. MORRISON—RAND. In Merrimac, June 30, 1919, Elizabeth May Rand to Mr. Charles Waldo Morrison.

1912. PAIGE—LINCOLN. June 9, 1919, Frances Lincoln to Mr. David R. Paige. Mr. Paige served with the regular army in France, was wounded and gassed.

†1913. LINDSAY—ERVING. In Andover, September 15, 1919, Mary Louise Erving to Mr. Carl Nelson Lindsay. Address, 8 Ashland Place, Medford.

1913. GETCHELL—STOHN. In Roslindale, May 17, 1919, Ella Augusta Stohn to Mr. Douglas Dunsmoor Getchell.

1913. HART—PHILLIPS. February 4, 1919, Gladys May Phillips to Mr. Albert Thayer Hart. Permanent address for forwarding, Amesbury.

1913. TUTTLE—SCOTT. In Farmington, Ct., Elizabeth McKeen Scott to Mr. Curtis Tuttle. Address, Colusa, Cal.

†1914. KENNEDY—BOND. In Reading, November 22, 1919, Dorothy Bond to Mr. Edward Thomas Kennedy of New York City.

†1915. BUTLER—BRUCE. In Lawrence, August 19, 1919, Helen Bruce to Mr. Arthur W. Butler. Address, Burlington, Vt.

†1916. DRAFFAN—BLACK. In Mansfield, O., July 3, 1918, Eleanor Pearce Black to Mr. George Livingston Draffan. Address, 117 Parkwood Road, Mansfield, O.

†1916. LEWIS—DEAN. May 5, 1919, Myrtle Paddock Dean to Lt. S. Alger M. Lewis. Address 63 Washington Ave., Waltham.

†1916. WOODMAN—WALKER. In Concord, New Hampshire, October 1, 1919, Josephine Walker to Mr. Edgar Foster Woodman. Address Devon Court, 2 Pierson St., Cambridge.

†1916. BOBST—HARDY. In Dorchester, October 15, 1919, Helene Charlotte Hardy to Mr. Frank Tucker Bobst. At home, 143 Tonawanda Street, Dorchester.

†1916. BARTLETT—PILLSBURY. In Derry, New Hampshire, December 8, 1919, Dorothy Pillsbury to Mr. Richard Cilley Bartlett, Lieutenant (J.G.) U. S. N.

1916. HANMER—BAUSH. In Springfield, Irene Cora Baush to Mr. Henry Francis Hanmer. At home, 14 Center St., Wethersfield, Conn.

1916. TYER—LEBOUTILLIER. In Andover, October 1, 1919, Winifred LeBoutillier to Mr. Henry George Tyer. At home Ballardvale Road, Andover.

†1918. TIBBETS—SHERMAN. In Winchester, October 15, 1919, Julie Sherman to Mr. Howard Llewellyn Tibbetts. At home, 167 Lowell Avenue, Newtonville.

1918. WILKIE—SNOW. In New York City, October 17, 1919, Helen Snow to Mr. Charles J. Wilkie. Address, 85 Main Street, Dobb's Ferry, New York.

1918. LOWES—GAUDREAU. Lois Gaudreaux to Mr. Ralph C. Lowes, Jr.

Births

In Newton, December 11, 1919, a son, Arthur Gardiner, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Biscoe (Miss Agnes Slocum).

1898. In Andover, March 7, 1919, a son, Abbott Flint, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rand (Nellie Flint).

1901. April 20, 1918, a son, John Logan, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Scott (Ethel Brooks).

1903. May 18, 1919, a daughter, Mary Abigail, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Clark (Bessie Bampton), of Derry, N. H.

1903. In Andover, September 12, 1919, a son, Robert Sumner, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph O. Ingram (Constance Albee).

†1906. February 21, 1919, a daughter, Margaret, to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson B. Hastings (Rena Porter), of Portland, Ore.

†1907. March 25, 1918, a son, John Russell, to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Crowley (Marjory Bond), of Reading.

†1908. December 21, 1918, a daughter, Doris de Windt, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Odell Hauser (Mary de Windt), of Jamaica, N. Y.

†1908. In Portland, Maine, December 5, 1919, a daughter, Susanna, to Mr. and Mrs. Clifton H. Sugatt (Katharine Gowing).

1909. In Washington, D. C., December 12, 1918, a daughter, Susan Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh G. Boutell (Mary Bourne).

1909. September 9, 1918, a son, Donald Benjamin, to Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Sternburg (Ruth Gillilan).

1910. In New Britain, Connecticut, February 5, 1919, a son, Robert, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith (Ethel Swain).

†1911. In Hartford, Connecticut, November 23, 1919, a daughter, Virginia Hancock, to Mr. and Mrs. Louie S. Jones (Jessie Wightman).

†1911. February 15, 1918, a daughter, Anne Bemis, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Schlesinger (Marion Bemis), of Springfield.

†1911. In Worcester, September 30, 1919, a son, Howard Parker, to Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bushnell (Miriam Howard).

†1911. In Steelton, Pennsylvania, June 28, 1919, a son to Mr. and Mrs. James Alexander Creighton (Helen Copeland).

†1911. In Boston, July 7, 1919, a son, Scudder Merrill, to Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher Douglas Parker (Katharine Ordway).

†1911. In Newton, December 29, 1919, a son, Daniel Reed, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Reed Weedon (Rebecca Newton).

†1913. In Chicago, October 9, 1919, a son, Peter, to Mr. and Mrs. Halsey George Prudden (Helen Danforth).

†1913. In Minneapolis, December 15, 1919, a daughter, Elizabeth Caroline, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Sheldon (Jane Newton).

1913. July 1, 1919, a daughter, Sally Brinsmade, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kemble Smith (Marion Middlebrook), of Hartford, Ct.

1913. In Springfield, January 3, 1919, a son, Ralph Etes, to Captain and Mrs. Ralph Etes Whittle (Mildred Storm).

1914. In Muncie, Ind., March 5, 1919, a son, William Wesley, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Van Arsdol (Rhea Koons).

1915. In Worcester, October 12, 1919, a daughter, Barbara, to Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Bellows (Dorothy Gilbert) of 20 Ostego Road.

†1917. In Bridgeport, Connecticut, May 26, 1919, a son, Andrew Raymond, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Raymond Smith (Esther Davis).

†1918. In Janesville, Wisconsin, November 9, 1919, a son, David Holmes, to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Edward Wyatt (Elizabeth Holmes).

Deaths

In Roxbury, August 1, 1919, Henri M. F. Morand, in his 79th year. Professor Morand's genial face and friendly ways will be remembered by many successive classes in the French department, for he was teacher of French Conversation from 1871 to 1894. He much enjoyed meeting his old pupils at Miss Bailey's inauguration in 1912.

In South Peabody, July 13, 1919, Margaret Armstrong (Mrs. John Brown), teacher of music at Abbot Academy, 1859-60.

1848. In Brookline, July 13, 1919, Maria Derby, wife of the late James C. D. Parker. She was one of six sisters who attended Abbot Academy as Andover girls.

1852. In Andover, December 4, 1919, Eliza Upton, wife of the late Henry J. Kendall.

1856. In Dorchester, June 20, 1919, Elizabeth Plimpton.
1858. In Boston, August 10, 1919, Abby Hardy Chamberlin.
1858. In Mountain Lakes, N. J., October 16, 1919, Louisa W. Boutwell, wife of Rev. Dr. James G. Merrill, and sister of Mrs. Parthenia Boutwell Holt, 1854, and Mary K. Boutwell, 1864, of Andover.
1858. In Cambridge, September, 1919, Mary Bates Merriam.
1861. In Norwich, Connecticut, June 17, 1919, Marion Fellowes, wife of Augustus D. Herrick.
1864. November 25, 1918, Maria Robinson (Mrs. Nathaniel B. Blackstone), of Los Angeles, Cal.
- †1868. In Brookline, November 19, 1919, Henrietta Learoyd, wife of the late Rev. Willard G. Sperry.
1868. July 9, 1918, Lizzie A. Shaw, wife of Lorenzo Griswold, of Griswoldville.
- †1869. In Katonah, N. Y., August 9, 1919, Mary Hoppin Whitman, wife of Clarence Whitman.
1869. In Methuen, September 26, 1919, Fanny Brown, of Andover.
1870. In Lawrence, October 18, 1919, Josephine A. Dustin.
- †1872. April 23, 1919, Ella C. Adams of Camden, Me.
1876. In Bound Brook, N. J., September 14, 1919, Mary L. Pease, wife of the late William R. Page, and mother of Frances E. Page, 1906.
1878. In Los Angeles, Cal., August 29, 1919, Frances L. Howard, wife of Dr. Henry G. Brainard.
1883. In Andover, July 8, 1919, Mary E. Blood, wife of the late Frank E. Gleason. She was the daughter of Mary Cornell, 1840.
- †1883. In Woodstock, Ct., July 1, 1918, Jessie T. McClellan.
1888. In Indianapolis, Ind., December 29, 1918, Susie M. Davis, wife of Hugh McK. Landon.
1888. In Portland, Me., November 11, 1919, Bertha L. Hall, wife of Arthur H. MacKeown.
- †1895. In Seal Harbor, Me., September 13, 1919, May Churchill, wife of George S. Talcott.
- †1909. In Amsterdam, New York, May 31, 1919, Carolyn de Windt (Mrs. Harlan P. Hays).
- †1916. In Chicago, Ill., November 25, 1919, Sarah W. Cushing, wife of Arthur E. Sharp.

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Calendar

1920

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

January 8, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Winter term begins

January 31, Saturday

First semester ends

February 2, Monday

Second semester begins

March 25, Thursday, 12 m.

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 7, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

April 8, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Spring term begins

September 15, Day Students register at 9 a.m.

Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

September 16, Thursday, 9 a.m.

Fall term begins

November 25, Thursday

Thanksgiving Day

December 16, Thursday, 12 m.

Fall term ends

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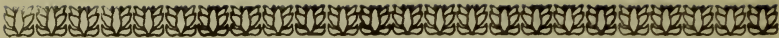
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The Abbot Courant

June, 1920

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1920

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLVI., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1920

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The price of the COURANT is one dollar a year; single copies fifty cents
 All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLVI

JUNE, 1920

No. 2

flapper Rule

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HUGH ALEXANDER — A College boy.

MRS. ALEXANDER — His Mother.

JILL ALEXANDER — His "flapper" sister.

GERARD MANNING — A young college professor.

MYRTLE — A modern maid servant.

SCENE: *The living room of an average American home, attractive, simple, homelike. A crackling grate fire, a piano, books, low lights, a telephone.*

TIME: *Afternoon in the early spring, 1916.*

JILL (*calling off stage*): Mother! I say — Mother! (*She comes running in, dressed in street clothes and carrying a large box of flowers.*) Mother!

(ENTER MAID)

MAID: She's upstairs dressin'! Now really, Miss Jill, in these

days too — I hope you don't expect *me* to clean up all the mess you're makin' with them flowers.

JILL (*conciliatingly*): Oh no, of course not, Myrtle. I never thought of such a thing. You're busy enough as it is, of course. *I'll* take care of them, don't you worry. (*Arranging flowers*) By the way, my brother hasn't come yet, I suppose?

MAID: Well, really, I'm sure I don't know if he has. Not that I wouldn't know if he *was* come, for his voice —!! Well, I'm sure I never before worked out with such a voice.

JILL: Really? Yes, I know, Myrtle; still one does have to make allowances, don't you think, these days?

MAID: Well now really, Miss, I'm sure I didn't mean to complain, and for you to snap me up like that! And my poor father dead in his grave these five years —

JILL (*aside*): Oh my heavens! Now what has he to do with it?— with anything?

MAID: — And my fur coat only half paid for! Really, Miss Jill, if you snap at me so — and my nerves too! — when I'm only doing my duty, I *don't* see but —

JILL: Oh now Myrtle, come! When you know we couldn't do without you possibly, and anyway, you *know* I wasn't snapping. It's just the family voice, I suppose.

MAID (*going*): Well, I suppose — now really, Miss Jill —

(*Jill makes a mouth at her retreating back, and finishes the flowers, humming a little. The morning paper, full of scare headlines, is on the table; she glances at it, then picks it up, a little weary frown between her eyes.*)

(ENTER HUGH, CARRYING A BAG, HAT, OVERCOAT.)

HUGH (*casually*): Hi, little un! Where's the missus?

JILL: It is — yes, it is — the Angel Brother! And calling for his mother too. Dearest, I am here. Is it not enough?

HUGH: Huh! Come off with that! More amateur theatricals I suppose—or is it the movies now? *When* will you realize that I am a serious man, living a serious life, and to be taken seriously? — yes, even by kids.

JILL: You're rather sweet all grown up. But don't be idiotic — you know well that I'd be better looking in a "serious" —

uniform — let us say — than you would. (*Changing the subject*). How's college this week?

HUGH: Uniform! Huh, that's all you women think about. I suppose you'd like me to turn British and enlist simply for a captain's pretty uniform! Huh!

JILL (*aside*): I might at that.

HUGH: Did you say college? Don't talk to me about college. This is a week-end, and I'm *home*. And just look at those flowers! You little flapper! Who is it now? Confess.

JILL: Oh, you needn't worry. They're just from your friend Professor Gerard — (*She says his name with unction.*)

HUGH: What!! Gerard Manning! Well — ! I'll say he does do things well! Just because he's promised to come here for the week-end — and he's hardly met you — and he sends you flowers —! Jove, Jill, he *is* a corker!

JILL (*continuing*) — And they're for Mother. Very proper, the gentleman is. I don't think he knows you have a sister.

HUGH (*dashed*): Oh, for *Mother*, eh? (*going off again*) Well, but that's even *better*, Sis. After all there's nothing like that magnificent Southern courtesy, always doing the right thing —

JILL: He told *me* he was born in — Schenectady, I think, or Lawrence.

HUGH: Huh? Well, he's got it anyway. See here, I suppose you're too young to appreciate him but — jumping snakes, if you don't behave while he's here —!

JILL: Hughie darling, be not afraid. I won't disgrace the family name. I know that he's a very famous man, and to be treated as such.

HUGH: Famous? Well, I don't know. He's good enough for us. (*Warming up*). Why, the most popular professor there, and the newest, and youngest, and just look at the record he's got! And honors! Great Scott, the man could fill a trunk with 'em.

JILL: Only why should he?

HUGH (*rhapsodizing*): The fellows would follow him anywhere. He's a born leader. Why, a bunch of us are even taking

Greek Archaeology — his subject, you know, and a terror — as an elective!

JILL: Heavens! What a man he must be, and courageous, too!

HUGH (*missing it*): You bet he is — and he's so quiet about it all. It even fusses him. Why — why, Jill, do you know — I'm clean gone about that man!

JILL (*relenting*): Hugh, I do like you lots for caring so much about him, even if I can't like him myself.

HUGH (*brought up short*): Not like him? Oh come now, don't be an idiotic kid. He's really noticed you lots.

JILL: Very possibly. In fact, I've seen him doing it, but —

HUGH: You fresh little thing!

JILL: But that doesn't help any. I hate him!

HUGH: Catch me believing that! You've got too much sense to —

(ENTER MRS. ALEXANDER)

Hi Mother!

MRS. ALEXANDER (*kissing him*): Hughie darling — I only just heard your voice. Jill, why didn't you call me, dear?

JILL: Oh, we had to discuss the affairs of the nation, you know, — meaning His Excellency the Professor. See his flowers, Mummie?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Didn't he come with you, Hugh? (*To Jill*) They are lovely, dear. How nicely you've done them!

HUGH: Oh, he stopped off downtown to send a telegram or something. He just plain shook me, Mother. I tell you, he's a busy man. We're mighty lucky —

(*His mother and sister exchange affectionate smiles behind his back.*)

JILL: We've been realizing it. We're bowed down with hero-worship. He is an *American*, and *modern*, and therefore superior to the world. We realize it and are accordingly thrilled. I go to deck me for this celebration of our Great and Proud Moment, and of his Condescension!

(EXIT JILL)

HUGH: Huh! What's the matter with her, Mother? She says all these flowery things — of course I know that 's only her fool way — but, do you know, I'm beginning to suspect

that she really doesn't like the Prof!

(*He is astonished. She is not.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Dear, can he have done anything to make her dislike him? Yet they haven't seen each other a dozen times, I think. She's growing sarcastic; it isn't like my daughter.

HUGH: Maybe he's snubbed her. Girls simply chase him, you know.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Knowing Jill, you can suggest that?

HUGH (*laughing*): Nope. Statement withdrawn. *She* certainly doesn't do any chasing, hang it. Maybe she gets rather too much of the other. She's pretty young. Anyway, I don't think he much likes her. He can't help but see it — she *can* be nasty, Mother, you know — and I have an idea it annoys him.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Hum. Possibly.

HUGH: Well, what then? She's a very flappery flapper, I'll say, if she can't see what a wonder of a man he is.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Hugh, I've been wondering about her recently. She simply devours the newspapers — reads and reads, all these awful things.

HUGH: What? Murders or the funny papers?

MRS. ALEXANDER (*ignoring him*): Oh, its this war. That's all she reads now. Why should she be so interested in *that*? It seems to fascinate her, yet I've found her crying, Hughie, and she hasn't a word to say. She's always told us things, you know. You don't suppose —

HUGH: Well, what? Mother, you're worrying me. Is the kid getting fool notions in her head about the nation, or what?

MRS. ALEXANDER: Oh, I don't *know*, but it's driving me wild. I wish your great grandfather hadn't been in the army.

HUGH: Huh! Great Scott, Mother, if Jill is getting headstrong I'll just have a few words with her. I ask you now, doesn't she realize that we're not in the war at all, and not likely to be?

(ENTER MAID, PRECEDING GERARD MANNING)

MAID: Here Ma'am. Was you expecting —

MRS. ALEXANDER (*in despair*): Oh Myrtle, you know we were.

Professor Manning, we're so very glad to have you here, to stay a while this time. Do come in. Myrtle, if you'll take the things — yes. Thank you.

MAID: Well, I'm sure ——

(EXIT, MURMURING, WITH BAG, ETC.)

GERARD: It's corking to be here, always, Mrs. Alexander. I followed Hugh as speedily as possible, you see.

HUGH (*blushing and overjoyed*): It seemed quite a while, I thought.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Hugh dear, do take that box off and let the Professor sit down. It's from your lovely flowers. Thank you so much, Professor Manning — only I *can't* call you that any longer. Do you know, if I may, I'm going to say Gerard, because of your dear aunt whom I loved.

GERARD: Oh do please, Mrs. Alexander. It would be mighty jolly. I was awfully interested when Hugh said that you and Auntie Jane had been such friends. And it will be such a relief to be something other than "Professor", you know!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Will it? You nice boy! Gerard it is, then, and I'm so glad too.

(ENTER JILL CARRYING A BLACK CAT)

Here's Jill at last — the only remaining member of the family, you know.

JILL (*giving Gerard her hand casually*): And the *most* unimportant of course you've heard. *Here's* the most important — don't you like his green eyes?

(SHOWING GERARD THE CAT)

GERARD: Exceedingly. Hugh has never mentioned him, though. How could you refrain Hugh, considering his importance?

JILL: Oh, he doesn't bother Hugh any. His name is Belle.

GERARD: Really? That's an extraordinary name for a cat of his pretensions.

JILL: Perhaps. It's a family abbreviation — short for Belgium. He can't be forgotten, you know.

MRS. ALEXANDER (*aside*): Oh I knew it — only it gets worse and worse. Why must she do, — say — these horrid things?

HUGH: Huh. That cat's always around. Put him out, Jill.

GERARD: Is he — apt to be forgotten, Miss Jill?

JILL: Oh, I seem to be the only one here that takes care of him.
There — run along, angel cat.

(SHE PUTS THE CAT OUT THE DOOR)

HUGH: Well, why be so unnecessarily lugubrious about it?
Jill, did you hear that Mother's as usual being aunt-like and calling our guest by his first name?

JILL (*her mood changing*): No, really? Mother, it's just like you.
I didn't realize I was greeting another adoption into Mother's circle — Professor Manning.

GERARD: I wish you'd make it an adopted cousin. I say, Miss Jill, I'm getting awfully bored by Professor Manning.

JILL: Are you? Yet think of the glory the title holds.

GERARD: I'd let it go with alacrity.

JILL: I should think you'd better cling to it — even when bored.
Does it bore anyone else?

HUGH: Jill, you are such an idiot.

JILL: I glory in it, Hugh. It lets you all shine so, by contrast, you know. Do please at least — glitter a little, Professor Manning.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Jill!

GERARD: You, I'll use a kinder verb, sparkle sufficiently for us all, Miss Jill.

JILL: It seems to be a lonely state. (*She wanders off to the window.*)

GERARD: By the way, Mrs. Alexander, did you hear the outcome of this afternoon's pacifist meeting? They say it was bloodier than usual, the speakers differed so in their plans for preserving peace.

HUGH: Yes, but that's legitimate at any rate. Have you heard of that Italian Women's Battalion that they say is starting up here in the city?

MRS. ALEXANDER: What on earth is that?

JILL (*suddenly tense*): Where *do* you get all these reports, Hugh?

HUGH (*delighted to tell*): Oh, one of the fellows had a woman up to a fraternity tea dance, and she'd been slumming, and had a lot to tell.

GERARD: I didn't hear it. Tell us the gossip, Hugh.

HUGH: Well, it seems that some fascinating Italian lady of the mills thought we weren't doing enough to help in "the world war" or something, so she organized a lot of women, Italians mostly, and they're drilling, and meeting secretly and planning to go across, and I don't know what all. I call it the beginning of anarchy, I do. She said, this friend of Nat Browne's did, that some of the nice society girls are going in for it too — female America is losing her head, I'll say.

GERARD: You are doubtless qualified to do so. Scientifically I'd call it an interesting movement, however.

JILL (*hotly*): Perhaps it is necessary — scientifically — for women to do what men apparently won't.

HUGH: Shut up, Jill. What do you know about these things anyway — a little flapper!

(*The telephone rings. He goes to answer it, muttering to himself.*) Hello — hello. What's that? (*To himself questioningly*) "Friend or foe"? What? (*Aloud*). Er-friend.

JILL (*aside*): Oh, goodness! I knew sometime they'd do it!

HUGH (*after long listening pause*): Yes — yes — Will you please repeat that so I can get it quite straight? Yes. — "Private Judith Alexander is to report to the Italian Battalion Headquarters at ten tomorrow morning for secret drilling." Yes — thank you. I will tell you now that Private Judith Alexander will not be there. — Exactly. Good bye. (*He hangs up the receiver and stalks to the middle of the floor. The group is too dazed to speak. Jill stands up falteringly but with clenched fists and back-thrown head.*) Well, Private Judith Alexander, so this is what you've been up to!

MRS. ALEXANDER: Why, Jill, my dearest, how could you? (*Hopefully*) Or perhaps you haven't?

JILL: Oh I *have*, Mother, there's no denying that. I'm a private in the Women's Battalion which Hugh's slumming friend was prattling about. I'll very probably be made a corporal shortly too.

(*She salutes desperately*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Jill! And you could keep it from me, your

Mother, like this? You've always told us things, I thought.

JILL: Well, why should I tell this? You none of you care. You say its an interesting development scientifically; you don't even read about what's happening in France and Belgium. You all sit here, and play bridge, and have fraternity tea-dances and bloody pacifist meetings. At any rate, *I* refuse to dishonor our name — either "Alexander" or "American". I can't knit any more — so I'm drilling secretly, and am going to fight. There!

HUGH (*tearing his hair*): Ye Gods! That a sister of mine could make a fool of herself like this! Mother — what have we done to deserve it? I can never go back to college — not that that matters. Jill, how *could* you? A bunch of foreign women recruited from heaven knows where —! Oh! Oh!

JILL (*calm again*): Don't be theatrical, Hugh. I knew what I was doing —

HUGH: Don't talk to me. Go and pray your mother on your knees for forgiveness, and then keep still till we can get you out of this mess.

JILL: I most certainly shall not. This is my affair.

HUGH: Yours? You evidently can't be trusted to behave yourself. It most certainly —

GERARD: Come now, Hugh. Raving and ranting won't do any good. You're not a child. Let your sister talk. Why don't you try to be as sensible as she is about this?

JILL (*scornfully*): I am not trying to be *sensible* about this. It is simply that I seem to be more *sensitive* than you all. You can laugh or rave and rant. I can't. (*She turns to her mother.*) It was because you've all been so serene about everything that I did it. Can't you see? You haven't even let *me* do anything but child's Red Cross Work, because I'm not yet eighteen, forsooth! And you all pull long faces over the news that comes — when you happen to read it — and that's all you do. There's nothing to tell. I simply got tired of it all, and joined the overseas branch of the Battalion. It hasn't been easy to get away for meetings, but I've done it. That's all. We've been drilling and drilling, and we sail in exactly two months. I'll be eighteen then at

least. You can't stop me. I enlisted as nineteen anyway.

HUGH: Jill, you're all wrong and a fool, and you make me fume—
but by Jove, you're game, sure enough!

JILL (*near to tears*): Oh goodness, Hugh, can't you see even now
why I've done it?

GERARD: Well, I can, at any rate, and I'm thankful to be able to
say that I didn't need it. I'm spending just one more week
at college you see, and sail the seventeenth to be a private
in the Foreign Legion. If it hadn't been for my college
contract I could have done it sooner.

JILL (*utterly overwhelmed*): You! And here it's been killing me to
think you didn't bother about it all either. Oh — how could
I?

GERARD: Thank you for hating to think it. And if you could
know how glad I am that it bothers you too —

MRS. ALEXANDER: Jill, is this why you've been so unspeakably
rude?

JILL: Why, of course. How could I like any one who kept on
letting life be so soft? Only — why didn't you tell me?
Everything would have been so much easier.

GERARD: It would have. But I didn't dare dream you'd care a
hang. And here you've beaten me to it!

HUGH (*slowly*): I begin to see. I've been pretty far off all along,
haven't I?

JILL (*because she loves him*): You couldn't help it, Hugh dear,
because you've been too young, I see.

(*He swallows this reluctantly, and continues to think.*)

(*To Gerard*). I'm glad and I'm sorry both. I think you have
a lot to forgive me for.

GERARD: No, because you've made your — what your mother
called rudeness — so very different from what it seemed to
be — and what, to tell the truth, has been rather awful for
me.

JILL: Well, come and look me up sometime when we're both
across, and I promise not to be rude.

GERARD: I'll claim that promise.

HUGH: No, you won't. Jill, you mustn't go — now. I've been
a silly fool — we all have — not to get this thing straight,

but you can't just kill us like that for it.

JILL: I'm glad if you can get it straighter now, but I don't see why I should be punished for showing you.

HUGH (*appealingly*): Mother, speak to her. We can't let her go. How can we stop her? Help us.

MRS. ALEXANDER: How can we imprison her? She's got to decide this thing for herself. My little girl, my Judith! Are you yourself or a stranger to me?

JILL: No, Mummie dear, it's just this war, and I can't help it. Now that you understand I know you'll help. I-I-I'm a fool, I suppose, but I've got it into my head that there's got to be an Alexander really helping in this war, and I'm going to be the one. That's all.

HUGH: I don't see it that way. Hang it, Sis, how have you gotten so far away from me? Look here, have we been good enough pals for you to let me have my chance? You've known all along, haven't you, that if I'd only wake up, I'd get across myself, and mighty quick too? Manning, what chance is there of my going across with you?

GERARD: Very good chance, I should say. If your mother consents and you're willing to be a private you can come with me. I'm slated for quick action — we're both needed. But that would be quite a change from this, and pretty speedy. Hadn't you better think it over a bit?

HUGH: Not on your life. I've got to hurry. I've missed a lot already. Maybe this is why I've kept myself fit — I wanted to be needed somewhere. Only why couldn't I see it alone?

JILL: I don't see how you missed it myself, but maybe that was so I could come in.

HUGH (*chokingly*): I couldn't stand it if it had been any one but you. However, here is where I pick up the race, and do some sprinting, don't I Mummie?

MRS. ALEXANDER: I suspect you do, little — big — son, and I think I'm glad as well as proud.

HUGH: Mother, you *are* ripping! Jill's beaten me all hollow, but, by king, won't I eat up this chance.

JILL: Oh! Don't I know it?

GERARD: And Jill?

JILL: Oh, I want to go too.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Am I to lose both my children at once?

JILL: Oh, I *want* to go too!

HUGH: Jilly old dear, I'd die with you over there — my only sister.

GERARD: So would I. How could we fight thinking of you?

JILL: Oh, you're hateful! Let me go in the Red Cross then?

HUGH: *No*. Not yet at least. Jill, can't you see? You've got to stay here and wake up the rest of the idiots — you seem to be pretty good at it, I'll say.

JILL: Hughie, you can't have needed much waking up, you've seen it so quickly.

GERARD: Jill, you'll promise not to go?

JILL: *No*, I — *yes*, but I hate you all for making me! No, I don't really. I think you're wonderful, and I'm — I'm glad! (*She breaks down on her mother's shoulder.*)

MRS. ALEXANDER: My little girl! Then you shall teach me to be a more satisfactory mother.

JILL (*tearfully*): You *are* satisfactory. It's just if you'll read the papers.

HUGH (*to Gerard*): Shall a little child lead us — to a knowledge of current events?

JILL: Don't be stupid again. I *will* go if you call me a "little child".

GERARD: We know you're not — now.

HUGH: Mother, it's between you and me now. Shall I go — since Jill has — opened the gate? I'm going to find the way myself, you know.

MRS. ALEXANDER: Exactly so. Yes, you shall go, after we've talked a bit, you and I.

HUGH (*taking alarm*): Mummie, now, you mustn't cry!

MRS. ALEXANDER: I shall use my judgment, my son!

(SHE DRAWS HIM OUT, HIS ARM AROUND HER)

JILL (*watching them wistfully*): He is so dear. Yet I've about hated him recently. How could I not *know* that at a touch he would be like this?

GERARD: Perhaps you forgot that you have the same ancestors. Anyway, with you for a sister how could he fail finally?

JILL: I still don't see why I should have seen it first.

GERARD: That's — just you.

JILL: And here I've been hating you too. It seemed so impossible for you to just stay here and — accept honors. And yet, I thought — and all the time you were planning how to go?

GERARD: I've been trying, and fixing things, for a life time, I think.

JILL: I'm — sorry, I couldn't see.

GERARD: Don't be. It's your having hated me that's going to make me a good soldier. I haven't any worries about that now.

JILL: I should think you'd hate me for thinking such a thing of you ever.

GERARD: I'm too grateful to have you think of me at all — and I've been thinking of very little but that if you hate that kind of man you thought I must be, you might love the other kind — some time.

JILL: There's no telling, of course, only — I'm a "little child", you know.

GERARD: I realize that, all right. But you won't be when I come back —

JILL: I'm stopping being it now, as far as that goes.

GERARD: Then — you won't be by that time for sure — and it will be *you* I'm coming back to.

JILL (*very low*): I'm glad — Professor Manning.

GERARD: Jill — please.

JILL (*giving him her hands*): You take all my wanting-to-go feeling with you. Maybe it will help you sometime. Good luck — Gerard.

GERARD: Thank you — dear.

(EXIT GERARD. JILL GAZES INTO THE FIRE.)

(ENTER HUGH, FIRST PEERING AROUND THE CORNER OF THE DOOR.)

HUGH: I-I say! Has *he* gone?

JILL: Yes. Come in and talk to the pensive flapper sitting by the fire — accent on the flapper. I'm resigned to being it indefinitely now.

HUGH (*gruffly*): Then, by king, it's a title of honor! You've made it so, all right.

JILL: Oh, let's not discuss it. Do you know — I was thinking — I know how to knit fascinating initials into military socks. Shall I do some for you?

HUGH: Sis, you're a corker!

JILL: The first pair for you — and then one for — Gerard. Hm?

HUGH: I — sort of hoped so. You two are a lot too good for me — especially you.

JILL: What foolishness! Hughie, I — wish I hadn't been so horrid to him.

HUGH: You doubtless made up for it just now.

JILL (*demurely*): He seems to have a forgiving disposition.

HUGH: Ye gods! Now don't go and grow up and marry Gerard — till I come back. That's all I ask!

JILL: You silly idiot!

(ENTER MRS. ALEXANDER)

MRS. ALEXANDER: Not squabbling again, children?

JILL: Oh, no, not really squabbling. We're giving that up for the war, Mummie.

(CURTAIN FALLS)

Paulina Miller, 1920

"Lizzie"

He was "Lizzie" to everyone on the missionary compound; for when the young folks first called him that in pleasantry it so suited him that he was doomed to be "Lizzie" to his dying day. Now "Lizzie", as one might suppose, was an exceedingly effeminate old gentleman. In stature he was very short and thin. His shrivelled form and humped shoulders gave him the appearance of some Rip Van Winkle awakened from an age buried pages deep in history books. He had scrawny, bony hands, made more gruesome by their long, curling nails. Above all he had a face made up of nothing but protruding teeth and eyes encased in an atrocious pair of tortoise rimmed glasses. He was, moreover, an Oriental, and to accentuate the appropriateness of his title he wore the long silk gown of the Chinese scholar.

"Lizzie" was by profession a teacher of pure Pekinese, although it was a standing fact among the experienced missionaries that he had never set foot within Pekinese territory. What he did speak, however, being a cross between several indistinguishable dialects, had a tone of Chinese about it which seemed to have gained for him a position among the missionaries years ago. His method of teaching was even more unique than his dialect, for he was of the very oldest Chinese school of learning in existence. Having always learned by rote, he expected to teach the Westerners by rote; and having always accepted facts as they were given to him, he expected his Occidental pupils to accept his teachings with no questionings. But too many times for his feeble constitution was he shocked and astonished by the boldness and inquisitiveness of his Western pupils. How often was he mortified by kindly advice as to his methods! How often did he stare in utter amazement at innocently posed questions concerning the "Wen Li" or others of the classics! How dolefully did he shake his brainless head at the Western breaches in etiquette!

But it was not the fault of the aforementioned missionaries that this sad mixture of self-esteem and inability stayed with them for so many years; on the other hand, it was that "glueish" propensity, which "Lizzie" seemed either to have inherited or attained by persistent effort, which kept him there. It is said that

one elderly missionary — noted for his sincere kindness and generosity — was once attacked and thereafter so continually that even he had to resort to an escape through the servant's quarters when he saw "Lizzie" approaching the compound gate! Once in a while, however, escape was impossible, so that our elderly missionary had the chance of finding for poor "Lizzie" at least four new positions in a month. After every possible client had learned how little "Lizzie" knew, the kind-hearted missionary, who was himself very learned in the Chinese classics, engaged "Lizzie" to transcribe a certain Chinese document for him on the following day. The following day arrived with a profusely apologetic note from "Lizzie" saying that he was ill and "Lizzie" remained ill for some weeks!

Cling, he would, however — disappearing for a time, and then returning to impose himself on the indulgent missionaries, who each by turn, in fits of kindly purpose, would sit under his slow instruction. "Lizzie" may be living yet, and if he is, we venture to say that he is still persisting! For although he was one of those characters whom one might speak of as having "missed his calling," he was certainly faithful to his mistake.

Jean Lyon, 1920

Spring fever

Suddenly, some bright January day, it grows warm, and maybe thaws a little. We stand aghast, and then we know that it is Spring. There is a moment's joyousness while we think we can almost see a crocus growing on the sanded ice. But the next day there is a blizzard, and we ski furiously without any remembrance of that warm breath of air. So all through January and February we have touches of an intangible something that is almost warm and gives us a strange longing for organdie and voile.

And then, in early March, a casual snow flurry turns to rain, and the adventurous go out, careless of rubbers and umbrellas, to joy in the soft, damp, spring grayness. There are the poetic souls that can stand in slushy puddles and with heartfelt joy quote the lofty rhyme. But even the soul, highest above worldly things such as damp feet and sneezes, must at length come home and be properly scolded for its thoughtlessness. It is impossible to explain to those who wait with hot water bottles, that rubbers and an umbrella are temporal, but the spirit of Spring is eternal. People will never understand.

But after the rain, when the snow is almost gone, and our rare souls are tucked in bed with hard colds, and "pneumonia may set in, you know!" comes the wind and fair weather. Then the prudent fare forth, with mufflers and high-buckled overshoes, to walk over well-dried sidewalks and talk about the next Presidential election, without a thought for the depth of blue overhead and the snatches of white cloud sailing by. And when they come back they say:—

"The air is really quite mild today, not nearly so raw as usual"—and then they talk on about politics.

The high-minded soul on the bed, smiles and looks out the window at the little white cloud, and meditates on the perversity of man—those that can, won't, and those that would, can't. Such is life—and the cautious one prattles on about the next Presidential election. As if politics could be spoken of when one can see the first tinges of green in the bits of brown grass under the melting snow! Why have elections anyway, if not having them would make some people talk about the blueness

of the March sky and the torn white bits of cloud skating across it?

And so we live; those that love the openness and beauty of nature ever go too far, and those with enough self-control to wear rubbers and carry umbrellas, are always too intent on the election prospects to look at the sky, except perhaps for a desultory glance to say which way the wind is or whether it will rain tomorrow.

But everybody knows that a deep blue March sky with dashes of feathery clouds can only be appreciated lying on one's back on the damp grass. The joy flees with the discomfort, when there is a sane rubber blanket there. So let's not care today about the hard cold we may have tomorrow, and go and lie on a windy hill and look up into the infinite blue, for rubbers and umbrellas are temporal, while the spirit of Spring is eternal.

Elizabeth Hawkes, 1920

The Prize Winner

Mr. McCarty was nobody's fool. He was the owner of a large horse ranch in Arizona. He raised horses of all grades but mostly pedigreed hunters. Men from all over the country and from foreign countries came to buy up horses of the first class, to put right into the hunting field. The blue ribbons were not few that had been won by the horses of McCarty's ranch nor were the dollars few that had been won by confident bettors on McCarty's high jumpers.

One day, one of McCarty's men came to him and said, "Sir, you know that handsome big white mule what's in the paddock — well there aint a durn fence within a hundred mile o' here that he can't clear; every day we put that fence a foot higher and every day that durn mule jumps it."

McCarty grunted and took a long draw on his pipe; then as if struck by an inspiration he slapped his knee and put back his head and roared. Then he went out to the paddock and examined the white mule thoughtfully.

"Gad!" he burst out, his eyes twinkling, "It ought to work like a dream — got four o' the finest lookin' legs on the ranch an' there aint a blue ribboner here thats got a finer shaped, better rounded body. He's got a kind eye an' a handsome head, broad chest an' a corkin' neck — but them ears — well, I guess I can work it."

For the next four months McCarty was kept busy breaking his white mule into the saddle and at the end of seven months there was not a "blue ribboner" on the ranch that could hunt and jump fences as swiftly and as gracefully as the white mule. And not one could jump nearly as high — and McCarty's "jumpers" were considered the highest and best in the country. If you could look upon the white mule of a few months ago, you would now see a wonderful transformation. The mule was to all outward appearances a handsome white hunting horse. His tail was docked and the hair grew thick and white upon it; as for the ears — McCarty was a proud man when he looked at them; he had spent a long time doctoring those ears after they had been cut off and shaped to perfection. He had rubbed all kinds of

grease on them until the edges were healed and the hair had grown over the edges in a soft white line. No horse ever had a better shaped ear than had McCarty's mule.

* * * * *

It was a bright, clear, warm day at Ascot. It was the day of the horse show. Throngs of people were in the stand and more swarmed like black flies around the low white fence that bounded a great sweep of green field whose smooth surface was cut off by many white hurdles, some low and others very high. One especially, was noticeably high so that many of the spectators remarked upon it and, "I'd like to see a horse that could clear that."

That was the hurdle that was to be taken next. There was a sudden stir of excitement in the crowd — at a distance in the field there were six horses coming faster and faster toward the highest jump. People held their breath. How could any horse, no matter how fine, ever jump over that hurdle. As they swept on over the green surface the red coats and white breeches of the riders flashing in the sunlight, and the foam flying from the horses' mouths, the crowd stood up and cheered wildly. In the center of the group, a little in the lead, was a snow white horse. His handsome head high and his neck outstretched, he came on, as swift as a comet and as graceful as a deer. Then he slowed down and let the other horses pass. They reached the hurdle — would they clear it? No not one of them. They wheeled and turned back — then, at a shout from his rider, the big white horse gained speed, faster and faster he came until with one graceful leap he cleared the high hurdle as easily as if it had been a farm fence, and slowed down to a trot on the other side. First there was a silence then suddenly an uproar from the people, shouts, cheers, stamping, echoed and re-echoed.

Then a man crossed the field and went over to the white horse and putting his arms about the animal's neck, he whispered in its ear, "Good ol' mule — you've won fifteen thousand dollars for me this day."

Katherine Weld, 1921

Mokanshan—My Birthplace

Many, many years ago, so we are told, the two great walled cities of Hangchow and Hoochow, which are in that great land of China, were rivals, and their rivalry was continually resulting in skirmishes and wars. But the two dujuins, who ruled the cities finally realized the uselessness of the continual hostilities and came together to decide on a means of ending them. After many days of conferring it was decided that one year from the date of the decision the two dujuins, with all their followers, should meet at an appointed place, each bringing with him the largest cock he could find in the empire. That city whose cock should win in the ensuing fight would be thenceforth acknowledged as the superior. The months passed quickly — months filled with searchings, and secret negotiations between dujuins and farmers, until the day arrived. All the inhabitants of the two cities, resplendent in their holiday reds, were assembled when the two dujuins rode up to the spot appointed for the fight, seated in their dragon bedecked sedans, each followed by an immense cage borne by a long line of hardy coolies. The cages were set side by side, while the dujuins, followed by the throngs of people, were carried off to a nearby hill where they could easily view the fight. In suspense the people watched the unlocking of the cages, and at last they saw stalk forth two great cocks, far larger than any imagination can conceive. The cocks met. The fight was on. Dirt and feathers were hurled in every direction, and in terror the inhabitants of the cities fled to the protection of their walls. The cocks fought with such fury that farms were destroyed for miles around and people could not leave the cities for days. At last, however, some country folk reported that the cocks were dead, and that all was safe. Daring farmers began to venture beyond the walls; and some even rebuilt their tiny huts and replanted their torn-up rice fields. Not until several months had passed, however, did the two dujuins dare to visit the scene and discover the results of their destructive project. All enmities had for a time ceased between the two cities on account of their common fear; but it was now generally recognized that some final decision must be arrived at. So again, the dujuins met; and again,

they rode toward that fatal spot. But as they approached this time, what had formerly been a vast plain of rice fields and farms, they saw looming up ahead of them a huge mountain. It was very lovely, very massive, and very green; and as they neared its foot they began to realize its significance. As the villagers had reported, the cocks had kicked up a huge mound of earth in their fury, and that mound had been covered from top to bottom with their feathers. This massive mountain, then, was that mound; and these dainty bamboos covering the mountain from summit to base were the feathers of those fateful cocks. The dujuins, who had both stepped from their chairs, faced each other, now, as friends. "This is now the mountain of peace," said the dujuin of Hangchow. "And the mountain of love," answered the dujuin of Hoochow.

That, the legend says, was many years ago; but the mountain — Mokanshan — still signifies peace and love. Its people, to be sure, live crude and rustic lives, but who lives more happily, more lovingly, more peacefully than they? The farmer, who lives at the foot of the mountain, wades through his rice fields day after day humming weird, gay little tunes; he tills his terraced up-hill plots chanting snatches of by-gone legends; he carries his baskets of crops, slung over his shoulder by a long pole, up to the mountain-side villages, keeping step all the way to a tuneful "ai-ho-ai-ho". He is happy while he works, he loves the mountain, so he peacefully plods along — singing. At night, when the farmer's song has ceased, and when his tiny thatched hut is as still as the bamboo groves about it, there are still others on that peaceful hill hard at work — the coolie, who prefers to do his tedious work by night than under the heat of the China sun. Up and down he goes with his two great buckets of spring water over his shoulder, a crude little candle-lantern dangling from his pole, laboriously climbing and reascending thousands of rough-hewn steps. His tiny light wends in and out among the slender shadows, and his lusty "haloo" to fellow workers echoes in the stillness of the night. Other friendly "haloos" echo back in answer, and other tiny lantern lights bend their courses toward his. These flickering lights gather and together the coolies take their midnight bowl of rice and their cup of tea in a dimly lighted

bamboo eating house. But soon the lanterns separate, and jovial calls resound from ravine to ravine. Back to his own task each man of them goes. He loves the mountain — and is happy.

Jean Lyon, 1920

Moods

"I love the sea so blue," you said,
And watched the baby waves at play.
The sunlight made your hair gleam red.

You said, "The sea is painted gray"
It held you gazing, still and cold.
You saw me not nor spoke all day.

"The sea," you said, "is gleaming gold,
And sparkles with a fairy sheen."
You longed to hear the tale it told.

You said, "The sea is green, is green,
And lures one with a mermaid's call."
My heart stopped, life alone foreseen.

"The sea is black." Your voice was small,
Your red-lipped laugh all wavering.
You wanted me, so strong and tall.

"Oh see, the sea is shimmering,
All jade, and cream, and steel-blue gray!"
It made you want to laugh and sing.

"The sea is clear and blue today."
You said. I felt you near — and gay.

Paulina Miller, 1920

The Westerners

Rosemary Stewart sat looking at the weekly paper of a little Western town. The stage had just brought it and its tell-tale story. There it was on the front page of the paper: "Engagement of Popular Town Girl Announced. Mildred Preston to Marry a Wealthy New Yorker."

Rosemary didn't need to read any further. She had heard the story many times before and she knew it a good deal straighter than the paper did. Oh! those little Western papers never had anything straight! Mildred Preston was her best friend and of course she knew all about this "wealthy New Yorker" Only he wasn't wealthy — in fact, he was quite poor. But New York means money to the West, so if he came from New York he must have money.

You see most Westerners, at least from these little towns, have never seen New York and if they do go to the metropolis they see only the theatres and bright lights and not the little one-room apartments that a great many people live in.

Not that I mean that Mildred Preston would live in such an apartment — her father had money, you must remember, but the wealthy "New Yorker" was proud so they would no doubt compromise. That seems to be the spirit of the day.

Rosemary sighed! She knew what the people of the little town were saying. It wasn't the bride-to-be altogether they were talking about. It was Rosemary, herself, and it was something like this they were saying:

"Now, there's Rosemary Stewart; I wonder why she doesn't marry. You know she and Mildred went to school together so they must have had the same chances. Rosemary's not so bad looking either. Of course, she has a homely mouth, but her eyes are nice. And you know she's older than Mildred by a year and a half."

Oh! yes, Rosemary had grown up on the Plains so there was no use trying to conceal her age. She was well along in the marrying age and the people knew it and Rosemary knew that they knew.

Please don't for a minute think that Rosemary was jealous of the happiness that had come to her dearest friend. She wasn't.

In fact, the trouble with Rosemary was that she didn't want to marry and she only wished that she could make the people of that little Western town see that there was something beside a home for a woman. This, however, is a very hard task to undertake, for the men so outnumber the women that every woman, unless she has a very strong will, is carried off her feet before she knows it and is placed in some man's home to mother his children.

This wasn't Rosemary's idea of life, and she decided what she was going to do before she laid down the paper that morning.

The pre-wedding days went very fast and there was a great deal of excitement and talk of the bride. Nevertheless, now and then there was time to talk of Rosemary.

"You know," they said. "Rosemary has taken a position to teach in a college — yes. Can you imagine! I hope the poor child isn't too broken up about Mildred's wedding. I think if Rosemary would just encourage Jim Douglas a little she might have him."

But Rosemary didn't encourage Jim Douglas and she left the morning after the bridal couple.

The people of the town didn't hear of the two girls for some time. Of course, there would be the casual bit of news such as that Rosemary had stopped teaching and was living in New York — "Imagine!" or that Mildred had a baby.

Three years after the wedding Rosemary sat at her desk looking out over Central Park. She smiled to herself as she thought of it all. Then she fondly caressed a book that had just come from the publishers. On the plain blue cover in gold letters was printed, "The Westerners, by Rosemary Stewart." She opened the book to the dedication page and there were three beautiful words: "To My Mother", and that was all.

"I wonder," Rosemary thought and her homely mouth turned up into a very pretty smile, "if this will make up to Mother for her disappointment that I didn't marry Jim Douglas."

The people of that little western town could talk of nothing but Rosemary Stewart. It happened that about this time Mildred had another baby but people completely forgot about that in the discussion of the "Westerners."

Catherine Greenough, 1920

To Be An American?

We have a cycle of festive occasions each year which we love to celebrate — the Fourth of July brings its joys of noise making; we get together and send off pop guns and cannon crackers and hang out flags. All down the street, flags and flags; through every city in the country, flags waving — we are all so glad to be Americans! Then come Thanksgiving Day and Washington's birthday — dear to us in the memory of Pilgrim Fathers, hardy pioneers, fighting men, and statesmen, strong, virile men, living simple lives, animated by high purpose — for their country. We are proud of our patriots and proud of the country that their self-abnegating lives have left to us; of its free institutions and the right it gives to every man to choose and direct his destiny. On these days we thank God that we are Americans, and we are truly grateful for our blessings.

The rest of the year we forget. And what good will three days of patriotism a year per person do for our country? Not that everyone has as meager an interest as that. But is it not a safe limit to allow to most American girls? How many are there of us who number patriotism among our motives for daily good living? "If occasion should arise," we say glibly, "you would see how we love our country." Though these occasions are thick about us we do not see them unless they are horrifying or startling. Such an occasion was with us for a year and a half, and we did arise. We learned what practical patriotism can mean; it touched and thrilled and changed us all.

We thought on Armistice Day that the impetus we had gained in those years — witnessing pain and the generous gift of life for a newer, finer, freer order in the world — would carry us on forever. The course was so clear then: our lives would be vital, productive, efficient for the good of others. Our responsibility was the rescue of all the down-trodden, the healing of those wrecked by war, and brotherhood toward all nations great and small — for we were "the hope of the world." Such possibilities lay in America's hands who was still rich in resources, scarcely touched by the destruction of the war.

What have we done since Armistice Day? In one short year and a half, because no "keeping up" was required, we, American girls, have slipped back to the patriotism of three days a year. Now, as we look back to that significant time, we find it far above us, a glorious height where stood the hope of a world ruled by practical Christianity. It is tragic that we can forget.

For we have forgotten — the harrowing tales of suffering from lack of food and clothing, the desolation of homes ruined by the war. We used to knit desperately, to send money and clothing across the ocean to them. When our troops came back from France we stopped sending things; worse than that, we stopped thinking of them. We go gaily about, each in her narrow circle, our heads no longer lifted seeing the need of the world, but bent to our own personal little interests, our own enjoyment. We have given up our French orphans. Why should we? They are still in need of us. The need of us is just as great — in Russia, and Serbia and Armenia. It seems very childish that we have no memory, that as soon as the vivid picture has faded we can no longer see it, or feel the passionate longing to help that once stirred us and lifted us beyond ourselves, and incidentally made us finer, truer people in serving them.

Lift up your heads, America — open your eyes wide, and see the misery of the world all about you that needs your thought! Let a cold, clear wind blow through you, sweeping off and away, all lethargy, littleness, indulgence, and fill in their places with a whole-hearted interest in other people, whether they are here in the United States or in China.

Why trouble to outline a course for patriotism? If we are honestly interested in the world we live in, can anything stop us from learning how to serve it? If the good of the most distant little nation on the earth is a matter of personal thought with us, we will find ourselves informed about it; if bad politics are a menace to our own city, we will sense the root of the trouble and be able to cast our strength, small though it may be, on the side of the remedy. It will go further than that: if we are intelligent in matters of public interest, we will be curious enough to look into their history, to study the character that lies behind and trace their growth.

Then we shall find, if we should ever be self-conscious enough to question it, that we are patriotic. We shall find too, that patriotism in its farthest reach and widest meaning has made us fine personalities.

Constance Ling, 1920

Hair!

Before:

I tore its tangles out furiously,
I cursed it two minutes before breakfast.
I spent valuable time on it three times a day.
My allowance slipped away for hair nets!
I slept miserably on curlers.
And then
 I bobbed it!

After:

I put it away in a little box.
I wrote reassuring letters to my family.
I spent minutes looking at it in the glass.
My allowance slipped away for hair tonic and barbers!
I was miserable because it was too short for curlers,
And every night
 I wept over it.

The Poetry of Wilfred Gibson

Gibson writes in a style distinctive and original, a way of writing all his own. It is a style in which there is much strength and ruggedness, sometimes even severe plainness. Some of the words that he uses in his poems are not what we naturally think of as poetic words. This is because the poetry which Gibson writes is that of every day life, the poetry of common human experience, with very little of the imaginative, fanciful element. In this plain, straightforward style of his, — in which one feels the honest, sympathetic, strong personality of the poet himself, as he writes about the sorrows, and fears, and strange mysterious feelings of the soul of man, — in this, I think, lies the charm of Gibson's poetry.

Let us turn for a moment to examples of Gibson's poetry that have to do with the experiences of people in a big, uncertain world of wonderings and fearful misgivings. There are short poems which illustrate these feelings. There is the poem called "The Lodging House", about the vague questionings of the poet himself.

"And when at last I stand outside
My garret door, I hardly dare
To open it,
Lest, when I fling it wide,
With candle lit
And reading in my own chair,
I find myself! already there."

How simply this human sensation is related! How clearly, and in what plain English it is told.

Here is a bit from another poem, expressing a very human thought. It is from a poem called "Light". A clerk is in a restaurant listening to the music of violins. In his delight at the change from tedious work to a moment of ease and restful pleasure, he forgets the common humdrum of every day life. All on earth seems clear, fresh, and happy. Beauty abounds everywhere. Joy fills his heart.

"And as I listened, lost in divine delight,
 My heart thanked God for the goodly gift of sight,
 And all youth's senses, keen and quick,
 When suddenly, behind me in the night,
 I heard the tapping of a blind man's stick."

It is forceful, is it not? How characteristic it is of Gibson, — simple, plainly told, with no elaborations or frills. It is a stanza written in words most commonly used, the most unpretentious. Compare this kind of writing with the poetry of Keats or Shelley. You could hardly find any two types so completely different. Where are the rich, languorous words of Keats here? Where is that heavy sweetness of his, that makes one pleasantly and deliciously drowsy? Gibson has none of that heavy, luxurious feeling in his poetry. Neither do we see here any of the high flights of lofty imagination in which Shelley often indulges, or the dainty loveliness of the poems of the dreamer. Here there is intensest *reality*. In this homely fragment which I have just quoted there are no rich, bright, dazzling colors. There are no allusions to the Muses, or the Daughters of the Dawn, or any other of those classical immortals who are so often mentioned in the poetry we most admire.

Sometimes, however, one comes across rare touches of poetic beauty, which seem to be set apart a little from the tales of humanity. One very beautiful descriptive passage occurs in "The Queen's Craggs":

"Her long hair, red as bracken,
 As bracken in October;
 And with a gleam of wind in it,
 A light of running water."

Isn't that charming! It gives you a real thrill of happy delight. "A gleam of wind"! Lovely! Did you ever see it? I have never come across a poem of Gibson's as picturesque as this tiny part. "The Queen's Craggs" has other vivid pictures in it, but none quite so entrancing as this. The following passage perhaps comes next to it in beauty:

"[She] stood like a birch-tree in the wind,
 A silver birch-tree in the sunset wind
 That ripples through its leaves like running water."

There is fascination and magic spell indeed! But it does not represent so truly the most prominent and individual characteristics of Gibson's poetry: the ruggedness, and even abrupt straightforwardness which one notices most. Yes, there is running water in this poem. But even so, it is not smoothly flowing. The metre and rhythm all through "The Queen's Crag" is irregular—blank verse. It has not the even swing of Tennyson's poems, for instance. But it has certainly a very distinct charm; it has in it a part of Gibson's personality, which he, being a genius, knows how to impart to others through poetry.

Gibson has written a great many somewhat long narrative poems. There are certain outstanding features that one notices immediately about these straightforward stories. In the first place, they are all written about the humble and the poor; the lonely, or the sick; the lame or the blind; the troubled heart, or the pure joy of someone in lowly circumstances. None of them picture life among the rich, the luxurious. Prosperity is seemingly not a thing upon which Gibson likes to dwell. No doubt he finds that the thought of people who have all the material comforts of this world does not inspire him to write poetry. And so he chooses to portray the workers and the sufferers of the world. There is a sad, appealing poem called "The Crane", which tells of a little crippled boy who has to lie in bed all day. He sees the crane — the biggest one on earth, so it seems to him—swinging great loads up against the sky. He watches his silent mother, "hunching in her chair, day-long, and stitching trousers there—Day long, at fifteen pence the pair."

He imagines himself, poor little fellow, whirling through the air at night beneath the stars with the crane. And he wonders why his sweet, tired mother hears the "pit-pat-pattering of feet, All night along the moonlit road. . . ." It is a poem which stirs one with a deep tenderness and pity. I think it would be almost impossible for a human being to read it without feeling a keen touch of sympathy and longing wonder.

"The Lighthouse" is another rather long narrative poem which arouses the same pity, and admiration. It tells of a man who does not give up even under the most frightful difficulties; but who striving, struggling, contending courageously to the utmost

limit of human endurance, brings his fine boy through the ocean waves safely to the lighthouse. This story, to the great relief of the sympathetic reader, has a happy ending, unlike many of them.

Another narrative poem illustrates this same depth of sadness. This is the poem called "The Stone."

"And will you cut a stone for him,
To set above his head?

And will you cut a stone for him,
A stone for him?' she said."

Her lover had been killed that day.

"And when I came, she stood alone,
A woman, turned to stone."

The poem goes on to tell of how she came every night to the house of the stonecutter to watch him cut the name of her dead lover on the stone. She always sat there with cold gray eyes like steel, and never stirred nor spoke a single word.

"Next night I laboured late, alone,
To cut her name upon the stone."

Mingled with the deep throb of strange sorrow that one feels on reading this poem, there is also a dim, mystic wondering, a questioning. You cannot help thinking about the lovers, and where they went and in what kind of a world beyond, the grey-eyed girl met her loved one after her name had been carved on the the stone. Death is brought before you in so intensely, strikingly vivid a way that it excites fearful awe in your soul, and brings you closely in touch with life departing, and then the end of it here.

There is another significant thing about these narrative poems closely allied with the way in which they deal with humble life and suffering. This is the strange air of mystery in them, and a constant feeling as if something were going to happen. "The Blind Rower" is an illustration of this point. The blind boy goes out in a boat with his father, who always steers. Then suddenly on the way home over the waves, the father ceases to speak, and is quite silent. The boy is anxious and troubled. He feels the mystery of it. Then slowly a great and awful fear steals over him, and he puts out his hand and feels the horrible coldness of the dead brow.

"So, ever restless, to and fro,
 In every sort of weather,
 The blind lad wanders on the shore,
 And hearkens to the foam. . .
 The blind, who rowed his father home,—
 The dead, who steered his blind son home."

It is a rather terrible feeling that one gets on reading it. And yet it is very fine. It is worth reading.

Still another thing that one notices quickly in Gibson's narrative poetry is the kind of commonplace expressions that are used. They are often sentences which we hear in the rudest, roughest, most rugged talk of a hardy mountaineer or country farmer. When we come across "I wonder if the old cow died or not" we are somewhat astonished to find it in poetry! And in "The Plough" there are nice, country expressions that are very picturesque. "He sniffed the clean and eager smell of crushed wild garlic." There is vigor and freshness in these poems of life under the open sky.

The plays of Gibson are written in blank verse. They have almost entirely the characteristics of the narrative poems. Expressions of human sympathy and experience of the poor they are. There is something about them that is unquestionably real. They are almost overwhelming in their simple truth. Like the poems they are without a touch of fanciful adornment. Without embellishments of any kind whatever they appear before us, dazzling white in their sincerity, almost naked in their pure honesty and clean straightness. Their motion is quick and abrupt. But there is deep, wistful tenderness and sympathetic understanding in them. "Winter Dawn", "Stonefolds", "The Bridal" are all characteristic of these qualities. They are very fine; and they seem to have, perhaps even more than the poems, that marvellous touch of Gibson's firm strength and vigorous purpose.

Julia Abboé, 1920

Morning By The Sea

I want to be near the sea when morning is waking the world — it's a dewy, green, slumbering world till the heralding notes of the birds and the first rays of the sun wake it, and the breeze sweeps up from the sea and brings the day. The sun comes warm now and is making shadows on the green hillside, and in the sunlight the little white cottage with its red chimney looks cheerful, as it nestles against the hill side; there is a morning briskness about the smoke as it rises from the chimney. I walk through the cottage's old-fashioned garden, and stop between the primly set-out beds, and it seems to me that the fragrance of the garden, of the roses, and sweet peas, and mignonette and Canterbury bells, is sweeter for the freshness of the sea; and the hollyhocks against the tall white wall, nodding, agree with me. I follow the white road that winds around the hill, and from the sea-wall I look out to the light-house on the point. The sands lie golden-hot, the blue sea comes thundering, and above a flock of sea-gulls make a weird outcry. The little white hamlet beside the sea, the gay, laughing, early morning sea; the cheery cottage, and the sweetness of the garden — I want to be near the sea when morning is waking the world.

Frances Keany, 1921

Swimming

The hottest place on one of the hottest days in late August is down on the shore of the bay, beside the blue, lapping water. No breeze or shade breaks the heat, and the wide stretch of blue glares and almost boils in the sun. Just one more step from the end of the dock will bring cool content, and no amount of warmth from the merciless sun can find you, hidden down deep in the water. But that last step which takes so much courage is like stepping off the ends of the earth. When you stand on the blistering concrete with a heavy rubber cap pulled tight over your ears, the big yellow sun seems to pick you out to concentrate all its energy on making you hotter and more uncomfortable than ever before. But still you hesitate. There is something thrilling in dropping into the water and going down into its blackness which can't be explained, and when at last you take the final plunge you draw in your breath and wait for the cold water to cover you.

To be able to swim well is not the only goal to strive for, nor is it the only thing which makes swimming a favorite sport. There are always new stunts, games, and a feeling of something accomplished when you make an extra high dive or swim a little further than usual. Perhaps it is never having had any fear of the water that gives a feeling of being perfectly at home in it and makes every minute enjoyable.

After a swim, the heat does not seem as unbearable, and a tired feeling not of exhaustion, but of being willing to lie still, is mixed with the exhilaration which the cold water gives you.

Henrietta Thompson, 1921

Tea for five

Afternoon tea was going on. The babble of voices rose and fell, with occasional subdued laughter. The shrill voice of the minister's wife and her companion were mingled with Mother's, soft and sweet. Afternoon tea with extra cakes and jam! A time when yearning eyes peep from behind the portières and hungry mouths water. A time when if the visitors were not too important and you were very clean, you could slip in and sit on their laps and eat cakes. But not with the minister's wife — you couldn't sit on her lap if you tried. Revenge was necessary — immediate and routing. The field must be cleared of the enemy so that one could revel undisturbed in the sweet jaminesses.

It was John's plan primarily, but Junior was the principal actor and added a few startling ideas. It was his idea about the hair — and that certainly was the crowning achievement. In the dark clothes press, intent and grim they stripped him of all his clothes and painted his fat, pink and white person with hideously combined water colors! With ruthless slashes, John cut his red curls in points and painted his neck and ears green! They thought of noise, their latest tin whistle or the large drum, but decided that the charge would be better without it.

Wiggling in behind the Morris chair Junior hesitated one palpitating second and then rose ghastly and startling and pointed one accusing finger at the guests. For a minute there wasn't a sound and then just as he turned to catch his mother's eye, furious and promising, he heard a laugh, such a nice laugh, too, and he was caught up in the arms of — the minister's wife. And she really had a lap after all and gave him all the nicest cakes and listened to John's halting, lisping tale with speechless merriment.

It was victory, not revenge. The enemy was routed indeed and only friends remained. Afternoon tea was going on but childish voices laughed happily amid the babble of grown-up conversation.

Lydia McCreary 1920

Editorials

Miss Bailey has perhaps never seemed nearer and dearer to the girls at Abbot Academy than during this winter, which was made so very hard for her by the long illness and the death of her much-loved niece and namesake, Mrs. Guerin Todd. We shared Miss Bailey's ardent hope that the life of one who was so loved and needed might be spared, and we were helped and inspired by the faith and courage with which she met her great grief. Miss Bailey's sorrow seemed to deepen her sympathy and interest in each one of us, and has made greater the debt which we each of us owe her.

Some of us, Faculty, Seniors and others of the necessary courage were privileged to be among the fifty tested by Dr. Fuess who came down from Phillips to give us a psychological examination one cheerful April Saturday. We were all agog with excitement and curiosity, and also trembling with an ill-concealed apprehension. Were we, or were we not, feeble-minded? That was the question. There were one hundred and sixty-eight disconcertingly simple little questions to be answered but so much hung in the balance. To be the sole and brilliant exception proving the rule was absolutely the only chance of escaping the ills of idiocy for that unfortunate falling below the right number. And we didn't know what the right number was! Consequently a nervous tremor passed along the chapel rows of would-be self-knowers, touching lightly the courageous, but shiveringly stirring those whose doubts were myriad. Then came the *ting* of the little starting bell — and very soon after, the *ting* of the stopping bell. How short an half-hour can be! For hours thereafter we gasped over the pitiful fewness of our answers, and the comic tragedy of our mistakes. And until Tuesday we lived in torment, haunted again by that question: were we, or were we not, feeble-minded? And apparently we weren't; reports from Dr. Fuess showed us to be possessed of very creditable brains, with a few among us of even superior mentalities. How pleasant are the ways of psychological examinations — afterwards!

Abbot is strictly feminine. Any stranger could tell you so without even entering the gate. Yes, and there is something that betrays us beside the hairpins on the circle. It is Spring and the windows are open, and out on the summer air wafts a gentle ripple of laughter. No matter which window it comes from, it is a very different kind of ripple than the stranger has ever heard. For the world has a variety of laughs verging from the grammar school giggle to the explosive guffaw, and Abbot has about the largest and most unusual collection of them all. Like a ribbon counter, we have all shades and lengths. For instance, there is the light, airy laugh, long and rippling that reminds you perfectly of cool, green satin; and the rather nasal chuckle like a homely shade of purple. There are nice, jolly laughs that you love to hear, and happy little giggles that make you smile, and the sweet, low laugh that you seldom find and never forget. A laugh means so much, reveals so much, and can so easily slip from the pure jolly to the masculine, the derisive, the double-meaning. Abbot is brimful of life and laughter, and we must keep those laughs decently and sweetly feminine.

Abbot has not been untouched by the epidemic of college funds that seems to be sweeping over the country now. During the winter term, our faculty from Smith, knowing girls, and especially Abbot girls, decided that the best way to reach our hearts was through food at three-thirty. So hot dogs and coffee were produced one March afternoon. Every one came and bought, and then went back for more money. But, after that, as soon as we were all convinced that Smith must be the ideal college if it is at all like that afternoon in the Household Science Lab, Miss Chickering had a Salamagundy party for Bryn Mawr one Saturday night. There were games and candy; everybody went and we were all children again. And then after Easter, Miss Dowd turned the Recreation Room into a milliner's shop and we all swerved to Mt. Holyoke, for such was the display of bright-colored hats. And now everybody wishes that the colleges would always need money if they would earn it by bringing us hot dogs, parties and summer hats.

Are your hard-hearts and nearly empty purses not touched at observing our golf enthusiastic mates trampling forth into the meadows with their clubs, for one second of joy in swatting the ball and then one hour of futile searching for it? And think of those of us, who are too poor to waste golf balls on the landscape, whose fingers long to grip a brassy or to gently guide a putter. Think of these glorious spring days which we could spend happily pursuing the little white pill up and down the back-yard if we can only beg, borrow or steal enough money to get a putting green and a fairly good approach laid out opposite the hockey field! Think of it and dream of it, you golf enthusiasts and give up your last pennies for Abbot's golf course!

For several years the Art Department has fostered any artistic taste to which we might incline by exhibitions of fine pictures in the John-Esther Gallery. In former years there were displays of oil paintings and lithographs, all very fine examples of their particular branch of art. This year there have been two exhibitions: the first of landscape etchings, shown in connection with a lecture by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington at the November Club; the second of various types of fine etchings, lithographs and all types of engravings.

Surely everyone who has seen this exhibition has come away feeling that she has gained both knowledge and inspiration from it and appreciating the generous services of the Art Department in securing for us these beautiful specimens of real art.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 17 Chapel. Dean Charles R. Brown on "The Shadow of Peter".
- 24 Piano Recital by Mlle. Aurore La Croix.
- 25 Chapel. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch on "The Real Personality of Jesus."
- 26 The History of Art class attended a lecture at the November Club. Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington spoke on "Etchings".
- 29 Mid-year examinations begin.
- 31 End of first term.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Chapel. Rev. E. Victor Bigelow on "A Childlike Faith".
- 2 Second term begins.
Senior class leaves for Intervale.
- 5 Senior class returns from Intervale.
- 7 Abbot Alumnae Luncheon in Boston.
- 8 Chapel. Miss Angela Melville on "The Pine Mountain School".
- 9 Miss Melville in morning chapel.
- 10 Senior Middle Play, "The Romancers".
- 14 Chapel. Mrs. Mary E. Mills on "The Shaufler Mission".
- 17 English V Plays.
- 22 Vespers. Miss Kelsey.
- 28 Recital by Mlle. Greta Torpadie.
- 29 Chapel. Miss Annie Beecher Scoville, the Hampton Quartet and Lieutenant Scott.

MARCH

- 1 Town Meeting.
- 2 "A" Society Snowshoeing Party.
- 3 The Faculty and Seniors go to a party given by Mrs. John Towle in Boston.
- 6 Bryn Mawr Fund Party.
- 7 Chapel. Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford on "Armenian War Experiences".
- 14 Chapel. Rev. Frederick A. Wilson on "Truth in Life".
- 16 Senior Play, "Twelfth Night".
- 18 Dr. Josephine H. Kenyon on "The Emotions".
- 20 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey on "School Spirit".
- 24 Winter term ends. Spring vacation begins.

APRIL

- 8 Spring term begins.
- 10 Hall Exercises. Dr. Claude Fuess' Psychological Examination.
Andover-Exeter Concert.
- 11 Chapel. Easter Service.
- 12 Phillips Chapel. Dr. Wilfred Grenfell.
- 13 Violin Recital by Miss Marie Nichols.
- 15 Shakespeare reading by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy.
- 18 Chapel. Dr. Frederic Palmer on "Christian Revolutions".
- 24 Senior Prom.
- 25 Chapel. Rev. J. Edgar Park on "True Religion".
- 26 Mme. Frances Wilson Huard on "Americans as seen by the French".
- 27 Glee and Mandolin Clubs Concert.
- 28 Gymnasium Demonstration.

MAY

- 1 May Breakfast in Town Hall.
Professor Sophie Chantal Hart of Wellesley on "Japan".
Catherine Greenough's tea for the Seniors.
- 2 Chapel. Miss Marian Hamblet on "The International Institute".
- 4 Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt on "Browning".
- 8 Recital by the pupils of the Vocal Department.
- 9 Vespers. Miss Kelsey.
- 11 Recital by the Violin Department.
- 12 Senior Mid Banquet.
- 20 Rhythmic Expression Demonstration.
- 25 Senior Banquet.
- 26 Field Day.

JUNE

- 3 Final examinations begin.
- 5 Rally Night.
English V Play, "The Elfin Ring" re-given.
- 6 Baccalaureate Sunday.
- 7 Draper Reading
Senior Reception.
- 8 Graduation exercises.

Commencement

Commencement exercises are from June 5th to June 8th. The Baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Reverend Doremus Scudder, D.D., of Honolulu, H. I., and the commencement address by Rev. George Battrick of Rutland, Vermont.

DRAPER READERS

Catherine Greenough, Red Cliff, Lander, Wyoming.
 Katherine Olivia Kinney, Albany, New York.
 Dorothy Fisher, Chicago, Illinois.
 Marianna Wilcox, Dayton, Ohio.
 Frances Keany, Andover, Massachusetts.

ACADEMIC SENIOR CLASS

Margaret Ackroyd	<i>Albany, N. Y.</i>
Edith Emerson Adams	<i>Brattleboro, Vt.</i>
Hope Allen	<i>New Rochelle, N. Y..</i>
Mary Lewis Delano	<i>Marion</i>
Edna Grayson Dixon	<i>Lowell</i>
Susan Eugenia Dodge	<i>Santa Monica, Cal.</i>
Dorothy Estelle Fisher	<i>Chicago, Ill.</i>
Lucy Lincoln Ford	<i>Sioux City, Iowa</i>
Margaret Vinton French	<i>Andover</i>
Irene Fulton Franklin	<i>Andover</i>
Vivien Smith Gowdy	<i>Thompsonville, Ct.</i>
Catherine Greenough	<i>Red Cliff, Lander, Wyo.</i>
Lillian Bartram Grumman	<i>Bridgeport, Ct.</i>
Katherine Olivia Kinney	<i>Albany, N. Y.</i>
Constance Clifford Ling	<i>Detroit, Mich.</i>
Lydia McCreary	<i>East Aurora, N. Y.</i>
Paulina Clara Miller	<i>Walkerville, Ontario, Canada</i>
Rosamond Patch	<i>Beverly</i>
Justine Pearsall	<i>Newark, Ohio</i>
Helen Purdy Polk	<i>Kansas City, Mo.</i>
Lucy Bailey Pratt	<i>Hartford, Ct.</i>
Caroline Elizabeth Wilkinson	<i>Santa Monica, Cal.</i>
Ruth Christine Winn	<i>Winchester</i>
Bertha Frances Worman	<i>Westport, N. Y.</i>

COLLEGE PREPARATORY SENIOR CLASS

Julia Conant Abbé	<i>Middleton</i>
Elsa Baalack	<i>Calumet, Mich.</i>
Elizabeth Messinger Babb	<i>Camden, Me.</i>
Eliza Clark Bailey	<i>Harrisburg, Pa.</i>
Mary Rockland Bushnell	<i>Andover</i>
Alice Abbott Davis	<i>Duluth, Minn.</i>
Helen Garland Donald	<i>Andover</i>
Marjorie Blanche Downs	<i>Haverhill</i>
Doris Stone Graves	<i>Brookline</i>
Caroline Rutter Grimes	<i>Lawrence</i>
Katherine Gage Hamblet	<i>Lawrence</i>

Elizabeth Stanley Hawkes
 Hilda Apthorp Heath
 Anna Rushmore Hussey
 Jean Doolittle Lyon
 Florence Shaffter Matile
 Jean Alice McClive
 Marjorie Chipman Miles
 Virginia Fleek Miller
 Muriel Moxley
 Isabelle Parrott
 Louise Robinson
 Miriam Laurinda Rowell
 Martha Munn Stockwell
 Isabelle Bremer Sutherland
 Helen Emilie Thiel
 Charlotte Vose
 Agatha Rosamond Wade
 Georgia Warren
 Leonore Eliza Wickersham
 Margaret Eliza Worman

New York City
Brighton
North Berwick, Me.
Yonkers, N. Y.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Asheville, N. C.
Newark, Ohio
North Andover
Oxford, Me.
Lakeville, Ct.
Plymouth
Trenton, N. J.
Lawrence
Canton
Bangor, Me.
Andover
Portland, Me.
Corning, N. Y.
Westport, N. Y.

Lectures

On February eighth we were all very glad to hear Miss Angela Melville from the Pine Mountain School in the Kentucky mountains. We have long had a great interest in the Pine Mountain school and Miss Melville revived it greatly, bringing us into fresh personal contact with this little settlement in the southern mountains. She told us delightful anecdotes about the little mountaineer children and made us long to go down and play with them.

Abbot has for some time had an interest in the Schauffler Missionary Training School in Cleveland. And so on February fourteenth it was very interesting to have this great work, done where the need is perhaps most pressing, laid before us by one who knows and has worked at Schauffler. Mrs. Mary E. Mills told us about the beginnings of Schauffler, in one small building, and its gradual expansion up to the great work done now among the girls and young women of every nation that is represented here in America. Schauffler's is a great work, and we at Abbot are very proud to have a part in it.

On March seventh a representative of Abbot in Armenia came and told us of her work there during the war. Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford was in Armenia practically all the time that the Turks were in power. A great deal of the time she was alone, as far as any American was concerned. And all the time she carried on the great work of the mission school there, relieving immediate poverty and teaching the people to earn a living for themselves. And now,

without any hesitation Mrs. Crawford has gone back to her work, giving up everything for the ideal of Christianity.

On Monday evening, April twelfth, all Abbot attended a stereopticon lecture in Phillips Chapel, given by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, the doctor of Labrador. Dr. Grenfell gave us a glimpse of the splendid work he has been carrying on and developing all through Labrador and the North. Though he said little about himself, we all realized the hardships he must have endured in his unselfish devotion to these Northern people. His highly-developed sense of humor delighted everyone as well as the amusing incidents he told, accompanied by descriptions which pictured Labrador and its people so entrancingly that we were all obsessed by a desire to accompany Dr. Grenfell on his next trip North.

On Monday, April 26th, Baroness Frances Wilson Huard lectured to us on the irresistible subject of "Americans as Seen By the French." Those remembering her former visit were all expectation; those only knowing her by hearsay equally interested. Madame Huard gave us a most amusing and vivid picture of ourselves and our French friends, and while we were slightly overwhelmed by the youthfulness, not to say boisterousness of our compatriots in France, we really liked a lot their impulsive generosity, and also liked a lot the more conservative French. A few pertinent remarks concerning Franco-American marriages closed the delightful talk, and we all decided from her many illustrations that language need no longer be a bar between the two countries.

On Sunday evening, May second, we heard Katherine Hamblet's sister, Miss Marion Hamblet, speak on the International Institute at Lawrence, in which she is a devoted worker. Miss Hamblet held us from the start with her sweet, winning manner, told us many anecdotes showing the spirit, progress and interest of her little pupils. The influence of this Institute is very wide, as the children rapidly spread the news of their good fortune, thus bringing many more within the reach of the school.

On May fourth Miss Mary Taylor Blauvelt came to talk to us on the poetry of Robert Browning. Miss Blauvelt gave us a very clear idea of the completeness of Browning's poetry. She made us understand, as well as the subjects treated in the poems themselves, the great thought that was underneath. Miss Blauvelt loved the beauty of expression of the poems, but she loved still more the human sympathy expressed there, that sympathy in which one can find a comfort from many woes, and a companion in one's happiness. This talk on Browning gave us a deep understanding of the poet himself, and to many of us opened vistas of thought that are fascinating.

Concerts

On January twenty-fourth, Miss Aurore LaCroix, a well-known Boston pianist, played for us in Davis Hall. She is, perhaps, the most perfect artist we have had here for many years. Her technique was astonishing, having a clean cut, rather than sweeping style. Her program was very unique, introduced by that vivid creation of Schumann's, *The Carnival*. But the piece which won the most approval of the afternoon, and for which the girls clapped and clapped again was a Study by Chopin, played with unusual skill and feeling.

Miss Greta Torpadie sang at Abbot on February twenty-eighth. Her clear coloratura soprano was delightful and won many encores from the girls. Miss Torpadie's voice has an unlimited range, and it is remarkable that such a lilting coloratura could also be so rich and full. The program was in four divisions, comprising groups of folk songs from different nations. They were all sung with a great deal of expression but the one that we enjoyed the most was a Swedish air, *Sne by Lie*. Miss Torpadie, though born in America, is of Swedish descent, and so was able to interpret with unusual expression the songs of her country.

An unusual opportunity was opened to us when the Hampton Quartet was secured for Sunday evening, February twenty-ninth. Miss Scoville, a leading worker at the Hampton Institute, accompanied the quartet, and, before introducing the songs, told us some very interesting facts about the work and aims of the school. An earnest and winning testimony was given by Captain Scott, a Hampton volunteer in the recent World War, followed by the quartet, with a group of fine old Southern hymns of the true negro type. At the end of the brief hour they were induced to stay a short time longer and sing the well-known airs, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, *Old Black Joe*, and *My Old Kentucky Home*. The tenor was unusually high and clear, the bass fascinatingly deep and musical, and the program made one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever had.

A very interesting concert was given on the evening of March twenty-eighth by the Mandolin and Glee Clubs, in which several delightful songs were contributed by Miss Jewel Humphries. Miss Humphries has sung before at Abbot, and is always welcomed as one of Miss Bennett's most unusual and brilliant pupils. Most of the numbers sung by the Glee Club were in negro dialect and very well rendered. "*Rockin' in de Wind*", a southern lullaby, was the most popular, and the quartet, "*Way Down Yonder in de Cornfield*", received a great deal of applause. The Mandolin Club under the leadership of Edna Dixon has accomplished much this year, and went far toward insuring the success of the evening.

With a thrill of excitement we put on our best bonnets and shawls (or 1920's substitute) and trailed down Main Street to the Andover-Exeter Concert, on

April 10. With rapt faces and much highly-intelligent conversation, Abbot enjoyed the concert. The Glee Clubs of both Exeter and Andover did very fine work and the Mandolin Clubs were equally good. When they cheered for Abbot at the conclusion of the concert, we felt that the evening was quite complete.

On the thirteenth of April we enjoyed a violin recital by Miss Marie Nichols, a member of our faculty. Miss Nichols rendered a most interesting and unusual program since it was made up of a large number of very modern selections. "Gopak" by Maussorgsky and "Berceuse" by de Grasse were the special favorites. She was accompanied by Mr. Harrison Potter.

The Vocal Department assisted by the Glee Club gave their annual recital this year on May eighth in Davis Hall. We have always enjoyed this concert and looked forward to it during the year, but this time, more than ever before, our classmates showed the success of Miss Bennett's careful training. Many songs on the program were sung by voices quite new to us, all very lovely additions to Abbot's circle. The Glee Club also added to the success of the concert by several brilliant selections.

Tuesday evening, May eleventh, one of the most successful concerts of the year was given. Edna Dixon, accompanied by Ethel Dixon and, in two very lovely numbers, by the pupils of the violin department, gave us one of the most pleasant Tuesday evenings we have ever enjoyed. Edna played more beautifully than ever before, and we all unanimously chose for our favorite Pierre's "Little Tin Soldiers". Ethel Dixon also contributed some beautiful piano solos, and it was a great pleasure to hear her play once more in Davis Hall.

Entertainments

SENIOR MIDDLE PLAY

On Tuesday evening, February 10, the Senior Mids presented in Davis Hall their annual play, this year, "The Romancers", translated from the French of Edmund Rostand. The cast was as follows:

PERCINET	Carol Perrin
SYLVETTE	Frances Keany
STRAFAREL	Margaret Stone
BERGAMIN, father of Percinet	Edith Page
PASQUINOT, father of Sylvette	Frances Gasser
BLAISE, the gardener	Dorothy Martin
A NOTARY	Elizabeth Weld

SWORDSMEN: Mary Evers, Helen Norpell, Elizabeth Weld.

MUSICIANS: Marjorie Downs, Jessamine Rugg, Jane Allen, Jane Baldwin.

NEGROES: Julia Guild, Alma Underwood.

TORCH BEARERS: Ruth Crossman, Agnes Titcomb.

WEDDING GUESTS: Elizabeth Thompson, Mary Talcott, Marianna Wilcox, Margaret Hutton.

The play as coached by Miss Bertha Morgan was charmingly done, and the alternately romantic and ludicrous atmosphere surrounding the romance-loving lovers was very well represented. Love's young dream was played to the full in the first act; in the second the stern realities of life as shown by the falsity of romance envelopes the poor young lovers in a tangle of bickerings; the third act prettily patches up the inevitable quarrel, and leaves us with the promise of their all living happily ever after. The cast was well chosen and acted convincingly.

On February 17, two of the best plays ever given in Davis Hall were presented to the great joy of both the English V class and the whole school. Paulina Miller's "Flapper Rule" and Constance Ling's "The Elfin Ring" were the plays. Not only was the Abbot audience very enthusiastic over them, but Constance's play has since been presented at Radcliffe College, where it was a great success. The casts and plots were as follows:

FLAPPER RULE

HUGH ALEXANDER	Marian Saunders
MRS. ALEXANDER	Harriet Edgell
JILL ALEXANDER	Dorothy Martin
GERARD MANNING	Mary Evers
MYRTLE	Elizabeth Hartel

While the rest of the Alexander family is reading the papers and forgetting them promptly, Jill Alexander has taken the fact to heart so that she has secretly enlisted in the Italian Battalion. This fact is discovered by her brother Hugh, while Gerard Manning is visiting their home and elicits a storm of protest from Hugh and the confession from Gerard that he, too, is slated to sail in two weeks. Jarred awake by this information, Hugh realizes what he has missed and he persuades Jill to let him be the member of the Alexander family to go across, while she stays home and waits for him and for Gerard.

Marian Saunders as Hugh Alexander was a perfect, scatter-brained college boy and gave the very clever lines of Paulina's play with great spirit. Mrs. Alexander, played by Harriet Edgell and Jill, by Dorothy Martin, were both very pretty and interesting. Mary Evers as Gerard Manning acted with some very good masculine touches and a great deal of feeling. Elizabeth Hartel, the maid, made the audience roar with laughter.

Constance's play was a fascinating little fairy drama.

The cast was as follows:

THE WITCH	Dorothy Schwenk
MELINDA, her granddaughter	Henrietta Thompson
The PRINCE	Edith Adams
HIS MAN	Katherine Weld
ELVES: Anne Darling, Barbara Swift, Frances Dunn, Lois Kirkham.								
FAIRIES: Jean McClive, Margaret Day, Ruth Crossman, Florence Phillips, Elizabeth Whittemore.								

Henrietta Thompson as Melinda was perfect in the part of the faithful little granddaughter and Dorothy Schwenk was a very awesome witch and equally appealing "court" grandmother. As to the Prince and his man, we fell in love with one and laughed uproariously at the other. The elves and the fairies were real elves and fairies and what could be more lovely than that?

On the evening of March sixteenth the Senior Class of 1920 presented "Twelfth Night" in Davis Hall. The play was well staged with simple, attractive settings and lovely costumes, and the acting did credit to Miss Morgan's diligent coaching. The soft music of the Mandolin Club as the curtain rose immediately drew us into the atmosphere of the play, and the dreamy sensation of living in the past increased as the play progressed.

The action was smooth, uninterrupted, well maintained, not for an instant allowing the attention of the audience to lag. We followed eagerly the strange misunderstandings and mishaps that befell the faithful Viola as played with a most unusual spirit and sympathy by Catherine Greenough. We wept with the beautiful, blond, Olivia (Lydia McCreary) fallen from the heights of haughtiness to the depths of a despairing love, and laughed heartily at the woeful plight into which the dignified Malvolio was thrown, superbly acted by Caroline Wilkinson. Lucy Ford as Sir Toby Belch and Paulina Miller as Sir Andrew stand unparalleled among Abbot comedians, and the bewitching coquetting of Katherine Kinney as Maria, charmed us all. Virginia Miller and Edna Dixon as Duke Orsino and Sebastian gave interpretations of their parts worthy of much applause and the clown (Dorothy Fisher) as a crowning touch made the evening an immense and complete success.

On Thursday, April 15, we had the great pleasure of a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy, who through their annual visits have become dear and much-admired friends. In the afternoon they read together scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Henry VIII", and Mrs. Kennedy read the "Romeo and Juliet" balcony scene, and two sonnets. We were as always transported into a Shakespearean heaven by the quality of their voices and personalities, and will not soon forget their charm. It was with real regret and heart-felt cheering that we let them go in the evening.

Gymnasium Exhibition

When have we felt so much school spirit and school pride as we did at the gymnasium exhibition! After the perfect marching and lightning rapidity of the first group we were enthusiastic. After the wand drill we glowed and by the time we had seen two excellent dances, requiring endless amount of breath and accuracy and had been diverted from the graceful wriggling in and out of the squares of the hanging ladder to find our other friends standing easily on their heads, we were in a fever of excitement. When the crowning contest

between 1920 and '21 was under way we cast decorum to the winds and leaped about on chairs, shrieking frantically and beating each other on the back. For as everybody volubly told Mrs. Fletcher afterwards, it was the best gym exhibition that ever was!

Honor Roll

FIRST SEMESTER JANUARY 31, 1920

Virginia Miller	95%
Harriet Edgell, Elizabeth McClellan	92
Julia Abbe, Constance Ling, Elizabeth Flagg, Carol Perrin	90
Beatrice Goff, Vivien Gowdy, Catherine Greenough, Carolyn Grimes, Dorothea Flagg, Jean McClive, Paulina Miller, Agnes Titcomb, Elizabeth Whittemore	89
Eliza Bailey, Ruth Crossman, Katherine Damon, Elizabeth Hawkes, Hilda Heath, Frances Keany, Martha Stockwell	88

THIRD QUARTER

Virginia Miller, Elizabeth McClellan	95%
Julia Abbe, Harriet Edgell, Dorothea Flagg, Beatrice Goff	91
Carolyn Grimes, Constance Ling, Paulina Miller, Helen Norpell, Elizabeth Whittemore	90
Katherine Damon, Elizabeth Flagg, Catherine Greenough, Mary Har- rison, Elizabeth Hawkes, Ruth Holmes, Frances Keany, Dorothy Moxley	89
Ruth Crossman, Edna Dixon, Martha Stockwell, Agnes Titcomb	88
Rose Marta Prado	87

Items of General Interest

One of this year's English V Prize Plays, "The Elfin Ring" by Constance Ling, has since its production here been given in Cambridge by children of the Cambridge-Haskell School for the benefit of the Mary Coes Endowment Fund of Radcliffe. It will be repeated there in June as well as here on Rally night. Miss Emily Adams helped Constance with the dancing, and Mr. Harry McClellan composed the music for her.

Since spring vacation Miss Chickering has been away from us because of the illness of her mother, and Miss Alice Sweeney †1914 has been teaching her classes.

The field day preparations this year are extensive. The day as arranged by Mrs. Fletcher includes hockey and basketball games, track and horseback riding.

Friends of Charlotte Root Patton will be glad to know that she is living in Massachusetts, her address being 845 Highland avenue, Needham 92. Her baby born in August 1919 "is as good as gold and has two big dimples!"

Miss Gertrude Sherman is teacher of French at the Springfield High School where she has often acted as substitute. She and her mother spent a week-end at the school in April.

It was announced that Mrs. Charles T. Miller, the mother of one of the present Seniors, had given the toboggan slide mentioned in the last issue as a gift to the school. Mrs. Miller also presented a mahogany floor lamp to the Senior parlor.

On January 26 the History of Art Class was enabled by Miss Howey to attend a November Club lecture by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington on "Etchings." A great deal of knowledge as well as pleasure was gained by the whole class.

It is a great pleasure to have horseback riding again. Mr. Cross opened his riding school early in the spring, and in spite of the rainy weather a large number of girls have been riding and enjoying it very much.

Miss Edith Metcalf, who taught at Abbot in 1910-'11, sailed in May for Red Cross work in Albania.

Alumnae Notes

The six-year term of the Alumna Trustee, Mrs. Grace Carleton Dryden: 1886, will expire next year, and arrangements must be made for selecting candidates for the vacancy. According to the plan adopted at the last annual meeting, a nominating committee is to receive suggestions for names and to prepare a ballot to be sent out to the members of the Alumnae Association. The names receiving the largest number of votes will be presented to the Trustees, who will elect one. Please send suggestions for the ballot to Miss Frances W. Cutler, 173 Moffat Road, Waban, Mass.

BOSTON ABBOT CLUB

The annual luncheon of the Abbot Academy Alumnae Association and the Boston Abbot Club was held at the Vendome on February 7, just after one of the great blizzards, and although travelling was difficult and uncertain, there was an attendance of sixty-five. One of the chief interests of the day was to have been the presence of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs (1873), but the storm prevented her from reaching Boston in time. Much disappointment was also felt at the absence of the Abbot Academy delegation because of the influenza quarantine. Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling, president of the Association arranged and enthusiastically carried through an impromptu program. Miss Emily Means spoke for the Abbot Club, and Miss Kate Swift, of Andover, brought a message from Mr. Flagg about the needed Endowment Fund. Other speakers were Miss Josephine Wilcox, Miss Ethel Shumway and Miss Margaret Wilkins.

A furious snowstorm prevented the meeting of the Boston Abbot Academy Club on March 6. Miss Mary Byers Smith, 1904, was to have spoken on her social welfare work. At the annual meeting of the Club in April, it was voted to have only three meetings next year. Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman, 1906, of Winchester, was elected president. After the business meeting, a paper was read by Miss Alice Twitchell, 1886, describing an interesting trip to Scandinavia.

NEW YORK ABBOT CLUB

The spring meeting of the New York Abbot Club was held at the Hotel Gregorian, on April 3, with the gratifying attendance of sixty-five, including alumnae of different periods, and many undergraduates, with their mothers, from the vicinity of New York. The luncheon was preceded by a business meeting and reception, and followed by a talk by Miss Bailey on the great opportunities and needs of the school, and her hopes for the raising of an adequate endowment.

The Abbot Academy Alumnae Association will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its formation next June.

Miss Bailey's recent message to former students in regard to the pressing needs of the school, suggesting a Centennial Memorial Endowment to be raised by a ten-year Loyalty Fund, has already brought encouraging returns in several gifts and ten-year pledges. Definite plans for a general canvass will be formulated in June by the Trustees and the Alumnae Association.

The alumnae notes in this issue include a good many of the war service reports which were crowded out of the January number. It is a good thing to be reminded anew of the splendid work done in that period.

The Advisory Committee of the Alumnae Association were entertained at the school on April 29 and 30. They visited classes, looked over the school equipment, and had an opportunity to meet the faculty and some of the girls at a tea given by Miss Bailey. Six out of the eight members of the committee came. These were Miss Agnes Park, 1858, Mrs. Nellie Walkley Beach, 1888, Anna Nettleton, 1893, Mrs. Persis Mackintire Carr, 1906, Norma Allen, 1915, and Katherine Coe, 1919. During the year one member of the committee has died, — Mrs. May Churchill Talcott.

1847. Mrs. Lydia (Putnam) Reed sends a characteristically cheery word from her home in Brookline. "I have just passed my ninetieth birthday, and I know I am an old woman, but somehow I often forget it, for life still shows a pleasant side to me, and the world, in spite of its upsets and new conditions, is still full of interest, and a fruitful field for work. Just now I am busy working for the poor little refugee children in the devastated districts of France."

1856. It is difficult to estimate the extent of the influence of one educated Christian woman. For example, Mrs. Carrie Plimpton Adams, now of Chicago, was herself a missionary in Turkey for ten years after her marriage, and was with her husband, influential in helping to found in Cleveland the important Schaufler Missionary Training School for girls of other races. She writes of her family: "My six children are scattered: the oldest, Rebecca, a teacher in Schurz High School; Annie (Mrs. Harper) on a farm in Virginia; Elizabeth, teacher of French in Olivet College, Mich.; Katherine, dean of Beloit, and Drury, at Honolulu; Edwin, professor at Princeton, but just back from France, where he spent two years with the British in the army; George a professor in Berkeley, Cal."

†1865. Abbot graduates are interested and active all their days as far as we can learn. Mrs. Cynthia (Page) Brooks writes from her home in Mt. Pleasant, Mich.: "I have been connected with college and normal work for the past fifty years. My husband was president of Kalamazoo College for twenty years and my son is head professor of physics and chemistry in the Normal School here. I have been Regent of the D. A. R. Chapter for the past twelve years. I am now seventy-five years old. I have done Red Cross Work and bought bonds. I belong to the Woman's Club, Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society."

†1866. Mrs. Sarah Lord Hall, of Cambridge, recently prepared for the one hundredth anniversary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Shep-

ard Memorial Church a racy sketch of the history of that organization, compiled from its records. She has been its secretary for forty years.

1868. Mrs. Emily Smith Babcock, of Arlington, R. I., had one son, Russell Abbott, in the Argonne offensive. Another son, Harry Lyman, served on this side.

†1868. Mrs. Katherine Chapin Higgins was chairman of the United War Work Campaign for the women of Worcester County, in which \$17,500 was raised. She was also president of the Worcester County Auxiliary to the Farm Bureau.

1869. Martha J. Gleason, who was for fifteen years a missionary in Constantinople until she was needed at home, writes that though she is now seventy-two years old, the desperate situation in Turkey appeals to her so strongly, she just feels some times as if she must go back to its aid.

†1871. Annie W. Dwight, Episcopal Sister of Charity, is at present doing mission work in Newark, N. J.

1871. Douglas C. McMurtrie, whose work as director of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled men, has been so prominent, is the son of Helen Douglas McMurtrie, who lives in New York.

1871. Mrs. Annie (Murray) Conklin writes, "I owe my greatest obligation in life to Abbot Academy."

†1872. Mrs. Lillian Waters Grosvenor's son, Gilbert H., is editor and director of the National Geographic Magazine.

†1874. Great sorrow has come to Mrs. Belle Wilson Pettee, in the sudden death on February 17, of her husband, Dr. James H. Pettee, who has been engaged with her in missionary work in Japan ever since their marriage in 1878. They were at home on furlough on account of his health and he had just joyfully announced to his friends in the American Board Rooms, the doctor's decision that he might return to his work.

†1874. Mrs. Clara Potter Hopkins, of Lansing, Mich., has four sons, Edward Potter, George Hayes, Charles Clark and Carroll Lyman, "boys whom any mother would be proud of."

†1874. Mrs. Jane Mowry Anderson, of Brookline, had four sons in the service, three captains and one first lieutenant, one in aviation, one in the medical department and two in Field Artillery.

1874. Mrs. Jennie Taylor Noon and her husband have recently returned from an extended trip to the Orient, visiting the Philippines, Japan and China. They are now making their home with a married daughter in Cambridge.

†1875. Mrs. Harriett Cutler Jefferson, of Boston, had a son at the Front with the Ordnance Supply, and a daughter serving as nurse in France for over two years.

†1876. Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford is in charge of the Old Testament and Sunday School departments of the Women's Evangelistic School in Kobe, Japan.

†1876. Mrs. Charlotte Moseley Nason, a doctor's wife of Newburyport, finds her particular interest and service in the Anti-Tuberculosis Association,

which was formed at her house ten years ago and has done much good work.

1876. Mrs. Elizabeth Diman Cabot has a son, Samuel Hyde, who was a captain in the A. E. F.

1876. Mrs. Ellen Wilbur Burgess has moved to Albany (80 Howard Street) as her husband has become Education Superintendent of the New York Sunday School Association. Two sons, Robert and Randolph served in the statistical branch of the War Department.

1876. Morgianna Tolman is instructor in English in the Abington High School.

†1878. William T. Gorton, only son of Mrs. Elizabeth Langley Gorton, was in the ambulance service of the French army for two years. He received a Croix de Guerre.

1878. Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross's son John Gilbreth, (Lieutenant J. G.), was Torpedo Officer on a U. S. destroyer in the war zone. Her daughter, Caroline Cleveland, who has just graduated from high school, substituted as nurse in the children's ward of the R. I. Hospital during the influenza epidemic.

†1879. Mrs. Isabel Parker Brewer's son, Charles Russell, served as first lieutenant, U. S. Infantry.

1880. Mrs. Emma (Chadbourne) Wood has written of the important war work her boys were doing in their respective callings. Horace was estimating on surgical supplies for a Boston firm which was almost alone in replacing some of the German work in this line. Robert, a chemist and metallurgist, invented a process of casting in one piece a periscope tube which had previously been cast in parts and rivetted or welded together. He also invented the machines for casting and for finishing the tube.

1880. Mrs. Kate (Johnson) Wheelock has been active in the interests of Americanization, which she called her war work. Her son, Dudley, served with the Rainbow Division, as engineer throughout the war. Another son, Charles, is in the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

1880. George Phillips, son of Alice Gates Phillips was for ten months in Red Cross work in France.

†1880. Helen Heywood served as woman food administrator for Worcester County.

1881. Edmund Wilson, son of Helen Kimball Wilson, was interpreter in the Intelligence Department, G. H. Q., for two years, 1917-19.

†1881. Mrs. Margaret Fowle Sears reports that her special interest in the war years has been in our overseas neighbors in this country, — in the Red Cross Home Service among Italians, and as chairman of the Education and Americanization Committee of the woman's club in Woburn. Her son, William (lieutenant), was with the 28th division at Chateau Thierry.

†1882. Marion Locke Morrison has moved to Chicago, as her husband has a position in the Department of Education of the University of Chicago.

†1882. Lillian (Wilcox) Miller's boy, Lloyd Wilcox won the Croix de Guerre and fourragere as member of the Amherst College unit, Ambulance service, with the French army. Another son, Alden Williams, was second lieutenant in the Light Artillery at Camp Zachary Taylor.

†1882. Katherine Chase Geer (Sister Benedicta) is teaching at the St. Francis Mission House, Hereford, Texas.

1883. Mrs. Marion Dove Lee reports one son in the army two years, a daughter in war service in France two years, and a daughter in the Army Nurses' Training School at Camp Devens, six months.

†1883. Mrs. Carrie McCandless Greeley, of Butler, Pa., reports that her son, Charles McCandless, 1st lieutenant, 21st Reg. Engineers, served in France for a year and a half. Her older son, Thornton, was in the Gas Defense Service on this side. Mrs. Greeley was one of the first to send a pledge for the new Loyalty Fund.

1883. Anna Duryea Denney, of Paget, Bermuda, writes that her husband was Field Director under the Red Cross with the 28th Division over a year, going across with them after their training period of seven months in Augusta, Ga.

1884. Fannie (Hardy) Eckstorm has recently prepared chapters on Maine Indians and Maine Lumbering for a History of Maine, by Dr. Louis C. Hatch.

1884. In a book recently published in London called "The Spirit", discussing the relation of God to man, Lily Dougall prepared two chapters—"God in Action" and "The Language of the Soul". She has also, in collaboration with another author written a book of verse—"Arcades Ambo".

†1884. Mrs. Mary (Nevin) Booth writes of her two sons, William (Williams College 1915, Harvard Law School 1918), first lieutenant in service overseas, and Nevin (Williams 1918) who was in the officers' training school. Her daughter Marguerite was the "class girl" of her Abbot class. She has lately graduated at Smith College.

1885. Mary (Schauffler) Platt is assistant professor of Missionary Practice in the Kennedy School of Missions, Hartford, Conn. Her son, Leonard Woods, was second lieutenant in the Balloon Section of Air Service during the war.

†1886. Phebe (Curtis) Vilas of Evanston, Ill., had two sons in the service, — Curtis, who was with the Railway Engineers and later after the armistice with the Red Cross in Paris, and George, who was in the Naval Reserve Force. Her husband established a club for soldiers and sailors.

1886. Ella Wood, who is a librarian, has been for over two years in Washington in war work as indexer and cataloguer. When she wrote in September she was in the Navy Department Disbursing Office.

1886. Word has come of another mother who gave her son for the country's cause, Florence (Bridgman) Stedman, of Holyoke. Her son died of influenza at Fort Slocum in 1918. Earlier he had been connected with the Y. M. C. A. War Personnel work in New York City. Another son was for nearly two years with the 96th Aero Squadron in France.

1886. Fannie (Berry) Smith, of Ann Arbor raised \$400.00 for a poultry farm in devastated France, to be called "Ann Arbor Farm". Her husband is in the department of Physics in the University of Michigan. They have one daughter Cynthia.

†1886. Henrietta (Hanford) Boyd, of Sagvache, Col., writes of a unique

experience in volunteer war work. She spent twelve months away from home travelling over four states for the Mountain Division of the Red Cross — Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico — as organizer and Field Supervisor for Home Service.

†1886. Julia (Spear) Boyd, who died ten years ago, left two daughters, one of whom graduated at Colorado University and is taking a course in the Newton Hospital training for child welfare work. This word comes from her step-mother, Henrietta (Hanford) Boyd.

†1887. Harriet Thwing's war service was in the line of demonstrating canning of fruits and vegetables.

†1887. Emma (Twitchell) Sturgis was chairman of the Hospital Supplies Workroom in Portland for the two years it was open. Her son, William, left Bowdoin and enlisted, went to France with the 32nd Engineers and was gone a year. Her daughter, Frances, is in Wellesley.

1887. Annie (Davenport) Merriam had two sons in the service, one captain in the Infantry, another first lieutenant in the 101st Artillery.

†1887. Jeannie Jillson has returned to her old place of work in Brousa, Turkey, after concluding her service under the Red Cross relief expedition in Palestine.

†1887. Olive (Pearson) Lewis of East Longmeadow, as a minister's wife, has plenty of chances for helping people. To her ordinary duties she added during the war time, mending at Camp Devens, and Red Cross work. She has been Camp Fire Girls Guardian and is interested in social service in general.

1887. Josephine (Lacy) Dickey has moved from Erie to Wayne, Pa., (302 Audobon Ave.,) as her husband is now manager of the Philadelphia office of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

†1887. Eliza (Atwell) Browne, of Sewickley, Pa., has been an invalid for several years as the result of injuries received in a fall. The first year of the war she had organized a circle for French emergency relief, which was later merged with the Red Cross.

1887. Esther (Dow) Ball took the Nurses' Aid Training Course, serving the required number of hours in the Brooklyn Hospital, and was also in active canteen service under the National League of Women's Service.

†1887. Bessie (Baird) Archbald writes of two sons in the army, Joseph and Edward, both second lieutenants in the Field Artillery. Her third son, Heber Thompson, eighteen years old, died in 1918.

†1888. Mrs. Ellen Walkley Beach, of Bangor, is president of the Eastern Maine Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational church. She visited Abbot in April as a member of the Advisory Board of the Alumnae Association.

1888. Ada (Larrabee) Larrabee had charge of the war knitting in her town of Windham, Conn.

†1889. Dr. William J. Long, Fannie Bancroft's husband, has added three new volumes to his Nature Book series, a new edition of which is published by Harper Brothers. He is preparing an American History for Ginn and Company

Their daughter, Lois, is a sophomore at Vassar.

1889. Flora Mason is engaged in all manner of good work. One which she finds especially interesting is her position on the Board of Trustees of the Westborough State Hospital, a seven year term. She is secretary of the Board.

1889. Jessica (Prindle) Krom, of Jersey Shore, Pa., was district chairman (for ten townships), of the Food Conservation Committee in 1918. She is registrar of the Pennsylvania D. A. R. and regent of the local chapter. Her son, Samuel, entered Williams College last fall.

1889. Edith (Foster) Brown writes from Reno, Nev.: "Our war work was Red Cross Home Service, canteen work and Belgian Relief. Her son, Philip, enlisted from Brown University, and after receiving his commission at the Officers' Training Camp of Fort Monroe, Coast Artillery School, was detailed as an officer there.

1889. In the first epidemic of influenza, Luciana (Chickering) Beadell was one of the thirty women in her town of Arlington, N. J., to go into the emergency hospital and work every day for three weeks.

†1889. Miss Kathleen Jones spoke on "American Library Association Hospital Service during the War and After" at the November Club in Andover, February 23, 1920.

†1890. Edith (Dewey) Jones' two daughters, Catherine and Hilda, have recently graduated from Mount Holyoke. She has been for two years president of the Newtonville Woman's Club of 400 members.

†1890. Jessie Guernsey, who is in charge of the Academic Department of the Calhoun (Ala.) colored School, studied at Columbia two summers, 1917 and 1918, enjoying there the comradeship of her Abbot roommate, Mary Peabody.

1891. Mary Clay has been director of the Portland Y. W. C. A.

1892. Evelyn Reed Ahern, who was for two years in this country, returned to England last June and may be addressed at Borstal Institution, Rochester. Her husband was a surgeon in the British Army.

1893. Myrtie (Woodman) Lane is keeping up her music, studying the piano-forte and giving from sixteen to twenty lessons a week. She has two children, Frederic, eleven, and Rebecca, nine.

1893. Anna (Decker) French says her special war work was as district chairman of the work for the fatherless children of France, the district comprising twelve counties in Iowa.

†1894. Mabel Bosher Scudder is principal of the girls' boarding department of Punahon Academy, Honolulu. Dr. Scudder was head of the refugee work of Western Siberia under the American Red Cross, and is now the superintendent of the Japanese work of the Hawaiian Mission Board.

†1894. Ella Robinson, teacher of French in the Lawrence High School, writes "My unique experience in war work was teaching conversational French to the Medical Corps connected with the 14th Railway Engineers in the camp at Rockingham, N. H.

1894. Belle (Puffer) Gates has been secretary of the Medford Board of Counsellors of Girl Scouts. She has one daughter, Helen.

1894. Penelope Bond's husband, Dr. John A. Lee, known throughout the country as a pioneer in the use of the X-ray, died recently in Brooklyn from the results of burns received in early experiments. During the war he was attached to the U. S. Hospital Ship Solace, with the rank of lieutenant commander. He was later promoted to commander.

1895. Marjorie (Clark) Barker served the American Red Cross as a "full time volunteer" during the period of the war. She gave over a year to constant travel as Field Supervisor of Northern Indiana (Bureau of Chapter Production), covering about thirty large work-shops.

1895. Margaret Farrar, of Pittston, Pa., has been for eight years United Offering Treasurer of the Diocese of Bethlehem Episcopal Church.

†1896. Carolyn (Mathews) Broadhurst sends a friendly, loyal note which may voice the thoughts of others. "I have not seen Abbot Academy face to face since 1902, but a few years no longer make any difference. Things that are worth loving, last." Mrs. Broadhurst's address is 128 Summit Ave., Hackmatack, N. J.

†1896. Alice (Morse) Hyde, of Bath, Me., was chairman of the Home service section of the local Red Cross.

†1896. Helen (Marland) Bradbury was a member of the Volunteer Motor Corps of Boston and Malden. Mrs Bradbury served as the efficient chairman of the Abbot Club Committee for the Boston Luncheon in February.

1897. Mrs. Pearl Randall Wasson began her new duties as Dean of Women at the University of Vermont last fall.

1897. Dora (Haley) McDuffee has organized and conducted community singing in Rochester, N. H.

†1898. Edith (Tyer) McFayden has changed her address from Boulder, Colorado, to 831 South 15th St., Lincoln, Neb. Mr. McFayden has a position in the University of Nebraska where he is a colleague of Alice Hamlin's husband, Dr. Hinman.

1898. Dorothy (March) Denison was doing efficient war work in Boston continuously from 1916, and had her papers all made out for overseas Red Cross canteen duty when the armistice came.

1898. Eliza Curtis is teacher of commercial branches in the Richmond Hill High School under the New York City system.

1898. Beulah Loomis was married several years ago to Mr. Robert Henry Hyde, and lives at Scarlet Oaks, Tacoma, Wash. Her sister Winifred (Mrs. A. G. Labbé), of Portland, Ore., has two little girls, Elizabeth Beaton, five years, and Marguerite, two years old.

1898. Margaret Whittemore is studying in the Household Science Department of Teachers College and working for the degree of Master of Arts at Columbia.

1899. Mary O'Brien has a position with an advertising agency in Boston.

1899. Mabelle (Woodside) Demach's husband was in France in Y. M. C. A. work for eight months. Their little Barbara is four years old.

1899. Lillian (Dodge) Brewster and her husband wrote many patriotic

food articles for magazines and newspapers during the war time. Mrs. Brewster enroled as a "home defense nurse" with the Red Cross and has done valiant work during both influenza epidemics.

†1900. The paintings exhibited in February at the Guild of Boston Artists, by Mr. Arthur P. Spear, husband of Grace Chapman, were highly commended by the Boston critics.

†1900. Gertrude (Lawrence) Ross, of Utica, N. Y., was a member of the county branch of the National League for Women's Service, and of the Woman's Division of the Council for National Defense.

†1900. Helen Page Abbot has held since February of last year the position of social, financial and secretarial head of one of the Barnard College dormitories. Next year she expects to teach a course in German at Barnard.

1901. Helen Whittemore returned from Red Cross nursing in France last summer, and enlisted for three years as army nurse. After only three or four days leave she was assigned to duty in the Letterman Hospital in San Francisco. In March she was transferred to Denver, Col., to U. S. Army Hospital, No. 21.

1901. Josephine Pope is recorder in the Worcester Registry of Probate at the Court House.

†1901. Harriet Lee is director of the Department of General Education of the Central Branch of the Chicago Y. W. C. A.

1902. Rose Freely finished her course at the Cambridge School of Architectural and Landscape Design last June.

1902. Eleanor Duncan has been an assistant in the New York Public Library for several years.

1903. Helen French had two brothers in the service. One was gassed, and the other, a captain in the Military Intelligence Department gave his life, dying from influenza.

1903. Sarah S. Mills is an assistant at the Harvard Dental School.

1903. Eliza Dudley was married in 1914 to Mr. William Morton Saben and lives in Morenci, Arizona.

1903. Jessie (Corbin) Bates was Chairman of War Relief Work under the Red Cross in her town, Chester, Ct. She is especially interested in the growth of the town and at the time of her writing, had four houses under construction.

†1904. Helen (Childs) Baldwin's brother was gassed in France but returned home safely.

†1904. Mrs. Humphry A. Lee (Mary W. Davis), who lived in England for some years, has recently come to live in New York City. Her husband's business address is 2 West 47th Street.

†1905. Betty Cole is in charge of the editorial and proof reading department of the Arbor Press, which has lately been moved from New York city to near Greenwich, Conn.

†1905. Cornelia Williams returned in September from her overseas service as reconstruction aide. She was stationed at Bordeaux and later at Colbenz.

†1905. Frances Cutler has held the Vassar Alumnae Fellowship this year and has been studying at Columbia.

1905. Marguerite (Dulon) Stephens's husband was captain in the Tank Corps in France. They now live on Brayton Road, Hartsdale, N. Y.

†1906. Lydia Clark, head of the department of Physical Education in the State Normal University at Normal, Illinois, has written a book entitled "Physical Education in the Elementary Schools" which has been adopted by the Teachers' Reading Circle Boards of Illinois and Ohio for use among the teachers.

1906. Olive Batchelder has a position as secretary in New York City. Last year she served in the evenings as worker at the Red Cross Information Booth in the Pennsylvania Station.

†1907. Gertrude LeFevre is teaching a kindergarten in LeRoy, N. Y.

†1907. Margaret Payne has been volunteer worker at the Light House Social Settlement in Philadelphia for five years.

1907. Louise Kiniry (Mrs. Arthur H. Badeau) lives at 3405 Fairview Ave., Walbrook, Baltimore, Md. She was married in 1916.

1908. Edna Wadsworth did clerical work for six months during war time in the educational department of the Boston Y. M. C. A.

1908. Ruth Tucker is teaching in a private school in Philadelphia.

1908. Cora Soule is teaching in the Longwood Day School in Brookline, a private school for boys.

†1909. Florence MacCreadie resigned her position as teacher of mathematics at Bradford Academy last fall to become general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at New Britain, Ct.

†1909. Louise (Norpell) Meek worked for three months with the Y. M. C. A. in New York City. Her husband served three years in the army, and was major in command of a signal corps battalion. She also had two brothers who fought overseas.

†1910. Irma Naber writes of the death of her father on March 20. She prizes the opportunity she has had lately of helping him as office secretary.

1910. Anne Blauvelt was Y. M. C. A. secretary at the Casino Hut, Newport News, Va., for several months last year.

†1910. Mary Sweeney is teaching gymnastics in the Girls' Institute in Madrid, Spain.

1910. Margaret C. Gooch is now Mrs. E. J. Barney and lives at 21 Seminary Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

†1911. Edith Johnson took some courses in Education in the summer school at Amherst in the summer.

†1911. Dorothy Bigelow graduated this June from Miss Bouvé's School in Boston. She has a position next year at the Worcester Y. W. C. A. Her family is moving to a farm at Leicester, Massachusetts, eight miles from Worcester.

†1911. Charlotte Gowing was a nurse's aid in reconstruction work at the hospital in Hampton, Va.

1911. Elizabeth Hincks writes of her work with the Vocation Bureau in Cincinnati, "I am giving psychological tests to everybody from newsboys to

bank presidents' children, also to deserting husbands and eloping couples; in short to everyone who behaves in any way out of the ordinary".

1912. Nora Sweeney is teaching English in the high school on the island of Cebu, in the Philippines.

†1913. Edna Francis is Supervisor of Public Athletics in Baltimore, working with Dr. Burdick.

†1913. Esther Pickels has been teaching this year at Sea Pines, Brewster.

†1913. Katherine Toye is teaching in the Lawrence High School. She graduated from Boston University in 1917.

†1913. Ethel Rand is working with Hungarian girls under the auspices of a mission of the Hungarian church in New York City.

†1914. Frances Dowd graduates in June from Teachers' College, Columbia University, having completed a course to be supervisor of music. She has accepted a position for next year to teach music at a normal school in Fairmont, West Virginia.

1915. Clara Tolman has been doing welfare and settlement work in her home city of Lawrence.

†1915. Marion Hamblet received the degree of A.B. from Wellesley College last June. She is working at the International Settlement of the Y. W. C. A. in Lawrence.

†1916. Eugenia Parker has been engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in Texas. She had proved especially successful as Camp Fire guardian in Winchester.

1916. Ruth L. Moore has a business position in Boston.

†1916. Agnes Grant, Smith College 1920, has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

†1916. Elsa Wade who has been a nurse at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital for the past three years, will join Dr. Grenfell's expedition to Labrador, in June.

†1916. Dorothy Johnson, Vassar 1920, has received a five hundred dollar fellowship and will study at the University of Wisconsin.

†1917. Esther (Davis) Smith had a brother, Bronson, in the Marine Aviation service, who was in France, "actually flying over the lines". Her husband was instructor in aviation.

1917. Irene Solle is continuing her work of last year as instructor in Physical Education at Grafton Hall, a boarding school in Fond du Lac, Wis.

1917. Dorothy Small has done War Camp Community Service work in New York, has established a Community Center in Ipswich, Mass., and is now Local Director of The Manhattan Council of Girl Scouts, 189 Lexington Avenue, New York.

†1917. Cornelia Sargent has a position as stenographer in a business house in Boston.

1917. Sophia Chrysakis will graduate this summer from the nurses' training course of the New England Baptist Hospital, Boston, and expects to return to her home in Athens, to assist her sister who is head nurse in the hospital there.

†1917. Esther Hungerford was in active service as war nurse at Camp Upton for nearly five months.

†1918. Virginia Vincent has a position writing the advertisements for Best & Co., New York City.

†1918. Helen Robertson is studying at Miss Peirce's Secretarial School in Boston.

†1918. Dorothy Bushnell has been at Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten Training School this year.

1918. Mary Peirce graduated last year at the Cambridge School for Girls, (Miss Haskell's).

†1918. Marion McPherson, who graduated from Miss Bouvé's School this June, has accepted a position for next year at the Burnham School in Northampton.

1918 Elizabeth A. Gray has been elected an editor of the Mount Holyoke Monthly.

†1919. Elizabeth Armstrong's English V Prize play was given by the Graduate Association of the Buffalo Seminary on March 26, as part of an entertainment. Elizabeth coached it herself, and played one of the principal roles, that of Dickon, as well as playing the hero of one of the other two plays given.

1919. Ethel Dixon is a student at the New England Conservatory of Music.

†1919. Cora Erickson and Grace Leyser were bridesmaids at Louise Stilwell's wedding in April. Louise's new address is 124 West 86th Street, New York City.

Visitors

Esther Kilton, †1916, Katherine Seldon, †1914, Edith Wade, †1913, Estelle Greenough Easton, 1899, Kathleen Jones, †1889, Laura Marland, †1914, Mrs. Lillian Franklin Carr, †1896, Mrs. Olive Twichell Crawford, †1876, Beth Newton, †1919, Louise Clement †1919, Natalie Weed, †1918, Irene Atwood, †1918, Ruth Hathaway, †1919, Marion McPherson, †1918, Ethel Dixon, 1919, Josephine Hamilton, †1919, Martha Morse, 1919, Martha Grace Miller, †1918, Lucy Atwood, †1917, Gretchen Brown, †1919, Cora Erickson, †1919, Amelia Hartel, 1919, Barbara Ferguson, 1916, Catherine Odell, †1916, Julia Sherman Tibbetts, †1918, Gwendolen Bossi, †1919, Nadine Scoville, †1919, Elinor C. Barta, 1903, Ada Brewster, 1914, Enid Baush Patterson, †1913, Norma Allen, †1915, Sylvia Gutterson Pearson, †1916, Anna Nettleton, †1893, Persis Mackintire Carr, †1906, Nellie Walkley Beach, †1888, Dorothy Bigelow, †1911, Marion Hamblet, †1915, Miss Sherman, Mrs. Sherman, Eleanor Black Draffan, †1916.

Engagements

1913. Helen Bowman to Mr. Lester Janney of Muncie, Indiana.

1913. Marion V. Bayley to Dr. Edwin Porter Buchanan of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

†1914. Helen E. Gilbert to Mr. Dominic William Rich, Harvard 1918.

†1915. Marion P. Barnard to Mr. Arthur W. Cole of Andover. Mr. Cole served in the 102nd Field Artillery during the war.

†1915. Norma Allen to Mr. William Haine of Warren, Ohio.

1916. Myra McLean to Mr. Russell Denning Chase, Dartmouth 1915, overseas for two years with 101st Engineers, Y. D.

†1917 Ruth Jackson to Mr. Gerald Dean French.

Marriages

1900. TAYLOR — TUBMAN. In Boston, November 22, 1919, Mabel Steele Tubman to Mr. Carl H. Taylor. Address 611 West 111th St., New York City.

†1905. PAINTER — SEARLE. September 15, 1919, Clara Evelyn Searle to Mr. Henry King Painter. Address, 1931 Fremont Ave., South, Minneapolis, Minn.

1911. HILL — STRONG. In Newtonville, Massachusetts, May 29, 1920, Margaret Strong to Mr. Stuart Merriam Hill.

†1911. DRESSER — WILLARD. In Detroit, April 29, 1920, Corinne Willard to Mr. Henry Lane Dresser.

†1912. PEASE — MOORE. In New Britain, Conn., May 10, 1920, Barbara Moore to Mr. Maurice Henry Pease.

†1913. COE — SPIER. In Lincoln, Nebraska, Louise Coe to Clarence Spier. At home, El Bender Apartments, 18th and Douglas St., Omaha, Neb.

†1915. MIRKIL — MORRIS. In Germantown, Pennsylvania, April 28, 1920, Charlotte Morris to Mr. Hazleton Mirkil, Jr. Address, 2219 Rittenhouse Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

†1916. Hummel — Weber. In Canton, Ohio, March 25, 1920, Miriam Louise Weber to Mr. Edgar Carroll Hummel.

†1917. OLSEN — ATWOOD. In Winchester, February 11, 1920, Lucy Rogers Atwood to Mr. Christopher Freeman Olsen. Address Suite 4, 5 Lewis Road, Winchester.

†1918. STEWART — STILWELL. In New York City, April 10, 1920, Louise Stilwell to Mr. George Earle Stewart.

†1918. FARNHAM — CLARK. May 15, 1920, Dorothea Clark to Paul Noyes Farnham. St. Johnsbury, Vt.

†1919. BOYNTON — LEYSER. At the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, Grace Leyser to Mr. James Breck Boynton.

Births

In Needham, August 26, 1919, a daughter, Frances Oakman, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank O. Patton (Miss Charlotte Root).

1906. April 8, 1919, a daughter, Joan Talcott, to Dr. and Mrs. Lecky Harper Russell (Carita Kimball).

†1910. February 16, 1919, a daughter, Mary Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Smith (Lillie Johnson), of Augusta, Me.

†1911. December 29, 1919, a son, Daniel, to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Weedon (Rebecca Newton).

†1911. September, 1919, a daughter, Martha, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ingalls (Persis Bodwell).

†1913. In Minneapolis, December 15, 1919, a daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sheldon (Jane Newton).

1913. March 25, 1920, a son, Douglass Dunsmoor Getchell, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Douglass D. Getchell (Ella Stohn).

Deaths

1843. In Eureka, Kans., February 10, 1919, Mrs. Job C. Gray (Delight Sargent).

1849. In North Andover, March 1, 1920, Maria D. Kimball, a teacher in Boston for many years.

1857. In Danvers, April 6, 1920, Susan Smith Driver, a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1867, and for some years a teacher in Salem.

1859. In Allston, April 14, 1920, Mrs. Gorham P. Phinney (Ellen J. O. Pratt).

1862. In Boston, April 20, 1920, Charlotte Louise Mair.

†1866. In Providence, R. I., March 10, 1920, Mary Colman Wheeler, founder and, for thirty years, the head of a college preparatory school for girls in Providence.

1868. In Boston, May 12, 1920, Ellen Dutton, wife of the late J. Bernard Claus.

1870. In Dover, N. H., December 22, 1919, Mrs. Frank P. Shepard (Charlotte E. Nesmith).

1880. In London, England, March 19, 1920, Hattie J. Gillchrest.

†1881. In Bridgeton, N. J., March 14, 1920, Sarah Ford.

1889. In Hoostick, N. Y., March, 1920, Clara Ray, wife of Marcus T. Reynolds.

1891. In Yarmouth, Me., February 11, 1920, Sarah Helen Titcomb.

1892. In Redlands, Cal., July 14, 1917, Caroline Stewart, wife of Rev. Frank B. Matthews.

1897. In Cleveland, O., June, 1918, Ruth Paul, wife of William E. Crofut.

†1900. In New York City, February 3, 1920, Linda Stearns, wife of Chester M. Gould.

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Calendar

1920

January 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P.M.

January 8, Thursday, 9 A.M.

January 31, Saturday

February 2, Monday

March 25, Thursday, 12 M.

Winter term begins

First semester ends

Second semester begins

Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 7, Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

April 8, Thursday, 9 A.M.

June 8, Tuesday

Spring term begins

School year ends

Summer Vacation

September 15, Day Students register at 9 A.M.

Boarding Students register before 6 P. M.

September 16, Thursday, 9 A.M.

November 25, Thursday

December 16, Thursday, 12 M.

Fall term begins

Thanksgiving Day

Fall term ends

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The Abbot Courant

January, 1921

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY

1921

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

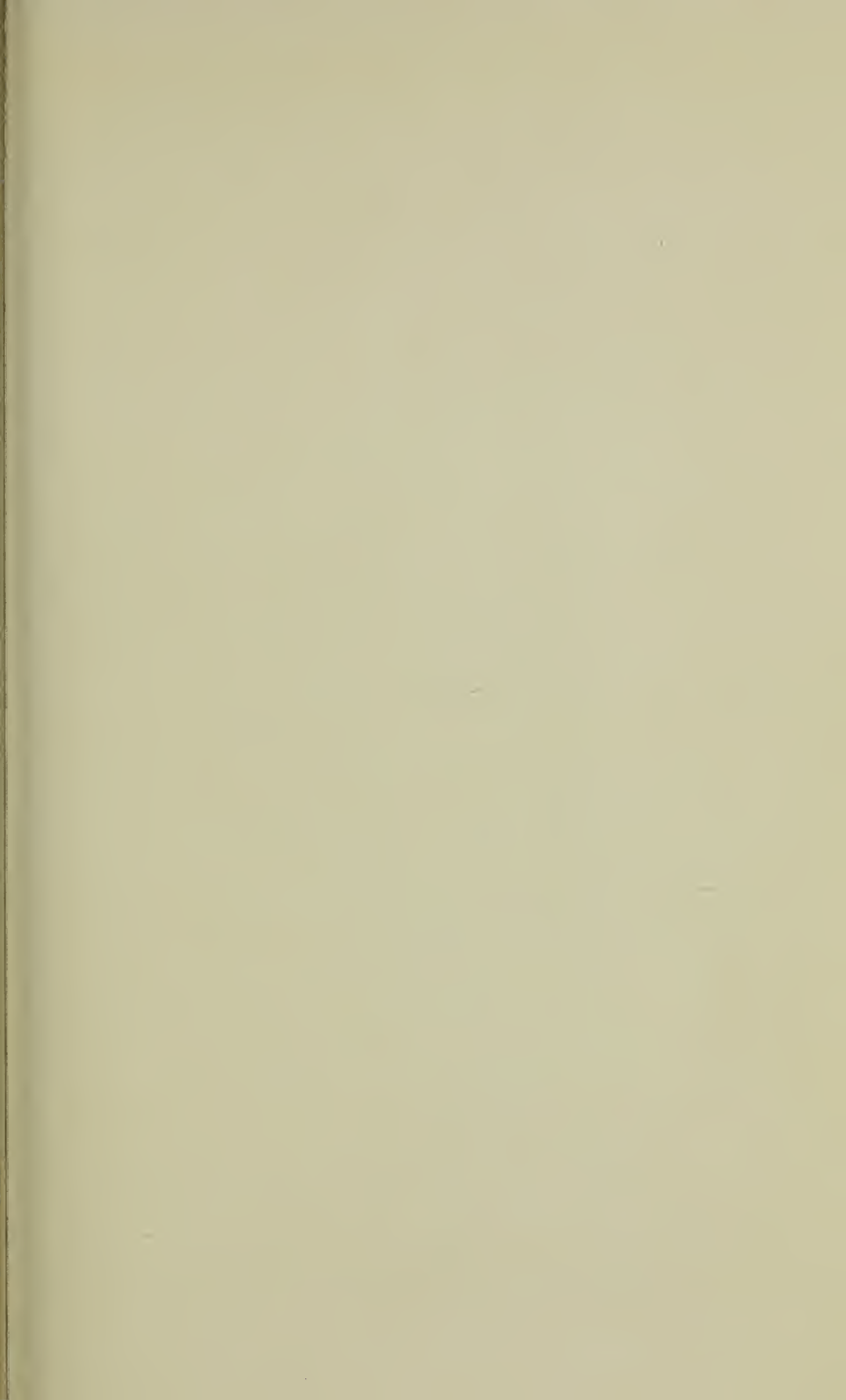
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SUNSET LODGE

THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLVII

JANUARY, 1921

No. 1

The Lone Pine

Oh, monarch of the forest, straight and tall,
Thy dim form stands forth in the fading light,
And o'er thee, yet not hiding thee from sight,
The dark'ning shadows of the evening fall,
And in thy branches, lo, the bird's clear call
Bids to the drowsy world a sweet good-night;
Below thee on the lake the moon so bright
A silv'ry path to thee reveals to all.
Thou art a sentry, watching lest some ill
Befall the silent wood, the quiet deep,
And, tow'ring high above thy fellow trees,
Thou seest that all is peaceful, calm, and still,
So all the woodfolk may in safety sleep,
And mortals too, may rest in peaceful ease.

Marian Cleveland, 1921

The Quest Unattainable

It was the time when literary development in England was at its height, Shakespeare and Marlowe and the contemporary poets were at their best; Hugh Starfield told himself bitterly that he was unique as the unacclaimed poet. Each year brought some measure of success, but also new discouragement that the great work was never done, the work that was to lift him from obscurity. Each year Starfield kept on, kept on because something made him write, something struggled for expression, making him utterly miserable at his failure to portray it. Like another Galahad, he had pursued his quest with such earnestness that he had withdrawn himself from the world around him.

But this same spring he had met Isabelle, and then all was different. The world seemed new and wonderful, "The Quest" was no longer something to be pursued, and thought about, and worried over, it would come about naturally when he wrote of Isabelle.

Hugh Starfield paced the long room which a later age would call his studio; long and narrow, and wainscoted in dark oak, with small lead-paned casement windows. He had opened one of these, and was leaning there, with the setting sun in his face. He had worked steadily for a day and a night, but the feeling of achievement kept him from feeling any reaction.

He looked across the narrow street and saw banners draped from houses; far down the street a group of holiday makers were singing. It was Carnival time, and Starfield felt young and gay and even successful. He was at peace with the world.

With his incomplete work in his hand he went to the Lady Isabelle's. It was her birthday and he was going to show her the poem she had inspired, and which he had written to her. At the door he met a young man coming out, an elaborately dressed gallant who appraised him insolently, and then passed on with a peculiar smile.

When Hugh entered the room Isabelle was standing near the window, letting the failing light fall on a string of pearls. She greeted him casually, at his request sent for a candle so that he might read her the poem, but her attention was devoted to the jewels. At Hugh's mild reproof that she was not listening she

turned on him and told him cruelly that she did not care for his poem, and that the jewels which the young soldier had given her pleased her far more.

Hugh had idealized her so much it stunned him to see what she really was; could it be that he had loved this calculating materialist! She babbled irritatingly on, not realizing how much he was aroused.

"Be still," he cried suddenly, "you puppet, you silken thing to hang these on!" and he threw the pearls upon the floor. Then more slowly — "But you've spoiled things — you've spoiled things."

In the courtyard of "The Tudor Arms" some tables had been set out, and at one of them sat Starfield; he had been there since early morning. A horseman rode up and dismounted, calling loudly for a boy to take his horse. Hugh recognized him as the young soldier at Isabelle's, and without wasting a moment he brought about a quarrel with him.

There was a field a little way outside the town, quite secluded, and suitable for a duel. By the time they had reached the field and were ready to fight, the sun had gone down, and the cool of evening chilled them. The young soldier was an expert swordsman, while fencing had been Hugh's greatest diversion, and the wine he had drunk at the Inn made him reckless, so the duel was business-like and cleverly fought.

Hugh wounded the young soldier; he saw the blood crimson his clothing, then heard a hoarse gasp — and his opponent fell at his feet dead. Hugh stood for a long time motionless; the night became colder, the stars and moon came out, but he stood thinking, and looking at the thing at his feet. Dead! And he, Hugh Starfield, had killed him. He saw now that the quest was unattainable — his work would never be finished — he felt that he could never write again. It seemed as if some part of him were lying there, cold and dead, too.

Then Isabelle was at his side; he didn't know why she had come. He didn't like having her there, but that seemed part of the punishment, part of the crime—he felt that she would always be there, and she never would understand.

The Phantom Ship

The old Irish castle stood on the rocky cliff overlooking the ocean. At its foot, on each side, were the little houses which formed the small fishermen's settlement. The countryside was bare and lonely, a desolate wind-swept stretch of coast. The fishermen were a superstitious people, and looked up to the poor Irish lord as their head and protector. Lord Thomas Hogan and his wife had lived for many years in the lonely old house without children. One stormy night a ship was wrecked on the reef. The men of the village bravely fought their way out to the wreck, but were able to rescue only a few people, before the ship was dashed to pieces on the rocks. Among the survivors was a little girl about five years old. Her mother and father had been lost with the others. Lord Thomas took her home with him that night and she stayed there after that. The two dear people were delighted with "Nancy," as she claimed herself to be, and brought her up as their own daughter.

Nancy had the love of the sea in her, and would listen for hours to the strange Irish legends the fisher folk told her. As she had no playmates, she would sit and watch the sea and make up wonderful tales about herself. Far out where the reef ended, the rocks were so placed that they took the shape of a ship. Nancy called it her phantom ship, when she was old enough to know the meaning of the word, and said that some day she would sail away in it. When she was in her teens the fisher folk told her that as the sea had given her to them so it would claim her again. But Nancy would laugh gently at their superstition, and think nothing more about it.

One night, when Nancy stepped out on the balcony of the living room to say a silent goodnight to her beloved ocean, she noticed that a storm was coming. The wind was blowing hard, and the sky was fast clouding up. Nancy looked out to her ship and saw it there as usual. How fanciful and real it looked to-night; it almost seemed to be tossing on the waves. After watching it for quite a while, she realized that it was a real ship, and one in distress. The sea was getting rougher, and the sky darker.

Nancy dashed down the steps of the porch, and along the familiar rocky cliff, to tell the fishermen. She heard someone's footsteps on the rocks behind her; she looked around and saw a man pursuing her. He was calling after her, making gestures to her. Thinking he was one of the fishermen, she stopped and waited for him. But when he drew nearer she saw that he wasn't. He was drenched, and his clothes stuck to him. He had a ghastly look in his eyes and uttered cries like a wild animal. Nancy fled when she saw this and ran on, and on. He was fast gaining on her. Long ago she had passed the path that led to the settlement. It seemed to her as if she had been running for ever. Ever so often she could hear his horrible yells, and these spurred her on over the rocky road.

Finally she came to the ocean — no escape from this terrible monster which was hounding her. Not far away she saw her phantom ship; that would save her if only, if only— She poised on the rocks for a moment, and looked back for the last time. He was almost upon her, and made a jump for her. With a scream she leapt into the air, and landed free in the tossing waves.

The next morning when the sun came creeping up the sky, all was still, and calm again. Lord Thomas went to the fishermen early and told them of Nancy's absence. All the houses in the vicinity had been searched, and still she was nowhere to be found. The old men wisely and sadly nodded their heads, and suggested that they search the coast. After long hours of careful hunting, the men came to the end of the reef. There, a piece of cloth was caught on the rocks which was recognized as a part of Nancy's dress. So, at last, Nancy had sailed away in her ship, and the ocean had again claimed her as its own.

Katherine Campbell, 1922

November

The wind moaned miserably around the old house and shook the windows angrily, trying to find a nook or crevice by which to gain entrance. It whistled eerily as it rushed over the marshes from the sea, tossing the bare branches of the gaunt trees until they writhed in agony under the blast. For a moment the wind died down and a low, sad murmuring, increasing and diminishing rhythmically, floated across the barren lands. It was the sea, groaning in torment as the wind drove it against the cruel rocks of the coast. The sky was grey, a huge vault of grey. Little dark clouds scudded over it, driven by that relentless master, the wind. He was supreme in authority tonight and was using his power against all things which dared oppose him.

Out in the open ocean a ship swayed and tossed drunkenly on the restless bosom of the sea. At the wheel a man stood, his jaw set hopelessly, while beads of sweat stood on his forehead. He was soaked with salt spray and numb from the icy wind. The captain of the "Petrel" was a brave man, but the sea, which eventually destroys all who mock his forces and hold them bound by such slight chains as wood and canvas, was hard on his trail, and he was afraid.

In the cabin a white-faced woman, trembling with fright, smiled bravely at her husband. He smiled back at her but neither spoke. Their thoughts had flown to the wee, golden-haired laddie who was sleeping peacefully in his little white bed. He would not realize his loss, for that much they were thankful. They prayed silently, hoping against hope, their hands clasped together, waiting, waiting. . . .

Then suddenly a grinding shock, a woman's scream, and the waves threw themselves angrily against the reef, as if angry at being deprived of their sport.

In the old house a shutter banged, a candle flickered and went out, and a child's voice cried, "Mother." The wind wailed about the windows, and the moan of the sea beyond the marshes sounded sorrowfully.

Harriet Simpson, 1922

Home for Thanksgiving

Going home for Thanksgiving! The thought brought a delicious thrill to Mary Pennington. She slipped the long, fat letter into her history book with an affectionate pat as she climbed the chapel steps. The idea of going home was not a thrill of pure joy. It was a thrill of expectancy and a little of fear which she would not admit even to herself.

It had been so long since she had seen her father, and the letters which had bridged the distance gave her little to judge him by. Her idea of him when she was a four year old baby was of a big man, who used sometimes to take her up in his arms and talk to her about a mother whom she could not remember.

Now there was the new mother. Her letters were darling, and Mary tried not to shrink at the thought of meeting her. But to be going home, and not staying at school or at her great-aunt's, was wonderful. To have a home like the other girls made her wriggle with pleasure.

All the way out on the train her mind was full of gay fancies. While she watched the white landscape fly by she pictured to herself the house, which she could only vaguely remember. It had been closed for twelve years. Now her father had opened it again and brought his bride there. During those twelve years Mr. Pennington had been in the navy and had been in nearly every country in the world, and Mary had been with her great-aunt and at boarding school.

The train was so delayed by the drifts that it was quite late when it pulled in at the little station. Mary was dismayed to find that there was no one to meet her. She decided to take a taxi.

"Mr. Pennington's home," she murmured as she climbed in.

"Sure," said the taxi man, slamming the door.

Mary peered through the flying snow to try to recognize the road, but it was not familiar. Finally they drew up in front of a great, dreary looking stone house. Funny, she had never imagined home would be like this. Her picture was of a low frame house with lights in every window, all cozy and hospitable, like the ones she read about in story books.

The butler opened the door and took her card. She had not pictured this either. Where was her father? Didn't he care so much about seeing her after all?

Then Mrs. Pennington entered. Oh, she was beautiful, but how oldish and formal. She kissed Mary without any warmth, and led the way upstairs.

"Now my dear," she began. "I am going to make you quite at home. I shall call you Mary, sha'n't I?"

"Yes," said Mary weakly. She had always called her Mary in her letters.

"You will have just a few minutes before dinner," she went on. "Mr. Pennington's train is late. He is looking forward to seeing you."

"Looking forward to seeing her!" Her father whom she had waited for for twelve years was looking forward to seeing her. Mary wanted to cry but she bit her lip fiercely.

It was even worse when she was waiting in the drawing room, a little later. Mrs. Pennington was painfully stiff and ceremonious and Mary could not think of a word to say, with her sitting like a graven image opposite her and fairly piercing her with her cold, blue eyes. Mary deliberately pinched herself to see if she were in some awful dream, but it was all very real.

Oh, how her heart ached when she thought of the rosy dreams she had had of a home with bright fires where she could bring her friends and have the jolly times she had read about, of her father, gay and affectionate, and of a mother whom she would love, because she had never remembered her real mother to love. She wondered how this pompous personage could ever have written those dear, chummy letters she had received.

Then just when she thought she would scream if something didn't happen, the door opened and her father — no, who was it? — came in, a rather old gentleman who looked absolutely amazed to see her.

"Why I have just received a telegram saying you couldn't come," he exclaimed, waving a yellow paper. Then began the explanations. She had done everything all wrong, it seemed. She was the wrong one. They were the wrong ones. It was all a frightful jumble.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Pennington were expecting Mr. Pennington's niece, Mary, for the week-end. And the real Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, that is *her* Mr. and Mrs. Pennington, were still anxiously waiting for their little daughter to come home from boarding school for Thanksgiving.

After dinner Mr. Gerard Pennington took Mary over to Mr. Harry Pennington's, where she received the warmest welcome she had ever had in her life.

She had hardly stepped out of the car before she was caught up in two strong arms. It was her father, big, jolly, and looking down at her with the most loving eyes.

She was rushed into the house, a little friendly house, full of lights and warmth. Then there was Mother. Mary thought she was adorable. She was young and pretty. She would be the mother that Mary had longed for. She was even dearer than her letters.

When they were seated around the bright fire — Mother, all sweet and motherly, and Father beaming proudly down at her—she pinched herself again to see if she were dreaming. But it was all true. Snuggling into the sofa pillows she was able to laugh and laugh at her adventure which had ended so happily.

Dorothy Williams, 1922

An Essay on Teacups

I have an old friend who has a collection of teacups. She lives in a red brick colonial house in a quaint New England town. In her dining room is the carved, brown cupboard where the cups are placed. I always go in and look at them every time I visit her. Have you ever stopped to think of the things a cup may remind you of? I never did until I came to this old cupboard and saw the cups inside.

The low, fat English cups of cheerful blue and white always make me think of a nursery breakfast in an English home on a winter morning. The day nursery has a great fire burning in the grate, and the table looks so fresh and jolly with its shining silver and big bowls of porridge and milk. I imagine the prim nurse sitting at the head and all her little charges looking so fresh and neat with their curly heads and clean frocks. This is always my thought when I see a cup for morning tea.

Tall, thin, white cups with a dainty border of gold and rose-buds remind me of a prim afternoon tea. The guests are very well-dressed and are so stiff and proud that there is a restraint over everybody. The conversation is not the comfortable, gossip kind that goes on at an old ladies' tea in the country around an open fire when everybody is knitting, but is only of society news and such dull interests. Thus I never enjoy looking at such an afternoon teacup.

Slender cups with gaily-gowned figures and bright parasols send my thoughts to Japan, and I imagine an old Japanese garden, fragrant with cherry blossoms. There is an old garden pool fringed with water lilies and drooping willow trees, and a tiny carved ivory table stands out under the trees laden with the delicate cups and fancy cakes. Two or three pretty Japanese maidens are drinking their evening tea out in the cool air while the rosy light of sunset touches their colored robes and sparkles on the Japanese teacups.

I love the round, Chinese willow-ware teacups, the ones with the blue-gowned boatmen sailing their quaint craft on broad,

winding rivers, and the old pagodas and curved roofs of the ancient towns. Cups like these always bring up before my mind an old grey temple upon a hill. The temple bells are tolling, and in the clear air one can even hear their echo. On a little stone table in the courtyard stand the cups of fresh Chinese tea. An old priest stands nodding in a corner, and from a doorway comes the sound of a pilgrim mumbling his prayers. The moon has risen and the silvery light shines peacefully on the rice fields and flowing river in my fancy of the Chinese tea cups.

This is why I love to visit my old friend; for the fancies and dreams I indulge in there are so restful, and so I shall never tire of those quaint old teacups.

Katherine Gage, 1922

Impressions at the Symphony

The car stopped with a jolt and everyone seemed to be pushing toward the door, gently but firmly carrying us with them. Before we quite understood what was being done, we were being led up broad stone steps, past the ticket man, and deposited in a large, softly lighted lobby. This was Symphony Hall. For a minute we had a chance to watch the men and women, young ones and old ones with grey hair and snappy eyes, intelligent college-bred Bostonians who seemed very familiar with the surroundings, and who talked in little groups or paced the hall.

Next we were taken up some broad stairs and directed by a business-like usher to our aisle in the first balcony. We were no sooner on our way to our seats than the lights began to fade, and short, sharp claps rose all about us. When at last we had squeezed into our seats and pulled off our hats we leaned back, and, accompanied by rather surprising music, let our minds drift. Every detail of our journey from the north station to our seats in Symphony Hall had departed with the exception of one lone impression. How business-like the concert seemed and how calm and self-assured the concert-goers!

In front of us stood the director, his back turned, and his arms moving rhythmically at the orchestra. His black hair stood on end, and during a greater part of the first selection, which called for violent gymnastics, it hung in a curl over his eyes. One felt that he was responsible for every swell and crash of the instruments because his every motion brought forth a different sound.

Suddenly it all stopped and, although we were not conscious of any ending, the well-informed music lovers about us clapped and smiled indulgently in the general direction of the stage. Selection after selection followed. We read our programs, were duly impressed about the life and friends of the soloist, laughed behind our hands at the unpronounceable names of orchestra members, and clapped violently when it was all over.

Following the crowd, and clutching madly our programs and gloves, we arrived on the street just in time to board a passing car. That first impression came back to us as we hung treacherously on our straps and swayed back and forth to the North Station. How very cold and business-like the concerts are!

Henrietta Thompson, 1921

Oh, What A Blow!

"Have you seen him?"

"Seen who?"

"Oh, he is the best-looking thing — real tall! I couldn't see what color his eyes were, but he —"

"For goodness' — Sit down and calm yourself, and stop slamming doors."

"Well you wouldn't be calm either, if you had seen him! The question is, how can I meet him!"

"I haven't the least idea what you are raving about, and unless you can talk sensibly don't say another word, because I must do this Math."

"Mary, I think you are the most unsympathetic person."

"I don't see how you get that idea. You haven't given me any reason to think you need sympathy, except that you seem to have completely lost your mind and I always did feel sorry for idiots."

"Well, then, I've lost my heart too! I'm surprised you didn't see him drive up; you never miss anything."

"I guess the only way I can have peace is to listen to you — so rave on!"

"Well it is this way: Jane and I were coming home from downtown and as we passed Mr. Williams' house, you know that house right down there —"

"That yellow one?"

"Yes, that's the one. Well as we passed, a heavenly gray Stutz drove up. Believe me, it was a stunner!"

"It isn't there now."

"No, the chauffeur drove it away, there was another man in it. Now don't interrupt—and in it was this divine creature —"

"Who — the chauffeur?"

"No, of course not, but a man in a huge fur coat. I asked Jane who he was and she said he was a brother of Patty Williams. You know that cute looking girl in our English class — the one with the wonderful marcel."

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Nancy?"

"I don't know, that's the question; I don't know that Williams

girl very well. If I could have a date with her maybe she would ask me to tea and then — oh, boy!!”

“What good would that do you?”

“Lots. What’s the matter with you? Then I’d meet him!”

“Why, he’s married!”

“That’s a heavy line, Mary. Where did you get your information?”

“Why, I told you the other day that Flossy told me that Patty told her that her brother who came home from France was married and was expected in town to-day.”

“Oh, go on. I bet it’s another!”

“Nope. You’re all wrong; she has only one brother and he is it — the one you saw!”

“Isn’t that just my luck! Someone is always taking the joy out of life — and you can do it to perfection, Mary!”

Marianna Wilcox, 1921

"Petticoat Lane"

In the business section of Kansas City is one short block that long ago lost its real name, something very prosaic, such as "Eleventh Street" for instance, and acquired a new one, a very frivolous and frilly new one, namely "Petticoat Lane." I have thought of two reasons why it came to be known by this appellation, but as it was christened before my time I cannot tell which is correct, or indeed if either is. The first reason is that this small district is the nucleus of all the exclusive shops and mysterious places dear to the heart of a woman. If you will accompany me upon an exploration through this feminine paradise perhaps you can help me decide which is the better explanation, this, or one I shall tell you of later.

Yes, this first is an art shop. Did you ever see so many gorgeously colored pictures in one window before? See all those works of — what is his name — the one who painted that picture which appears on so many boxes of candy? You know, it has a little verse under it about a loaf of bread and a jug of wine, a girl and a good novel, being quite enough for any man. Well, anyway, he is a very great artist of the new school, but we must hurry on. This large entrance leads into a building that caters only to the most exclusive, or perhaps I should say the most wealthy. There are innumerable beauty parlors and other places indispensable to the feminine sex in there. However, just gaze into this next window, and don't let your chin drop so, it is too obvious. This is "Craven's Diamond Shop," — and doesn't that ring over there just above that sapphire bracelet completely dazzle you? It must be worth millions — but come, here is something almost as lovely. Orchids, my dear, don't they look exquisite against that purple velvet? I do think this florist shop has the most attractive window at all times. Isn't the price of orchids outrageous, and don't whisper this to a soul, I really do not care for them though of course I don't say so; I don't know why, but I don't. At last! Here is "Puss-In-Boots," surely you have heard of *it*, it is the dearest place imaginable to drop into after the theatre. Their fudge sundaes are wonderful but I

cannot say as much for their chicken salad. Well, we have come to the end of "Petticoat Lane" and I'm glad you like it so much—what? You want to know the other reason why it might be called that? Very well, step over here on the corner for a minute out of the crowd. Oh, hold your skirt—yes you can, it will quit blowing in a minute, the gusts of wind that come up from Main Street are terrific. Oops! here comes another, — my dear, when did you get that stunning green petti—? Oh come, we will have to find some other place to stand. This is the other reason I spoke of that might have given it the title of "Petticoat Lane;" you may choose the one you think best.

Mary Elizabeth Polk, 1922

Nothing But Study

It was last Tuesday night. I had nine dreams, and each dream was so clear that I remembered in morning. First one, perhaps, 'twas in India. There was a magnificent Buddhish temple of which the walls were painted gracefully and there was a large Buddha about seventy feet high. A girl dressed in European costume sat before Buddha looking in his face and smiling. She was I, myself. Suddenly he opened his mouth and scolded about my dress and smiling. My apology made him more angry. His voice that came from about ten feet long of mouth was as loud as a thunder. I tried to leave him, however I could not stand. I paled and trembled and asked his excuse but he always said never.

My awful time ended just as the clock was striking eleven. I was awakened. There was not a huge Buddha.

In the next dream I was in a Buddhish convent. I went to the hall to see my mother. She was very much surprised on seeing my gray gown, my rosary and my shaved-off hair. She could not call me daughter, and I could not call her mother because I was a nun. My mother's tears were more than mine.

From the third dream to the seventh were all about my vanity. I was not a nun. I was a gay and social girl. Sometime I was at Paris, sometime I was at New York, sometime I was at Tokyo and sometime I was in Shanghai. Sometime I traveled foreign countries. However it was not a happy life; when I went to the opera the singers and the dancers were all skeletons; when I lived in a grand house I lost the entrance and never could go out; when I wore a beautiful dress it was too gay and was not becoming to me. My traveling was full of danger and mistakes.

In the last two dreams I was at home. Firstly, I met all my folks at our old house. It was not changed since last year. Everybody was full of joy and content. Our conversation was endless. However, when I saw my father at his office he said:

"I'm very glad to see you, but it is five years earlier than my expectation. How could you finish so quickly? Have you all thoroughd your education?"

"Yes, Father, and the English is easier than my own language."

"Well, but I want to know how much have you learned? Shall I give you a test?"

"Yes, Father, please. I can answer any question because I know everything." Nevertheless when he gave me a test—how much could I answer. It was perfectly nothing. My father's awful face that I never can forget! It was the first time that I was scolded from my father.

The rising bell rang, I waked up as usual in my bed at the Draper Hall. I got up thinking about my dreams. At eight o'clock the breakfast bell rang; I said myself, "I am very glad that everything was a dream. Ah! nothing but study." I went to the breakfast.

Aya Ebina

Moonlight and A Violin

Tall, dark cypress trees cast their deep, purple shadows over the moon-splashed whiteness of a marble fountain. A breeze whispered gently among the cypresses, the fountain dripped and bubbled, and softly a new melody was added to the harmonious music of Nature. It was the low and vibrant tones of a mellow violin, played by a girl whose slender form was clearly outlined against the shadow of the trees. She stood by the side of the fountain, her cheek pressed lovingly against her instrument, her body swaying with the rhythm of the music.

Slowly the tones of the violin grew deeper, more vibrant, arresting, as though some soul were calling through the night. As if in answer to the appeal of the music, a dark figure crept between the cypresses and soundlessly advanced toward the player.

The music changed, soaring higher and higher until it seemed that some living thing must be embodied in the violin. Suddenly, as though by premonition, the swiftly moving bow was arrested, the girl turned and perceiving the dark figure, ran toward it with a happy laugh.

"Ah, Sylvestre, you have heard my call and have come!" she exclaimed and innocently kissed the intruder. "Mon Dieu! it is not Sylvestre. Alas! What have I done?"

But before the intruder could answer, another dark figure bounded through the trees and up to the startled girl.

"Tanya!" exclaimed the newcomer, as he grasped her almost roughly by the wrist and swung her about. "I heard you, I came to you, and I find you thus — embracing another!"

"Ah, but Sylvestre, it is a mistake."

"Indeed, she is right," interrupted the intruder. "I was drawn to her in spite of my will, by the witchery of her violin."

"Indeed?" replied Sylvestre. "Good-night, monsieur."

And so perforce the intruder could not choose but turn and leave the moon-splashed fountain.

"He was drawn here by the witchery of your violin, was he? Yes, it is always that instrument which stands mockingly between you and me. Why do you not speak, Tanya? You have nothing to say to defend yourself for your conduct, is it not so?"

I know what it is, you love the violin more than you love me! But I will put an end to that. We have had enough of it. That instrument will never stand between us any longer, for it will no longer exist. Voilà!"

As he spoke, he snatched the violin from the girl's hands and raising it above his head, he threw it upon the marble pavement at their feet, where it lay scattered in many pieces.

"Sylvestre! How could you be so cruel? My Stradivarius, my precious Stradivarius! You have shattered it into a thousand pieces. You think you have removed a barrier from between us? In your angry passion, you have *built* a barrier between us, Sylvestre, a barrier that now nothing can ever remove. You think you have broken only my violin, but you have broken my heart, my life, my soul! Leave me, forever, Sylvestre."

.
The breeze still whispered among the cypresses, the fountain still gurgled and bubbled, but never again would the music of Tanya's Stradivarius be mingled with this melody of Nature. Instead of the tones of the violin there were dry sobs drawn from the depths of Tanya's soul as she lay on the cold marble pavement pressing a broken piece of her precious Stradivarius to her lips.

Agnes Titcomb, 1921

four O'clock

'Tis four o'clock, the sun is setting,
And over the sparkling crystal ice,
The lengthening shadows of the skaters become
Grayer and grayer, and their voices
Clearer and clearer, as the deepening
Quiet of a December afternoon falls with
Shadowy and ever increasing swiftness.

'Tis four o'clock, the birds are singing,
And by the fragrant breezes of spring
Are carried the happy voices of little children—
Little boys and girls playing marbles and hop-sotch,
Little children in their sand piles, making mud pies,
Little children rolling hoops in the park,
And watching the white swans with graceful necks float by in the
lake.

'Tis four o'clock by the sundial in the garden
Where bees and humming birds whirl to and fro among the holly-
hocks;
And as they sip their tea from
White cups on whose borders, bouquets of tiny roses, forget-me-
nots and yellow primroses are scattered in dainty confusion,
Three little ladies with soft white fichus around the necks of
their lavender gowns,
And white curls peeping out at the lavender ribbons of their white
lace caps,
Talk quietly of the day when Cynthia wore her first hoop-skirt.

'Tis four o'clock on a wind-swept road,
Where jumping from tree to tree, gray squirrels with their mouths
full of nuts, chatter gayly, and happy bunnies scurry along
the frosty ground.
From a distance can be heard the barking of dogs, the clatter of
fast-approaching horses' hoofs,
And three riders fly past: a laughing rosy-cheeked girl with a
bright red coat and cap,
On one side, her father, a grey-haired Colonel, and on the other a
gay young West Pointer.
While by their side, two large greyhounds keep equal pace with
the horses, —
And the red and gold Autumn leaves swirl all around.

Mary Harrison, 1921

And It Was True

One night last winter I went to the opera to hear Caruso sing. I was so transported to the higher regions that when the curtain went down on the last scene, I found myself unconsciously swept along with the crowd out into the unkindly realistic world. This sudden change would not have jarred me so had the weather not changed during the course of the evening. The thunder roared, the lightning flashed, the rain poured down as if the sky was a sieve; people were running to and fro seeking taxis and friends, and a few unfortunate beings like myself who could neither catch a taxi nor find a friend, were sheltering ourselves in the spacious lobby.

"Why, Mr. Tucker! No one to take you home tonight?" I looked up and hastily tried to place the young lady who was speaking so familiarly to me. I smiled, bowed and thought hard.

"Do come with us then. Really this is such luck. I'd like you to meet my father; papa, Mr. Tucker." Suddenly a flash of light burst upon my steady concentration. I had met this fair damsel at a tea several weeks before. Greatly reassured I gave "papa's" hand a mighty grip and gladly accepted the invitation again pressed upon me. Once in their car "You must, oh really you can't refuse — such a bad night — just papa and I, you know — so stupid with no one else — Come on, Mr. Tucker." So it happened before I scarcely knew it, I had accepted a second invitation, this time to spend the night with them. To tell the truth I think I had not as yet thoroughly descended from my airy heights.

In a short time the car stopped before a large house, and on entering it did not take me long to discover that my friend must indeed be very wealthy. My hostess, Miss Tucker, fortunately did not detain our little party a great length of time and after being served a delicate supper we were allowed to retire. Everything seemed to be perfectly natural, but there was an unconventionality in it all that gave me an uncanny feeling. My host and hostess bade me goodnight and I was shown to my chamber.

But I was restless, I couldn't go to bed; somehow I felt strangely queer. I took off my coat and shoes and lay down, thinking of

the extraordinary circumstance I was in. A young lady whom I had seen only once before in my life and who had made no impression upon me whatsoever had offered to take me home. However, instead of going directly to my apartment I had gone to her house. "Well, peculiar things do happen," I murmured drowsily to myself. For the first two hours I slept in starts. Something seemed to trouble me. I was nervous. Somehow I felt as though I ought not to be in that house. An ominous fear crept around me and caught me in its meshes. What was that noise? Oh, nonsense, did I think I was in a haunted house? I tried to go to sleep again, but no, I could not. The clock struck three. I rose and paced the floor, wishing with all my heart that I had gone home and that morning would come. Then that horrible fear gripped me again. I had one desire, and that was to get out. I started for the door and stealthily opened it and took a step into the hall. I tripped. I almost fell. What was that I stumbled over? My coat? I knelt down in the inky blackness. My hand groped, then passed over — a dead man's body. It was still warm and his hands were wet — it was murder! My blood chilled and my heart seemed to stop beating. I trembled, my strength fled from me and I staggered back against the wall. Then again with the cold sweat breaking out on my forehead I felt that caged-in sensation. I must get out. Softly I tiptoed across the carpet to the circular staircase. Crash! In my haste I had upset a chair. A door flung open. The face of my host appeared. I saw the shadow of a revolver in his hand — I dashed for the stairs. It was life or death now. Round and round, down the steps we flew. My host was pursuing me hard. Good God, was the front door open? I did not dare to stop to try the knob but rushed on into the dining room. The pistol blazed two inches from my head. It was now or never. Gathering all my strength I hurled myself against the plate glass window with such a force that I landed all in a heap on the pavement below. Stunned but with the object of flight still on my mind I ran, ran, ran. From street to street I raced, vainly trying to remember where the police station was, until dawn found me before my own dwelling. .

But this mysterious fact still remains, it was all true.

Ruth Hill, 1922

Editorials

In the death of Mr. George G. Davis of North Andover, Abbot has lost a generous benefactor and a dear friend. Mr. Davis has been a trustee of the school since 1910, and his services have been manifold. Among his gifts are Davis Hall, given in memory of his father, George L. Davis, who had been a trustee; a fund, the income of which should be used for the upkeep of Davis Hall and the Dorothy Davis Simpson organ; and, very recently, the gateway at the corner of School and Abbot streets, which is to be known as the Davis Gateway. The influence of Mr. Davis' wise generosity and his gracious personality will long be a factor in the development of the school.

When school opened in September we were saddened by the news of the death of Mr. Dearborn in midsummer after a brief illness resulting from what seemed only a slight injury. We miss him in a hundred ways, for he was deeply interested in everything connected with the school life.

If repairs were needed on the top of a building it was his sure foot and skillful hand and clear head which were called into service; if some fine old piece of furniture needed repairing he knew just how to restore it to its original condition; if a play was to be staged, he it was who could not only make and set up the stage scenery and furnishings but he could also help with valuable suggestions; in the science laboratories he was invaluable; his hands were able to manage the most delicate parts of instruments; he was always interested in new scientific apparatus and was eager to unpack and set it up, and he both understood its uses and delighted in its fine points, — oftentimes he would point out ways in which the apparatus might be improved.

His many-sidedness was of great interest to those of us who had opportunity to see and appreciate his ability. His native modesty and tendency to lack of self-assertion sometimes prevented his abilities from being known to all.

But the characteristic which made the strongest impression upon those who saw him every day was his total inability to do a

thing except in the very best way that he knew; the slightest piece of work must be done just as well as he could do it, or he would be restless and unhappy over it. He belonged to that class now fast disappearing — the New England workman who knows how to work with his hands and who loves to do it.

Abbot Academy owes much to this sturdy, faithful, skillful workman who loved a perfect piece of work.

K. R. K.

By this time the project of raising an Endowment Fund for Abbot should be a fairly familiar fact in the minds of a good many Abbot girls. The scheme was launched at the fall meeting of the Boston Abbot club, and a large number of old girls there were fully informed about the purpose of the Fund. The same subject was taken up very thoroughly at the New York Abbot Club meeting, and in addition to these large, formal gatherings, smaller and more informal meetings have been held throughout New England wherever it was possible for a dozen or two dozen Abbot girls to come together. Further attempt has been made to reach former members of the school through the presidents and secretaries of the classes, and a special method has been devised by which the large and elusive mass of non-graduates may be informed.

Although the school has a very practical and urgent need for a firm, financial backing, which the Fund should supply, and although the Fund has been started with the hope that it will have reached in 1929 a very substantial size and thus be a truly fitting gift for a large body of alumnae to make a school on such a memorable occasion, still it is felt that the most important part of the project is not the number of dollars and cents which shall have been raised, but the fact that every single one of the alumnae shall have had a share in the making of the gift.

In the first place no Abbot girl can afford to miss this opportunity to pay off in some material form part of the debt which she owes and always will owe to Abbot; and in the second place no Abbot girl wishes to admit that she is no longer in sympathy with, nor cares for, the ideals and activities of her classmates and that larger group to which both she and they belong—the "D. O. G.'s."

So far the Fund has passed the nine thousand mark, and is well on its way towards ten thousand dollars. But that represents the contributions of only two hundred and sixty out of all the former students. Could such a gift be called representative?

Some of the classes have responded very well, and a large proportion of the members have pledged, but others are lagging sadly behind. Of course the older classes are smaller, and it may seem at first that it is not fair to compare them with more recent and larger classes, but any advantage which they may gain from size is offset by their remoteness from school activities and their separation from the school interests of today. The classes of '86 and '82 head the list with all but two of their members pledged; '84, '73 and '79 run them a close second with all but four members accounted for, and '89 has all but six. In decided contrast to these stand the classes from 1900 to 1915, many of whom are not represented by even a single pledge.

What can be done about this? In the first place you who are reading this now can ask yourself, "Have I pledged, and have I pledged as much as I can afford?" Then, if that question is answered satisfactorily the next one is, "Whom can I write to who may not know about the Fund?"

This is a time for all Abbot girls to stop and think, for their loyalty is being tested now as never before.

Biff! Boom!! Bang!!!

Thus daily the young ladies of Abbot were startled in their placid pursuance of erudition by a most unladylike of noises. Dropping pen, pencil, or spoon, they dashed to a window, and after gazing down at the far end of campus they exclaimed, "Oh, they are blasting on the new hockey field!"

Yes, work actually began this fall on our grand new hockey field. That field for which Abbot girls have darned stockings, mopped floors, and made beds. That field which has been their goal for several years past. Of course, when the required sum was finally won they expected the field to appear simultaneously. What would their feelings be if they had gazed upon it this fall, we wonder?

At first they would have seen merely an area of ploughed-up ground. Then they would notice the busily working horses and men who were directing a black, snorting monster which took great bites out of the earth and effectually demolished the grove which was. Finally with their imagination aroused, the busy scene before them would become a smooth green sward across which flying figures of future "heroines of the stick" shoot a ball to victory.

Let us hope that these girls to come will do credit to the many people who have toiled to make the field a reality by the clean, fine sportmanship which must always characterize Abbot girls.

There is a jewel at Abbot that is being lost repeatedly, daily. It seems to slip and roll under the bureau when we first rise in the morning, and at noon we are all in a rush and only throw it a careless glance. Perhaps about dinner time, though, we deign to search for it and pull it painfully out from its hiding place, dull and tarnished. It is such a nuisance, and yet we would not lose it for worlds. Like all pearls it has to be used to be kept brilliant with its original gleam. Are you going to let yours grow dull? For you own one. It was given you on your first birthday — the gift of conversation!

No, there isn't a camp of soldiers near here, nor anything of the sort; that is only the bugle of the tally-ho. Here it comes, with four horses stepping out bravely drawing the freshly painted coach of red and black behind them. There is room on top for twelve people, besides driver and groom, and a place inside for the hamper of lunch, and perhaps two more people.

It draws up with a great flourish and as it is getting late the girls climb up, and it starts off. Out the gate it goes, the two men sitting very straight, one holding the reins and the other blowing the bugle. There is a cry of good-bye and the tally-ho is gone.

Coaching is a new sport to the girls of Abbot Academy. In fact, there are very few coaches still in existence and people seem to have forgotten that delightful sport. This particular coach is fifty years old and has seen real service, but has just been repainted and put in order and every fair Wednesday in the fall,

and probably in the spring, eleven girls and a teacher have the outing. The party usually starts just before luncheon, and carries with it a substantial hamper, so that when a suitable spot is reached, the joys of picnicking may be added to those of coaching. About four o'clock the bugle is heard again, coming nearer, and at last the tally-ho returns with its load of tired but enthusiastic girls.

Although the buildings and campus of Abbot are beautiful and well taken care of, and artistically arranged with an eye to the view from a distance, that same view has been impaired, and the beauty of the whole campus detracted from, by the fence which has surrounded it. There was nothing wrong with the fence, in fact it was well-proportioned, substantial, but it was not exactly a fitting associate for the brick buildings, imposing structures all, which lay behind it.

Many old girls and friends of the school have given money to build a new entrance. This is to be called the Merrill Memorial Gateway, for it is given in honor of Mother Merrill, who taught in this school for a great many years, and whose death has been mourned by hundreds who knew and loved her. The gateway itself consists of four square brick piers, with capitals of white marble. The smaller entrances, in front of the John-Esther Art Gallery which was given in memory of Professor John Phelps Taylor, and at the corner of Abbot and School streets, given by Mr. George Davis, are guarded by similar piers of a smaller size. The hedge which is to replace the old fence has not yet been planted, but when it is and when the beautiful wrought-iron gates are hung, Abbot girls will take great pride in the increased dignity of the campus, and as they walk to and fro between the great piers, will think often of the rich personality of the woman whose great influence in the school the new gateway commemorates.

October thirtieth was surely an exciting day for Abbot. During the preceding days of the week, we had a political campaign all our own. On Tuesday night there was a mass meeting in Abbot hall at which the Republican leaders poured forth their manifold reasons for supporting Harding and his party; on the following

Thursday, the Democrats, though few in number, ejaculated their cause with much fervor. These meetings were attended with ardent excitement by both students and faculty; and toward the end of the week, the whole school fairly tingled with enthusiasm. But the most thrilling assembly of all was that of Saturday, October thirtieth, when half of the time was devoted to five and fifteen-minute speakers, and the latter half to open discussion. Members of both parties were raging with political sensation. After fiery debates and heated arguments, we cast our ballots, and waited impatiently for the results. That evening at dinner we were told that the Republicans had triumphed over the Democrats, receiving one hundred thirty-six votes to the Democrats' twenty-one. They had won a great victory despite the efforts of their opponents.

This mock campaign is invaluable to the students of Abbot, in that it has given us a glimpse into the political affairs of the country, in which we are shortly to take a part.

Q. E. D.! That is the name of Odeon's new sister society which has just been formed, and which has for its purpose the study of subjects of current interest and their discussion both formally and informally. It now consists of eight members, but next spring, or even sooner, we hope to take in several new members who will be chosen for especial interest shown in current affairs.

Women are now taking such an important part in the affairs of the country that we feel ourselves most fortunate in having this opportunity of starting a club that will make us better informed citizens.

Thrilling debates, exciting arguments, "eats" every now and then, that will be the Q. E. D.

School Journal

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 15 School opens.
- 18 Hall Exercises. Miss Bailey: "School Ideals."
- 19 Chapel. Miss Bailey on: "The Fear of the Lord is the Beginning of Wisdom."
- 21 Dance for the new girls.
- 25 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Fletcher on "Hygiene."
- 26 Teas for the new girls.
Chapel. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole on "Faithfulness."
- 28 Senior Picnic.

OCTOBER

- 2 Hall Exercises. Prof. Emmerton: Spiders.
- 3 Chapel. Brewer Eddy on "Three Hundred Years of the Pilgrim Spirit."
- 5 John Kendrick Bangs on "America in Europe."
- 9 Hall Exercises. Mrs. Fletcher: "Hygiene."
- 10 Chapel. Dr. George Buttrick.
- 12 Senior-Mid Picnic.
- 16 Hall Exercises. Prof. John Mason Tyler on "Prehistoric Farmerettes."
- 17 Chapel. Prof. John M. Tyler: "Simple Faith."
- 19 Baby Party.
- 23 Andover-Yale Freshmen Game.
- 24 Chapel. Dr. Edward H. Hume: "China."
- 25 First meeting of the Whirlwind Political Campaign.
- 26 Republican Rally.
- 28 Democratic Rally.
- 30 Political Mass Meeting.
- 31 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "As a Man Thinketh in His Heart So is He."

NOVEMBER

- 2 Hallowe'en Masquerade.
- 6 Seniors attended the Abbot Luncheon in Boston.
- 7 Chapel. Miss Wiggin: "The Power of the Woman Who Votes."
- 10 Bradford Day.
- 11 Mrs. Augustus Trowbridge on "Responsibilities of the Girls of Today."
- 13 Andover-Exeter game. Torch-light celebration on Abbot Circle.
Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour on "The Parable of the Four Kinds of Ground."
- 15 Dr. Fuess on "Old Andover Days."
- 18 Reading of "Everywoman" by Mrs. Dana at the November Club.
- 20 Hall Exercises: Dr. Littlefield on "Hygiene."
- 21 Chapel. Hildegard Gutterson Smith: "An Abbot Girl in Turkey."
- 22 Mr. Ellsworth on "The Pilgrims."

- 24 Thanksgiving Service.
Thanksgiving Vacation begins.
- 26 Thanksgiving Vacation ends.
- 27 Hall Exercises. Miss Chickering on "Current Events."
- 28 Chapel. Miss Bailey: "Pilgrim Spirit."
- 30 Corridor Stunts.

DECEMBER

- 4 Concert: Madame Gauthier.
- 5 Confirmation Service at Christ Church.
- 11 Christmas Party for the Andover children.
- 12 Christmas Service in Davis Hall.
- 15 Miss Bailey's Birthday Party.
- 16 Fall Term Ends.

JANUARY

- 5 Winter Term begins.
- 7 Chapel. Miss Bailey: "The New Year."
- 11 Miss Howey's Party for the Seniors.
Talk in Chapel. Miss Conant: "Schools in the Orient."
- 15 Concert: Robert Schmitz.

Lectures

On October 2nd, we had the great pleasure of hearing Professor Emmerton, an authority on spiders, in an illustrated lecture on the subject of his hobby. It was most interesting; beside teaching us all, in simple terms, a great deal more about spiders than we had ever thought it possible to know, he showed us the beauty of the different forms of lacy cobwebs, and after the lecture, he explained to us some of his specimens, preserved in bottles.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the noted humorist, did us the honor of a visit on October 5th. His subject was "America in Europe," and he told us a great deal about France and the Great War, from the standpoint of one not in the ranks. He said that the spirit of all the soldiers was wonderful; they made the best of many bad situations with a pluck that was extraordinary. When we were all on the point of tears, he would suddenly show us the funny side of the matter, so that the tension was relieved and we could laugh whole-heartedly, though with a little catch in our throats, at his jokes.

Professor John Mason Tyler spoke to us on October 16th. His subject was "Prehistoric Farmerettes," and was very interestingly presented. Many facts and things relative to the position of women in the present day were shown to us in a new light. The home life of those barbaric times, the circumstances surrounding life, as well as a striking picture of the savage man's home, were placed before us in a manner which will be hard to forget.

Abbot girls were all glad to hear Mrs. Trowbridge on November 11th, and particularly so since her message to us was "Responsibilities of Girls of the

Present." Her talk touched on the evils of modern dancing, the advantage of sensible dressing and sensible coiffures, the appearance of rouge and lip stick, the reasons for chaperoning, and the fact that the influence of any one of us goes a great deal farther than we dream. It was a talk that will long be remembered by all of us, and it has already shown results by its influence for better things in all our lives.

Dr. Claude Moore Fuess gave us a novel and interesting entertainment on November 15th, in the shape of an illustrated lecture on "Old Andover Days." Andover has a rich historical background and the pictures almost made one feel that she was living history into her daily life. The houses flashed on the screen were mostly familiar ones, but how differently we will look at them when we realize that some of the greatest events in American history happened right in our own town, and how much more variety will be given to our otherwise prosaic walks, by the thought of the feet that trod those same roads so many years ago.

This semester we have had three most interesting talks on Hygiene, two by Mrs. Fletcher on September 25th and October 9th, and one by Dr. Littlefield, on November 20th. It now seems the most natural thing in the world to wear sensible shoes, warm clothing, rubbers in wet weather and to take all possible means to prevent colds. The talks have been so all-explaining, so full of reason and sense, that any other course would seem the utmost of foolishness. We hope and expect that these talks will have an appreciable influence on the habits of Abbot girls for a long time to come.

Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, on November 22nd, told us a great many interesting facts about the Pilgrim Fathers, when he delivered a lecture in McKean Hall. The history back of the movement to America was one of the facts we had not taken into consideration; and the long years of struggle before the final decision and the trials and tribulations that preceded, were shown to us in an interesting new light. We all realize now, more than ever before, how much we owe to our brave Pilgrim ancestors.

Miss Conant, one of the principals of the Walnut Hill School, gave us some interesting extracts from her trip to China and Japan, when she spoke to us in chapel on January 11th. She told us how the schools were progressing and how over-crowded they were, and said it was up to us, the young women of America, to do all we could in every way to help them, because if we wait the time will have passed, and it will be too late. What are we going to do about it?

We were all glad to welcome Miss Chickering on November 27th, when she gave us a talk on Current Events. She told us a great deal about the Soviet government in Russia, and made us all realize what a terrible thing it would be if the Bolsheviki should obtain control in America. She also explained about the Third International, and about the Sinn Fein movement in Ireland, and defined many of the difficult terms incidental to these affairs, so that we will be able to read the paper much more intelligently than heretofore.

School Charities

This fall Abbot again attained a one hundred percent Red Cross membership. Forty-nine dollars was sent to Hindman, besides large boxes of presents and clothing. Thirty-four dollars was given for a Christmas party for the poor children of Andover. One thousand, seven hundred and seventy dollars was raised for the Hoover fund, four hundred of which was sent to Mary Graffam for the Near East. Fifty dollars was contributed toward the Helen Hughes Memorial Chapel which is to be built at Silver Bay, New York.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER—NOVEMBER, 1920

Harriet Edgell, Elizabeth McClellan	90
Beatrice Goff, Katherine Knight, Miriam Sweeney, Agnes Titcomb, Elizabeth Whittemore	89
Helen Baker, Ruth Davies, Marian Swan	88

Items of General Interest

In recognition of our pledge of 1300 dollars to the Hoover Relief, Miss Bailey received nine tickets entitling us to nine seats at a dinner for the Invisible Guest, in Boston, January thirteenth. The representative party, consisting of three members of the faculty and six of the student body, arrived at Symphony Hall in plenty of time for the program and enjoyed their stew, cocoa and crust as they watched the in-coming guests. Red Cross nurses were everywhere, serving, and these combined with the many shimmering evening dresses made a beautiful sight. At the end of the simple meal Herbert Hoover, the toast-master of the evening, rose. He spoke, as is his manner, simply but with a deep sincerity that moved every heart. He was followed by Governor Cox, Mayor Peters, and Dr. Faunce of Brown University, while between the speeches some fine musical selections were given by Isolde Menges, violinist, and the Harvard Glee Club. The evening found an enthusiastic conclusion in the Star Spangled Banner, sung by the entire assembly of 2000 people, while a huge American flag was slowly unfurled before them.

The following is a list of the "Get-Together" meetings held during the fall throughout New England. In every case the hostess was an old Abbot girl, and Miss Alice C. Twitchell spoke on "The Loyalty Endowment Fund."

NOVEMBER

Haverhill, Mass. Alice Webster '07, hostess.
Lawrence, Mass. Louise Sweeney '08, Alice Sweeney '14.
Manchester, N. H. Mrs. Bean (Elizabeth Nichols) '93.
Keene, N. H. Kate Tilden '74.
Hartford, Conn. Mrs. William Haine (Norma Allen) '14.
New London, Conn. Mrs. Frederick Newcomb '76, Ruth Newcomb '10 and
Cornelia Newcomb '17.
Wellesley, Mass. Carita Bigelow '17.

JANUARY

Portland, Me. Mrs. Webb (Evelyn Page) '85.

Winchester, Mass. Mrs. Harrison Parker '72, Esther Parker '08, Eugenia Parker '14.

Newton, Mass. Mrs. Francis Fuller, (Louise Bacon) '17.

Brookline, Mass. Mrs. D. H. Walker (Adeline Perry) '90.

Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Bright (Molly Bill) '87.

There have been several changes in the faculty this year. Perhaps the most noticeable to old girls of six and seven years back are the absences of Miss Dowd and Miss Chickering. Miss Chickering is away only for one year, and is staying at home this year taking care of her mother. Miss Dowd has left permanently and is at present working as secretary for Dr. Hume, in the headquarters of Yale in China, New Haven, Conn. Miss Davison is teaching this year in Bath, New York. Miss Baynes has also continued teaching and is in the French Department of the Russell Sage University at Troy, N. Y. Miss Wilkins is staying at home this winter, keeping house for her father at Des Moines. Miss Cole is in Berkeley, California, and Miss Wheeler is teaching in South Weymouth.

The French department has had two new additions this year, Miss Baker and Madam Craig. Miss Isamay Richardson, Wellesley '20, is the secretary of the school. Miss Bean, Wellesley '18, teaches History. The library is in charge of Miss Dorothy Hopkins and Miss Alice Sweeney is substituting for Miss Chickering.

Miss Marion King and Miss Margaret Elliot are living together at 25 Marlboro Street this winter. Miss Elliot is taking courses at Radcliffe and Miss King is organizing secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Community Service.

Miss Runner is the Y. W. C. A. leader in work among the foreign-born women of Hartford County, Connecticut. Her address is 14 Myrtle Street, Hartford.

Miss Potter, formerly of the Spoken English Department, will direct the Pilgrim Tercentennial Pageant to be given on Old Colony Day next August at Sagamore Beach.

Edith Metcalf is having an interesting winter "doing school work where schools are new — in Albania."

Miss Philena McLean announces the marriage of her sister, Sarah Belle, to Mr. Lawrence Hawley on Saturday, June 12, 1920.

Mr. Johann Ernst Perabo, who will be remembered by many as the intimate friend of Professor Downs and who often gave piano recitals in the Abbot Academy series, died in West Roxbury in October. After Professor Downs' death he gave a beautiful concert at Davis Hall in his memory. Mr. Perabo was the first to contribute to the Downs Memorial Fund for the endowment of Abbot Academy recitals.

Rev. Francis Howe Johnson, a member of the board of Trustees of Abbot Academy, 1876-1890, died in Washington, D. C., October 27th. An appreciative tribute in the Boston Transcript says of him: "This kindly, sincere, upright, bounteous man, with his high aims, his dignity and his gracious manners, not only attached and endeared men, but raised them by his presence, illuminating them for themselves by the light which shone in him."

1899. Mr. Channing H. Cox, husband of May Young, became governor of Massachusetts on January 5th. His inaugural address, in its business-like discussion of public problems and its expression of high ideals, has been highly commended by the press. The optimism of his outlook is shown in the articles of a creed published by him before his election, the first of which declares his belief "that in the light of our progressive civilization, we may even better the splendid tradition of our forefathers," and again his faith "in the fundamental nobility of the American spirit, and its capacity for unselfish, right-minded action."

Rev. and Mrs. G. H. Gutterson have announced the marriage of their daughter, Dorothea, to Mr. Richard Williams, Jr., on November 3rd at Rye, New York.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Mr. Wilder Gutterson to Miss Dorothy Felthouser in December.

Miss Pettingell is teaching Greek at Smith College and has helped to gather together the Abbot group of girls.

At the annual luncheon of the Abbot Academy Association and the Boston Abbot Club, held at Hotel Vendome on November 6th, there was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman, president of the Abbot club, was toastmistress, and greetings from the Alumnae Association were given by Miss Julia E. Twichell, vice president.

The Loyalty Endowment Fund was, of course, the dominant thought of the speeches. Miss Bailey proved from her report of the high scholarship and good work of recent graduates that the school is still worthy of the interested and generous support of the alumnae. Mrs. Pauline Whittlesey Patton, recently returned from a trip through the far East, spoke of the tremendous influence of schools and colleges on the newly emancipated girls of Japan, China and India. Mr. Burton S. Flagg, treasurer of the Academy, to whom all alumnae owe a debt of gratitude for his untiring and efficient service to the school, gave an enlightening talk on the financial situation and the imperative need of unrestricted endowment funds. Miss Alice Twichell, director of the Fund, gave a brief but effective appeal for co-operation in this big but possible plan for something like an adequate support of the good old school.

Next June will bring a notable anniversary in the history of the Abbot Academy Alumnae Association, which will then reach the honorable age of fifty years. The members of the committee of arrangements for a worthy celebration are as follows: Mrs. Mabel Bosher Scudder, Miss Charlotte H. Swift, Miss Katherine R. Kelsey, Mrs. Kate Buss Tyer, Mrs. Harriet Raymond Brosnan, Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones and Miss Helen Hamblett. It is hoped that

this pleasant occasion will bring back old girls in goodly numbers. Let all members of classes holding regular reunions this year (1911, 1901, 1891, 1916, 1906, 1896, etc.) as well as other classes, begin now to make their plans to come, as it will be necessary to report to class committees early, in order to be sure of accommodations in crowded Andover. The Commencement period will begin as usual on the first Saturday of June. Any Association members who have not reported changes of permanent address are asked to write at once to Miss Jane B. Carpenter, Andover. Any who are not members of this representative body of Abbot women are urged to join now so as to have their names in the new printed list of members. Fee for life membership, five dollars, to be sent to Miss Agnes Park, Andover.

The fall meeting of the New York Abbot Club was held at the Hotel Gregorian on November 10th. There were thirty-five present and the President, Mrs. Darling, presided. The guest of honor was Miss Alice Twitchell, who spoke for the Loyalty Endowment Fund, and gave some recent news of Abbot. Mrs. Dryden spoke of the enthusiasm and work of the Board of Trustees. Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara, Army song leader during the war, gave an interesting program of his own compositions. It was voted to have the next fall meeting a Get Together Tea at the home of Mrs. Collins.

There will be two more meetings of the Boston Abbot Club. The next will be a luncheon at the Hotel Victoria, February 5th, and the last will be a reception to Mrs. Channing H. Cox held April 2nd.

Through the generosity of Helen Walker, 1920, the Art Department has received three large portfolios of valuable photographs and drawings, illustrating European architecture.

Alumnae Notes

1853. Two children of Mrs. Sara Edwards Park have lately received new honors in the educational world. Dr. Edwards A. Park, named for his grandfather, Professor Park, who was for forty years trustee of Abbot Academy, has been appointed professor of pediatrics in the Yale Medical School. Marion Edwards Park, who has been dean of Simmons College, will begin her duties next fall as dean of Radcliffe College.

1863. It is a pleasure to record a tribute to the memory of Mrs. S. Jennie Abbott Marland, recalling her unstinted gift to Abbot Academy of time and effort in the making of the several card indexes which were official records from 1900 for ten years and more. Classifying the names of students from the annual catalogues for twenty years following the semi-centennial catalogue, searching out addresses, preparing an alphabetical list of married names from 1829-99, these tasks formed only part of her valuable work.

†1869. Miss Emily A. Means gave a delightful talk in Andover on William Morris Hunt, before the Art Department of the November Club, November 22nd. Recalling her own study under his instruction, she made vivid the personality of Mr. Hunt and his inspiring influence on his pupils.

†1877. At a notable meeting of the Canadian Bar Association held in Ottawa, in September, at which former President Taft and other distinguished men spoke, Henry B. F. Macfarland of Washington, husband of "Daisy" Douglass, gave an address on the necessity of "government of laws, not of men," and the duty of lawyers to remind men of the meaning of their constitutional rights and liberties and of their duties of upholding law and order through the courts.

†1877. Rev. and Mrs. Otis Cary (Ellen Emerson), home from their years of service in Kyoto, Japan, are now working in Ogden, Utah, among the many Japanese there, organizing a permanent Christian center. Mrs. Cary writes of her enjoyment in the work, for which her experience in Japan has so well prepared her. This is another instance of the frequent inter-relation of home and foreign missions.

1878. Mrs. Martha Hutchinson Ray, who has lived for some years in Chicago, has gone to Los Angeles, Cal., to be house mother to the fifty girls in the Cumnock School of Expression.

†1894. Mabel Boshier Scudder is living at 4 Summit Ave., Winchester, Mass. Her husband, Dr. Doremus Scudder, is Executive Secretary of the Federation of Churches of Greater Boston. Office 6 Beacon St., Boston.

†1897. Mary Smith Churchill is in Europe with her husband, Major Marlborough Churchill (son of Mrs. Mary Donald Churchill) who is officially visiting the American Embassies of Europe. Unofficially he visited Geneva during the session of the League of Nations.

1898. Margaret Whittemore is field agent of extension work in Home Economics in connection with the University of Kentucky. Her headquarters will

be in Lexington, Kentucky, but her work of organizing and supervising will extend throughout the state.

1902. Marion Eaton Mulry lives at 57 Circuit Street, Melrose. Her husband has given up teaching and is traveling for Ginn and Company.

1904. Nellie Bampton has graduated from the training school at Massachusetts General hospital and is nursing there.

†1905. Katharine Woods writes articles on economic subjects for the benefit of the employees of the National Lamp Works of Cleveland (General Electric). She still lives at 82 West 12th St., New York.

1906. Elizabeth Deeble is head of the Personal Service Bureau for the Barton Company of Manchester, N. H.

†1907. Laura Howell is an assistant in the editorial office of the Y. W. C. A. in New York. She and Edith Gutterson are in the department for which Mrs. Rockwell (Miss Converse) is the National Board member.

†1907. Clara Jackson Hukill took a vacation from her Interior Decorating work in Cleveland this fall and spent some time in Honolulu.

†1908. Edith Gutterson Hawenstein is working with the Y. W. C. A. She is one of the editors of "The Association Monthly" and "Foreign Born."

1909. Mary Sweeney is spending another year in Madrid. She is staying as a volunteer at the International Institute for Girls, and taking courses in Spanish universities in Madrid.

1909. Nora Sweeney is teaching in a private school in Manila. She expects to sail for Spain in March.

†1909. Mrs. Sherman Kimball (Frances Wright) writes of her great pleasure in her new home in Menlo Park, R. R. 1, Cal., where her small son and daughter and her cow keep her busy while her husband is away at business.

†1910. Ruth Newcomb is studying Design and Advanced Ceramics at Connecticut College. She and her mother and sister Cornelia are constantly thinking of new and friendly ways to give pleasure to the Abbot girls at the college.

†1911. Charlotte Gowing, whose engagement to Mr. Gordon Cooper is just announced, has been living in Columbus, Ohio, since her war work as occupational therapist, and has been engaged in interior decorating.

†1911. Henrietta Wiest is busy at home with her music and Y. W. C. A. work. She gives private piano lessons and is accompanist for a large community chorus. She had an enthusiastic first experience as councillor at a girl's camp last summer at Canton, Pa., in the Blue Ridge Mountains.

1913. Elsa Wade graduated from the Peter Bent Brigham hospital and spent the summer in St. Anthony's hospital, Newfoundland, working under Dr. Grenfell.

†1913. Mrs. Marian Martin Teeson's new address is 90 Mather St., New Haven, Connecticut.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins is living with her father, Col. Harry E. Wilkins, at 527 West 40th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

†1914. Elizabeth Bartlett (Smith '18) is in business with her father in Bartlett's Bookstore, Boston.

†1914. Elsie Gleason is in the woman's selling department of stocks and bonds in a broker's office in New York City.

†1915. Phyllis and Gwendolyn (1917) Brooks and family have gone abroad to Spain and Mallorca.

1915. Helen Dole is studying at the Pierce Shorthand School in Boston.

†1916. Vera Allen is at Newport News where she is organizing a new kindergarten for Americanization work.

1916. Dorothy Cole is studying at the Cleveland (Ohio) School of Art.

1916. Doris Knights is taking a secretarial course at the Pierce Shorthand School.

1916. June Elizabeth Perry is training in the Newton Hospital.

†1916. Marion Selden is teaching English and games to the younger girls at the famous International Institute in Madrid, Spain. Mary Sweeney, 1909, has been teaching there for a year.

†1916. Helen Warfield is traveling in South America with her mother.

†1916. Elizabeth Wood is studying music in Boston and living at home.

1917. Harriet Balfe is teaching in a private school at Newburgh, N. Y.

†1917. Carita Bigelow is a representative in the Student Government Legislature at Wellesley.

1917. Frances Gere is studying at the School of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston and is living at the Students' Club, 96 Fenway.

†1917. Cornelia Newcomb is taking weekly vocal music lessons in New Haven with Mr. George Chadwick Stock.

†1918. Louise Colby has been recently elected to the composers' club at Vassar and is also on the Press Board.

†1918. Elizabeth Doolin is attending Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School in Boston. She is living at the Student House.

Helen French (†1918) and Margaret French (†1920) spent the summer travelling in Europe with the musical tour conducted by Prof. Sleeper of Smith College.

†1918. Elizabeth Gray is at the University of Wisconsin this winter.

†1918. Avalita Howe has been captain of the hockey team at Mount Holyoke for three years.

†1918. Emmavil Luce and Katherine McReynolds have made Shakespeare Society at Wellesley.

†1918. Marian McPherson was a councillor at the Y. W. C. A. camp for industrial girls at Central Valley, N. Y., last summer. She is teaching at the Burnham School, Northampton.

1918. Gertrude Stark is taking courses at the Pierce Shorthand School in Boston.

1919. Helen Bradley is studying at the Pierce Shorthand School in Boston.

†1919. Kitty Coe is social secretary to Mrs. Thorne of Rye, New York.

1919. Mary Elizabeth Cole is studying at the Boston Conservatory of Music and rooming with Marion Chandler.

1919. Catherine Danforth is a sophomore at Connecticut College, majoring in Fine Arts.

†1919. Ruth Hathaway was maid-of-honor for Helen Leacroft at her marriage to Natalie Weed's brother. Natalie and Marcia Higgins were bridesmaids.

†1919. Mildred Frost is on the Glee Club at Smith.

1919. Marguerite Morgan gave a recital in Providence in November with Mr. Clifton Wood, a baritone singer, which met with hearty appreciation from musical critics. Her first music teacher was Mrs. Anne Gilbreth Cross, Abbot Academy, 1878. She is now studying in Boston.

1919. Martha Morse took the part of Inn Keeper in Bernard Shaw's "Man of Destiny" given at Smith College.

CLASS OF 1920

Julia Abbe is a Freshman at Mt. Holyoke and cheer leader of her class.—Margaret Ackroyd is studying music at home and coming to Boston for a few weeks of more intensive training with Miss Bennett.—Edith Adams is taking a library course in Springfield.—Hope Allen is preparing for Teachers' College at the Lincoln School, New York City.—Elsa Baalack is at the Boston Conservatory of Music.—Elizabeth Babb is a Freshman at Smith.—Eliza Bailey is at Bryn Mawr and on the hockey team.—Mary Bushnell is at the Boston School of Physical Education and on the hockey team.—Alice Davis is at Carlton College.—Mary Delano is at a School of Interior Decorating in Boston.—Edna Dixon is at home studying violin with Miss Nichols.—Susan Dodge is at home.—Helen Donald is studying at Simmons College.—Marjorie Downs is a Freshman at Smith.—Dorothy Fisher was at home the first part of the winter and is now going to California. Lucy Ford is a Freshman at Connecticut College for Women.—Irene Franklin is at home, learning housekeeping.—Margaret French is at the Garland School.—Vivien Gowdy is at home.—Doris Graves is at the Garland School of Home-making.—Catherine Greenough is a sophomore at the University of Michigan.—Carolyn Grimes is at Wellesley and on the Freshman basketball team.—Lillian Grumman is at Connecticut College for Women.—Katherine Hamblett is at Connecticut College and captain of her class hockey team.—Elizabeth Hawkes is a Freshman at Smith.—Hilda Heath is at Miss Capen's School.—Anna Hussey is at Mt. Holyoke on the hockey team and a Freshman Representative of Student Government.—Katherine Kinney is at Russell Sage College.—Constance Ling is a sophomore at the University of Michigan.—Jean Lyon is at Wellesley on a Freshman song committee.—Jean McClive is at Wellesley and on the Freshman baseball team.—Lydia McCreary is taking a special business course in Buffalo.—Florence Matile is a Freshman at Smith.—Marjorie Miles is in the Freshman class at Smith.—Paula Miller is at University of Michigan.—Virginia Miller is at Bryn Mawr and is on the Freshman Organizing Com-

mittee.—Muriel Moxley is at Simmons College.—Isabelle Parrot is at Miss Pierce's in Boston.—Rosamond Patch is at a Kindergarten School in Boston.—Justine Pearsall is at Ohio State University.—Helen Polk is studying Interior Decorating in Boston.—Lucy Pratt is in the office of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company, Hartford.—Louise Robinson is working in an Insurance Company in Hartford for the winter.—Miriam Rowell is at Miss Windsor's School in Boston.—Martha Stockwell is at Vassar.—Isabel Sutherland is a Freshman at Wellesley.—Helen Thiel is studying music and art at home.—Charlotte Vose is in Florida.—Agatha Wade is in Social Service Work in Boston.—Helen Walker is a Freshman at Bryn Mawr.—Georgia Warren is at the Waynfleet School, Portland.—Leonore Wickersham is at the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia.—Caroline Wilkinson is at home.—Ruth Winn is taking a secretarial course at Miss Pierce's.—Bertha Worman is studying Domestic Science at Columbia and living in Whittier Hall.—Margaret Worman is at Mt. Holyoke.—Sallie Bartlett is spending the winter with Eleanor Bartlett Atwater in Bluefield, West Virginia.—Barbara Barker is at the Beechwood School, Jenkintown, Pa.—Jane Allen is studying at Horace Mann.—Frances and Elizabeth Dunn are at Miss Walker's School, Simsbury, Ct.—Edna Dixon and Ethel Dixon Knights (1919) took part in a musicale given at the November Club House in November.—Ruth Esson is studying at St. Agatha's, New York.—Mary Evers is studying music at home.—Dorothea Flagg is at the Walnut Hill School at Natick.—Elizabeth Hartel is taking a post graduate course at Newton High School.—Gertrude Hoffman is at the Santa Barbara School for Girls, Santa Barbara, Cal.—Margaret Hutton is at Miss Wheelock's, Boston.—Mildred Linscott is studying at Miss Chamberlain's Secretarial School, Boston.—Margaret Neelands is taking the academic course at Miss Rayson's, New York City.—Susan Platt is at the National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.—Rosa Marta Prado and her mother have returned to South America. Address is Calle San José 1174, Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A.—Margaret Stone is at Chicago University.

Visitors

Isabel Sutherland (†1920), Lucy Ford (†1920), Charlotte Vose (†1920), Marjorie Downs (†1920), Helen Stiles Hutchinson (1893), Mrs. Hattie Clark Guild (1883), Mildred Frost (†1919), Hilda Heath (1920), Doris Graves (†1920), Rosamond Patch (†1920), Cora Erickson (†1919), Mrs. Dorothy Pillsbury Bartlett (†1913), Helen Polk (†1920), Miriam Fisher (1920), Clara Thwing Foss (1883), Mrs. Charlotte Conant Nichols (1893), Mrs. Mabel Bosher Scudder (†1894), Laura Marland (1913), Alice C. Twitchell (†1886), Helen Heywood (†1880), Esther Parker (†1908), Mrs. Annie Bull Hardenburgh ((†1891), Ruth Hathaway (†1919), Florence Matile (†1920), Esther Hungerford (†1917), Frances Gere (†1917), Dorothy Shapleigh (†1919), Catherine Yakle (†1917), Ruth Farrington (†1918), Mrs. Alfreda Gleason Fuller (1905), Marjorie Miles (†1920), Jean Lyon (†1920), Elizabeth Hawkes (†1920), Ruth Newcomb (†1910), Cornelia Newcomb (†1917), Mrs. Harriette Chapell Newcomb (†1876), Mrs. Grace Pearson Preston (†1896), Caroline Grimes (†1920), Edna Dixon (†1920), Mrs. Ethel Dixon Knights (1919), Mrs. Norma Allen Haine (†1915), Florence MacCreadie (†1909), Elizabeth Sjöström (1915),

Ursula Kimball (1913), Alice Webster (†1907), Gwendolen Bossi (†1919), Nadine Scovill (†1919), Grace Kepner (†1919—), Julie Sherman Tibbetts (†1918), Mary Bushnell (†1920), Helen Hamblet (†1914), Louise Robinson (†1920), Helen Dole (†1919), Gertrude Stark (†1919), Hildegard Gutterson Smith (†1914), Frances Jones (†1914), Margaret Ackroyd (†1920), Phyllis Brooks (†1913), Anne Blauvelt (1910), Louise Sweeney (†1908).

Engagements

- †1920. Caroline Wilkinson to Mr. William Halliday.
- †1919. Mary Ethel Brewer to Mr. Clifford Batchellor Sweet.
- †1919. Ruth Carter Hathaway to Mr. George Walton Webster, Jr.
- †1919. Ethel May Bonney to Mr. Lester Arthur Faber.
- †1919. Frances Moses to Mr. Charles Norton Thomas.
- †1918. Dorothy Fairfield to Mr. James Bryden Kellack, Jr., Tufts, 1920.
- †1918. Velma Leone Rowell to Mr. George Jackson Cutter.
- †1915. Phyllis Brooks to Mr. Ames Stevens, Harvard '18.
- †1911. Charlotte Gowing to Mr. Gordon Cooper of New Hope, Pa.
- †1905. Frances W. Cutler to Mr. William S. Knickerbocker.

Marriages

WHEELER — GATES. In Worcester, September 15, 1920, Mildred Crocker Gates to Mr. Donald Brigham Wheeler. At home 316 Summit Avenue, Boston.

†1895. VAN FOSSEN — JACKSON. In San Francisco, Cal., August 31, 1920, Helen Jackson to Mr. Harden Arthur Van Fossen. At home Dixon, Cal.

†1901. KNOX — THOMSON. In Andover, October 11, 1920, Clara Locke Thomson to Mr. Hugh Smith Knox. Address, Valley Forge, Pa.

†1903. McBRIDE — PACKARD. In Portland, Maine, November 29, 1920, Helen Lawrence Packard to Lieutenant Colonel John McBride, Jr., of the Coast Artillery Corps.

†1908. HAWENSTEIN — GUTTERSON. In New York City, September 24, 1920, Edith Lancaster Gutterson to Mr. Karl Howenstein. At home, 119 Washington Place, New York.

†1910. COX — TRASK. In Newburyport, September 2, 1920, Lydia Elena Trask to Mr. Edwin Birchard Cox of Boston.

†1911. DONALD — JOHNSON. In Andover, June 26, 1920, Edith Harriet Johnson to Mr. Douglas Donald. At home, 10 Warwick St., Andover.

†1911. LEWIS — HALL. In New Britain, Conn., Mary Helena Hall to Mr. Edwin Newell Lewis. Address 1090 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.

†1912. PEASE — MOORE. In New Britain, Conn., May 10, 1920, Barbara Moore to Mr. Maurice Henry Pease. At home, 51 Armistice St., New Britain, Conn.

1912. JANNEY — BOWMAN. In Muncie, Ind., Sept. 25, 1920, Helen Elizabeth Bowman to Mr. H. Lester Janney. Address Apt. 3, The Canopic, Muncie.

†1913. HIGGINS — BOYD. In Burt Lake, Mich., August 17, 1920, Mary Helen Boyd to Mr. William Robert Higgins.

†1913. DANFORTH — DAY. In Brunswick, Maine, September 1, 1920, Margaret Emily Day to Mr. Harold Elwyn Danforth. At home, Farmington, N. H.

1913. BUCHANAN — BAYLEY. In Boston, October 16, 1920, Marian Vesta Bayley to Dr. Edwin Porter Buchanan. Address, 1104 De Victor Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.

1913. DONAHUE — BILLINGS. In Portland, Sept. 11, 1920, Ruth D. (Jenkins) Billings to Mr. Paul E. Donahue.

1913. KUSSMAUL — BRYANT. In North Easton, June 23, 1920, Mildred Copeland Bryant to Mr. Henry Samuel Kussmaul.

1913. BARNARD — PICKELS. In Lawrence, June 19, 1920, Esther Elizabeth Pickels to Dr. Arthur E. Barnard. Address, 617 Harrington St., Wilmington, Del.

†1914. MEEKER — BOWMAN. In Muncie, Ind., Nov. 27, 1920, Harriet Bowman to Mr. Howard Robison Meeker. Address, Apt. 15, Lafayette Courts, Indianapolis, Ind.

1914. COLLIER — ALBRECHT. On September 16, 1919, Louise Josephine Albrecht to Mr. Robert Douglas Collier, Jr. Address, 168 Winthrop Rd., Brookline.

†1915. BROWNING — AKERLEY. In Reading, November 15, 1920, Mildred Louise Akerley to Dr. Frank Duane Browning.

†1915. HAINE — ALLEN. In Enfield, Conn., June 23, 1920, Norma Allen to Mr. William Haine. At home, 550 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.

†1915. OSMER — LAMBERTON. In Franklin, Pa., December 4, 1920, Martha Lamberton to Mr. James Harold Osmer. At home, 1545 Liberty St., Franklin, Pa.

1915. MITCHELL — KENT. In Westfield, New York, November 24, 1920, Marian Louise Kent to Mr. James Harry Mitchell. At home 15000 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.

1915. CORDES — MARKENS. In Buffalo, N. Y., June 2, 1920, Margaret Marie Markens to Mr. Alexander Joseph Cordes. At home, 184 Norwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

†1916. RAND — HIGGINS. In Bath, Me., April 7, 1920, Dorothy Higgins to Mr. Norman Everett Rand. Address, 170 Aldrich Rd., Portsmouth, N. H.

†1916. MERRILL — OVEREND. In Lawrence, July 6, 1920, Bernice Overend to Dr. Everett Albert Merrill.

†1916. CHASE — MCLEAN. In Somerville, October 30, 1920, Myra Eurilla McLean to Mr. Russell Demming Chase. Miss McLean was married on the silver wedding day of her parents and the golden wedding day of her grandparents.

†1916. RICH — GILBERT. In Clinton, June 12, 1920, Helen Elizabeth Gilbert to Mr. Dominic William Rich.

†1916. HOWE — VANDERVOORT. In Moline, Ill., June 12, 1920, Esther Mary Vandervoort to Mr. Maurice Wilton Howe of Fitchburg, Mass. At home, 907 25th St., Moline, Ill.

†1917. FRENCH — JACKSON. In Malden, June 9, 1920, Ruth Jackson to Mr. Gerald Dean French. At home, Beebe, Vermont.

†1917. LEGAL — LITTLEFIELD. In Peabody, January 11, 1921, Alice Taylor Littlefield to Mr. Chapin Legal.

1917. WEED — LEAYCRAFT. In Nyack, New York, December 18, 1920, Helen Leaycraft to Mr. Clayton Bagshaw Weed.

1917. FOSTER — MCKOWN. In Parkersburg, W. Va., July 3, 1920, Kathryn McKown to Mr. Freling Foster, Jr. At home, 2 West 86th St., New York City.

1917. WILLIAMS — KIMBARK. In Canton, O., May 24, 1920, Elizabeth Gray Kimbark to Mr. Alfred Brooke Williams.

†1918. FULLER — BACON. In Newton, June 17, 1920, Louise Jackson Bacon to Mr. Francis Sanborn Fuller. At home 11 Boyd St., Newton.

†1918. SEARLE — CLARK. In North Andover, September 7, 1920, Ruth Farrington Clark to Mr. Paul Theodore Searle. At home 64 Dartmouth St., Lawrence.

†1918. PURDY — PINCKNEY. In Andover, December 11, 1920, Katharine Menzies Pinckney to Mr. Charles Wesley Purdy.

†1919. BOYNTON — LEYSER. In New York City, June 1, 1920, Grace Harriette Leyser to Mr. James Breck Boynton.

1919. KNIGHTS — DIXON. In Lowell, Oct. 22, 1920, Ethel Madeline Dixon to Mr. Albert James Knights.

Deaths

1856. In Denver, November 21, 1920, Mary J. Peters, wife of the late Thomas H. Moore.

1856. In Chicago, Ill., September 21, 1920, Kate Ruth Clough.

1858. In Barrington, N. H., May 18, 1919, Angelina H. Hayes, wife of the late Henry W. Locke.

1860. In Montville, Ct., August 12, 1920, Mary Parker, wife of the late Rev. William Henry Beard.

1863. In Malden, August 18, 1920, Salome Jane Abbott, wife of the late Major William Marland.

†1868. In Clifton Springs, N. Y., October 18, 1920, Abby T. Stearns, wife of Dr. Frank W. Spaulding.

†1868. Mrs. Abby Stearns Spaulding, whose death in October has saddened many hearts all over the country, was one of the ten members of this notable class present at the fiftieth anniversary in 1918. Her cheery spirit and kindly, sympathetic feeling made her influence far reaching in the Clifton Springs Sanitarium to whose interests she and Dr. Spaulding were so devoted. Her physical strength was not able to bear the shock of Dr. Spaulding's sudden death, and she only lived a few days after it. Her soul rose above her loss, however, for she was able to write a beautiful letter to Miss Alice Twitchell, sending her contribution to the Loyalty Fund.

1869. A letter from Rev. William S. Beard, secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, brings word of the death of his mother, Mrs. Mary Parker Beard. As a minister's wife in country towns she was able to touch and mould the characters of young men and women, many of whom have become influential citizens.

1871. In Westwood, January 23, 1919, Sarah M. French, wife of Henry E. French.

†1878. In Boston, July 6, 1920, Sara Frances Barnes.

†1881. In Woburn, December 12, 1920, Margaret Fowle, wife of the late George W. W. Sears.

1883. November 5, 1919, Elizabeth F. May.

1876. In Chicago, Ill., January 31, 1920, Mrs. Theodore H. Butler (Emily M. Hall).

†1881. It is hard to realize the news of the death of Mrs. Margaret Fowle Sears, a constant attendant at the Boston Abbot Club and its president for two years. At the time of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Club in 1918, she prepared a careful and interesting sketch of its history. She was especially adapted to this kind of work and had written a story called "Metonymy," based on the early history of the town of Arlington. Of late she has given helpful service among the foreign born of Woburn, where her home was.

†1899. February 1920, Grace W. Earle, wife of Mr. T. Sherman Fletcher.

1920. In Rutland, Mass., October 21, 1920, Elvira Prado.

Births

†1902. In Lawrence, October 28, 1920, a daughter, Ruth Mildred, to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Poore (Mildred A. Mooers).

†1905. On August 26, 1920, a son, Bruce, to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crawford (Frances Tyer) of Andover.

†1906. On June 27, 1918, a daughter, Harriet Ellis, and on December 31, 1919, a daughter, Virginia Harding, to Mr. and Mrs. John E. Rice (Helen Ellis) of Marlboro, Mass.

†1907. June 10, 1920, a daughter, Mary Agnes, to Mr. and Mrs. Russel S. Coutant (Alicia Leslie).

1908. In Wilton, Ct., July 5, 1918, a daughter, Margaret, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Weston (Estelle DeWitt).

1909. On August 15, 1920, a daughter, Persis Andrian, to Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Downey (Persis McIntire).

†1910. February 16, 1919, a daughter, Mary Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph W. Smith (Lillie Johnson), of Augusta, Me.

†1910. On March 11, 1919, a son, Charles Bernard, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bernard Austin (Laura A. Jackson).

1910. In Lynn, January 2, 1921, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur T. Pryn (Dora E. Heys)

†1911. September 19, 1919, a daughter, Martha Palmer, to Mr. and Mrs. John P. Ingalls (Persis Bodwell), of Swampscott.

†1913. In Andover, June 4, 1920, a son, John Abbott, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl M. Lindsay (Mary L. Erving) of Newtonville.

1914. In Muncie, Ind., February 4, 1920, a daughter, Martha Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Van Arsdal (Rhea Koons).

†1915. June 10, 1920, a son, David Hay, to Mr. and Mrs. David Hay Atwater (Eleanor Bartlet) now of Bluefield, W. Va.

†1915. October 11, 1920, a daughter, Carol Larrabee, to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore P. Whittemore (Mattie Larrabee).

1915. On November 4, 1920, a daughter, Caroline, to Mr. and Mrs. Lucius M. Guernsey, Jr. (Josephine Tonner).

1916. On July 8, 1920, a daughter, Beatrice, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry G. Tyer (Winnifred LeBoutillier) of Andover.

†1916. On October 20, 1920, a son, Harold Collins, to Mr. and Mrs. Carlos C. Rodriguez (Lillian Sword), of 78 Greenway Terrace, Forest Hills Gardens, Long Island, N. Y.

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Calendar

1921

January 5	Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.	
January 6, Thursday	9 a.m.	Winter term begins
January 29, Saturday		First semester ends
January 31, Monday		Second semester begins
March 24, Thursday	12 m.	Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 6,	Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.	
April 7, Thursday	9 a.m.	Spring term begins
June 7, Tuesday		School year ends

September 21, Day Students register at 9 a.m.
Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

September 22, Thursday	9 a.m.	Fall term begins
November 24, Thursday		Thanksgiving Day
December 15, Thursday	12 m.	Fall term ends

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The Abbot Courant

June, 1921

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1921

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-ONE

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLVII., No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1921

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Vol. XLVII

JUNE, 1921

No. 2

Honor Among Thieves

You have probably heard of Anne Beaufort, one of the most famous beauties of her day, and doubtless you have also heard of Rod Ransom, the gentleman of the roads who led a gay and merry life until it was abruptly ended for him on the gallows. But perhaps you never heard of any connection between them.

Of all the reckless, extravagant court that centred about Queen Anne, no one typified the age more than the Queen's lady-in-waiting, Anne Beaufort. Beautiful, witty, and scheming, she epitomized the brilliant, unmoral, shallow age she lived in. Her father had died some years before and the family had remained obscurely in the country until it was time for Anne to come out. A London house was prepared and the Beauforts, mother, son and daughter, came into the whirl of city life. By unparalleled good luck the Queen took a fancy to her namesake, as she called Anne, and made her one of her favorites. The Beauforts' means were very limited, and while the Queen's recognition of Anne brought her into the most fashionable circles, it was something of a strain to meet the bills which the tradespeople presented so soon and often. Remember, it was an age of unmatched extravagance, reckless speeding and high stakes. If Anne would only marry well!

Among the many powdered, ruffled elegants who paid their

court to Anne, the Earl of Cheswick was the wealthiest and most favored. On a certain pleasant spring morning he lounged over to call, magnificent in powdered wig, brocaded coat, lace ruffles, silken hose, and high-heeled shoes. His coach made a stir in the narrow city streets, his lackeys preceded him to clear the way, his servant bore his card to Anne on a golden platter, while another held his hat and gold-headed stick.

It was a simple, sweet, artless May morning, reminding one of the Kentish countryside with the hedges just coming out, but after my Lord had passed it seemed less artless. My Lord had the gift of making anything he came in contact with seem artificial.

When he had left, Anne sat playing with the gift he had brought her, a gift in keeping with his grandeur, a huge fan of peacock feathers. The sun glinted on the eyes as she waved the fan to and fro and made them wink and flash and sparkle. It was a lovely toy. But beside beauty there is always worry and ugliness, and Hal Beaufort came in with plenty of worries. Bills, more bills — and where was the money with which to pay them?

"I told you, Anne, we could afford nothing more, yet you have spent and spent. Egad, how you've spent! You're ruining us for your frocks, and gold-clocked stockings, and red-heeled shoes. Your coach is running us into debt, and your losses at cards will take all we have. What of Cheswick, can't you borrow from him?"

"Borrow from Cheswick!" Anne echoed. She let the fan fall from her hand, and the sunlight streaming through the window fell on her upturned face, revealing the lines of worry, and the hard, calculating look her expression usually hid. Her voice sounded harsh and out of tune. "Don't be a fool, Hal. I want to marry Cheswick, and far from asking him to help me, I must never let him know about these debts. He's a vain old dotard, always trying to be sure that I love him and not his money. Of course I'd lose him if he realized that—" She broke off in anger. "Can't you do something? Find some way out?"

This same May evening a coach came down the Westbridge turnpike, and down the side of a hill a highwayman came riding. He stopped the coach and made the passengers get out — but there was something wrong: it was the passengers who were

holding pistols to the highwayman's head instead of his to theirs. Rod Ransom saw that the game was up and surrendered easily and gracefully as befitted a gentleman bandit. A clever ruse of the sheriff's — to fill a passenger coach with constables. Well, if life had been short it had been merry! Noon found Ransom in gaol, looking out upon the same world he had ridden through so blithely that morning — the same but so different.

That night Hal came home with an idea, but he was ashamed to tell it. He knew Anne would not act upon it and the only reason he mentioned it at all was so that she would see he had left no stone unturned in trying to help her in her difficulties. By the English law a husband was responsible for all his wife's debts, so many extravagant court ladies with feelings none too fine, had married prisoners condemned to death, and been thereby freed of any responsibility about their bills.

The unscrupulousness and coarseness of Anne's character showed in the eager way she snatched at this means, any means to get out of difficulties.

Among the sullen inmates of the gaol only the young highwayman had any sense of adventure left in him, and Hal arranged with him to have the farce of a marriage gone through with so that when they hanged him he would swing for non-payment of Anne Beaufort's debts. Early one morning a parson came to the gaol, a cloaked figure alighted from a coach — there came the bride. Just before the ceremony as a precaution, Hal said to the highwayman: "You will, of course, make no plea for freedom?" The gaoler has assured me you haven't a chance, and I want your word of honor." He stopped with a laugh. "I was going to ask you to promise 'on your word of honor.' "

The highwayman straightened and stood very stiff and pale, wincing at the scoffing tone the boy adopted, but his voice was low and controlled when he said: "On the remnant of my honor, perhaps you would say? Very well, on the remnant of my honor."

The wedding was over, and the bride was in a great hurry to leave. It wasn't a place one wanted to linger in, and besides it would involve embarrassing explanations if she were seen. Hal had told her he would see about whatever money the fellow demanded, but she reached into her purse for a gold piece to give

him. Just then a man came in to speak to the prisoner, not realizing what had been going on. He had heard that the Lord Mayor had been told of some of the reckless Rod's escapades and had said that perhaps all was not lost and if he appealed he might be pardoned.

Hal seized his arm. "You can't do it, man, you can't do it! Remember your promise. What's your life worth anyhow? You would only lose it a month after you get out of gaol. I'll double —"

The messenger intervened. "It's his life you're urging him to throw away, Sir. You shouldn't hold that promise binding."

"Not hold it binding! Why, he can't live, he's married to me!" Anne approached him and stared him in the face. "Don't you dare to ruin my life! You must keep your promise. You've got to die and be out of the way. I, married to a gallows bird — oh!"

A crooked smile twisted the highwayman's lip unmirthfully: "Madam — you forget that I swore — on the remnant of my honour."

And on the outskirts of the crowd which gathered to watch the hanging of the famous bandit, Rod Ransom, a woman at a coach window was crying — crying she couldn't have told why, for her way was now clear to marry his grace, the Earl of Cheswick.

Frances Keany, 1921
[Written for Odeon]

The Nymphs

Upon a misty, moon-lit shore
Where foamy wavelets never slept,
Where never lone beast stealth'ly crept,
But all in ghostly silence lay —
'Twas on the silv'ry moon-lit shore
That tiny nymphs came up to play,
And chased the bubbles on each wave
To unheard music the moon-light gave.

Edith Page, 1921

The Hilltop

It was five long years since the terrible war had raged over the fertile valleys and hills of northern France. The country was beginning to smile once more up into the face of the warm spring sun. Here and there only, a crippled tree or a deeply furrowed field reminded one of the days when the great guns shook the earth, the continual hum of aeroplanes filled the air, and men killed and were killed in thousands on those very fields.

A pale, but extremely attractive woman was sitting by her window sewing, now and then casting a glance across the fields and then to the cloudless sky. Her humble little home was one of a village that had been patched up and made to look as nearly as it used to as possible. Seven years since he left her, left her in her father's chateau that before the war stood on the hillside in the distance! Seven years — yet he might come back. Stranger things have happened. Surely he would come some day.

She was interrupted in her thoughts by the entry of a smiling, light-haired little girl and beside her a tall, dark boy. He was smiling also, but his smiling ceased at the look in his mother's eyes. The little girl climbed into her mother's lap and begged her to go for a walk with them. With a bit of gladness shining in her face the woman consented, and the three set out. "I should like to go up where I used to live, children. It was days like this that I loved best up there." They turned their steps toward the hill, the tall boy, almost a man, walking close to his mother, the little girl skipping ahead to gather flowers only to turn back and hold them up to her mother, a token of her childish love.

It was a mile to the hill. They were quite tired when they reached the ivy-covered ruins — ruins of the home of the beautiful woman looking down on them. "Ah, it is a pity. It was such a lovely old place." She turned and they strolled into a little grove nearby. "When your father returns, we will bring him to see it; perhaps he will be able to make it ours once more."

"Yes, mother, we hope so," replied the boy.

"I think I will rest here, children. You run and play. I want to be alone awhile. This spot here is where your father courted me. Perhaps the grass was softer, perhaps there were a few more

trees and roses, yet it is the same place. He must come to see it when he returns."

The two children took a run down the hill and were soon out of sight. The woman sank down on the ground and began idly to pluck the grass about her feet. Oh what memories this changed and yet unchanged bit of woodland held! Her eyes were full of longing and hope. What was that? Her hand struck something hard. A stick! — Ah no, it was a wooden cross. But then there were so many of them in the country, it wasn't unusual to find one. She lifted it up slowly. There was something written on it in white, uneven letters. She looked! Something swam before her eyes and she flung herself on the ground — stunned! An hour later when the wind sighed in the pine trees above and a child's clear laughter broke the silence, the woman stirred. She must not let them know — not now, at least. It would be her secret — and his. She got up slowly and pushed the cross into the ground again, covering it carefully with the long grass. Then she laid the flowers gathered by his little daughter on the grave. Once more the pine trees sighed and she turned away, a broken, but strangely glorious woman.

Ruth Keener, 1922

Impressions

A crimson flash through a cloud of white,
A bubble of song from the cherry tree,
The cardinal welcomes the coming of spring
With a joyous trilling, wild and free.

Like the golden strands of a princess' hair
Against her turret high,
The pale forsythia gleams and glows
Under a threatening sky.

Harriet Simpson, 1922

Nanking

I was born in the very old, old city of Nanking, which has been for more than two thousand years the centre of literature and fine arts in the ancient Chinese empire, and also the southern capital.

It lies under the shadow of a beautiful mountain, which the Chinese call purple and gold mountain, and beside the yellow Yangtse, the child of the ocean.

Strangers coming to our city ask first to see all the sights which they have read or heard about. They have not learned to love as we have, the sun, setting over the hills and sending its rosy light across the gray walls and pointed roofs, and lighting up the crest of the mountain with colors of deepest purple and brightest gold. To us the city is full of old stories which constantly lure us, and we never tire of the magic charm of moonlight nights, to see the whole city flooded with a mist of moonlight, and wrapt in murmuring silence, broken only by soft temple bells. Then the streets are filled with mystery and magic.

On sunny winter mornings we go up on the city wall, and looking down over the old battlements, we feel the wind, blowing cold against our cheeks and tossing our hair. Above is the bright blue sky and below are the gray peaks and points of the city, and we are standing between the earth and sky with the wind and the birds.

The wall is very high. In places it is about two hundred feet high, and it circles twenty-six miles around the city. It is wide enough for four teams to go abreast. It is much bigger, though of course not nearly so long, as the great wall of China. There are thirteen gates which lead out of the city.

Each one has doors of iron, which are so heavy that it takes many men to move them, and each is well guarded by guns and soldiers. It was by this strong wall that the people defended themselves from their enemies in olden times.

Outside the city stand the famous Ming Tombs. The city was made the southern capital by the first Ming Emperor who was buried there. Huge figures of horses and lions and elephants and camels, made out of solid rock, stand for miles along the road

where his body was carried. Then there are a series of temples to Confucius, with many tablets and columns. These are guarded by little old grey priests. The earth for the grave was brought from the eighteen provinces of China.

Strangers must always see the examination halls, centres of the old-time learning which cover many miles in the very heart of the busy life of the city. These halls are row after row of small cells made of gray stone, open at one side. There is in each a stone shelf to write on and a little niche in the wall for a candle — that is all. The person who took these examinations, used to have to stay there and write for nearly three days, without going out of his cell. The examinations were taken by Confucian scholars in order to secure official positions, and they required many years of study.

Then there is the old drum tower. It stands on a high point of ground overlooking the city. Its walls are red, and little trees are growing on the top of it. In this tower is an enormous drum, which in olden times used to be beaten to warn the people of any danger.

Many stories have come to us of the Taeping rebellion, when the beautiful imperial palaces were ruined, and of the days when Nanking was important as the wealthy southern capital.

Throughout the city are many temples, perfect in detail and full of interest. Among them is an old Confucian temple, one of the most beautiful in the world. There burnt offerings are sacrificed every year and a great feast is held.

But the city itself, in the business part, is not dark with age, or sleepy, or in ruins. The streets are teeming with energy. Three million people, happy, busy and intensely human, are hurrying about their different ways, all cheerful, all curious and all friendly. There are schools and stores. There are noisy silk factories where one can hear the constant pounding of the looms, and there are mints, and powder factories. Nanking has a military college, an arsenal and a large naval academy.

These and many other sights the strangers see when they come to Nanking, but we love to see the winding canals and quaint arched bridges. On these under the willows go the big lazy brown junks. We love to see the tiny thatched huts with the groups of dirty little children and peaceful old women sitting in the sunny

doorway. Each has its immaculate garden and in the Spring its peach grove, pink with buds.

And so it is a beautiful old city, full of mystery and age, stored with a wealth of literature and art, glorying in a golden past, a city where happy friendly folk live, where things are moving and work is being done. With all its beauty of the past it is throbbing with the joys and sorrows of human life which is ever surging through its ancient streets.

“O rare old city, home of kings—

The glory of the past rests on thee like a crown.

What if thy present be but days of gloom?

A dragon sleeps beneath thee,

And a Yas and Shuen shall in the future ages coming down

Make thee again the great Nanking.”

Dorothy Williams, 1922

On the Road That Leads from Paris

The town criers clattered through the narrow streets shouting aloud, denying and repeating the theft of the royal necklace — how the Prince of Condoy, as he danced with the English beauty to whom rumor said he had lost his heart, had suddenly realized the absence of the jewels! Now they were lost. Now they were found. Paris was in an uproar.

A shadow fell across the oak table, and laying down my quill, I rose with a deep reverence. I was not mistaken. It was a woman. She was leaning, her head resting against the door, her chin so raised that the heavy veil scarcely covered her throat. The hand, ringless, pressed to her breast, was also a betrayal. I noticed the details without raising my head, though she stood in the heavy shadow of the velvet arras. I know not how long she stood there, striving for composure, while I waited with bent head; finally she came slowly forward and I noticed, for the first time, she carried something in her hand. She laid it on the table with an odd, furtive gesture — a small box.

"Monsieur François? You are a member of the Swiss Guard — a captain, I believe they say?"

I bowed.

"Well then, Monsieur François, having heard of your valor, I commit the indelicacy of intruding — for a strange purpose, a — a mission." The blush surged down over her white throat.

I bowed again.

"Monsieur!" petulantly.

"I am always ready to serve — Lady Mary!"

She started backward, then slowly drew aside her veil.

"You — you knew me then — at once?"

"There is no disguise in the world for you, Lady Mary."

"Ah, well, Monsieur, 'tis but another proof of your trustworthiness! You have already proved to me at court how reverently you value the wish of a woman, whether she be French or English. It is with the fullest trust that I try that devotion again;" and as I knelt to this tribute, she gave me another, the hand that had betrayed her.

"I am leaving France, Monsieur François, tonight, and no one must know. This little treasure of mine is purely personal, I assure you," and she laughed lightly with an odd, illusive tone.

"But it must be delivered, Monsieur, to the prince of Condoy. Merely say to him, 'I have had a change of heart.' Swear to me, your word of honor, you will see it in no other hand, Monsieur!"

"My word of honor!"

As I rose the heavy curtains fell into place. Still sensing the faint fragrance of her, I sank into the chair from which I had risen, and drew the little box to me across the table. I was off my guard, my senses dulled by the charm of this English beauty, acting like a heavy perfume on my brain. Finally I opened it. It contained, as I should have guessed at once, another case, a curiously wrought case of fine pieces of mahogany and mother of pearl—a jewel box! I half rose from my chair, murmuring her words: "Purely personal, I assure you!" Ah, but she was clever! And she had laughed lightly with an odd tone! And she was leaving for England! I was sure of it! So I was to hold her prize for her—even further, bring it to her in England, a thing she could scarcely accomplish herself with all the highways patrolled. Well she knew I would never return it to the Prince. The Cardinal's men stood too high in favor, ours too deep in the royal displeasure. But "My word of honor." There was but one course and I took it.

Five minutes later, cloaked and spurred, with the curst box concealed in the heel of one boot, a trick then little known in France, I slipped into the saddle and started for the West Gate. No one had passed there that day, but a half hour before two Englishmen, one dark and heavy-featured, the other extremely fair and pale and handsome. I smiled at the glowering, suspicioning keeper, and spurred out on the road. But I scarcely liked his face. The night closed in about me like a cloak and the air was bitter cold. The clatter of my horse's hoofs on the hard, frosty road, maddening in its insistence, seemed to increase, lessen, then multiply into a dozen clattering hoofbeats. Suddenly I started. I had been dozing, and at the same second I realized this was no mere trick of my brain; far in the direction of Paris a

company of horse was rapidly approaching. I flicked the roan with the spurs and we flew forward. Just then the moon sailed out from behind a cloud. I turned and rose in the stirrups. They were so near I could distinguish their slouch hats and scarlet cloaks — men of the Cardinal! At the same time the moonlight flashed on the barrel of a musket. I leaned low as a bullet whistled over my head, and plunged the spurs into my horse. The lights of the little hamlet, Chambly, which had long been gleaming ahead, rushed toward me through the darkness, and with a grim smile of relief I clattered over the friendly cobblestones. As I flew past "Le Coq d'Or" I caught a fleeting glimpse of two smoking horses standing in the lighted courtyard. Wheeling like a flash, I turned back. Almost too late! Having gained by this short maneuver, the Cardinal's men came swerving up as I sprang to the first step. A shot rang out, and my right hand fell limp to my side, broken at the wrist. I drew with my left and, as they came swarming up, for a second held them at bay on the narrow steps. Then someone opened the door, and I slipped within.

Dizzy with the loss of blood, one hand hanging useless, the other reaching for the little jeweled box, I sank to my knees before the figure of a youthful cavalier, extremely fair and pale and handsome!

"My lady," I gasped, "my word of honor!"

The pale face went paler still, and for a minute I thought she would faint. Then —

"Monsieur François, this means — ?" — and gradually it dawned upon her, the whole tangled truth. With the Cardinal's men clamoring at the door without, and the room swimming red, I saw her touch a hidden spring and draw from the case — a long, golden ringlet.

"Ah, Monsieur, Monsieur, it was but a lock of my hair!"

Carol Perrin, 1921

The Call of the Wild

Do you love to climb a mountain peak
Covered with rocks and snow,
To climb by jutting ridge and creek
To where the great winds blow?
Do you love to stand there near the sky
With the air so cool and free,
In a great silence up so high
That broods eternally?

Then come, for the spring is calling!
Leave the city and come.
Leave your work and toiling,
Come to the hills to roam!

Do you love to fish on a quiet lake
Hidden among the trees,
To fight with a trout till the ripples make
The water whirl in seas?
Do you love to ride in a bark canoe
Under the summer stars,
When the lake is a rippling sapphire blue
And nothing the silence mars?

Then come, for the spring is calling!
Leave the city and come.
Leave your work and toiling,
Come to the lake to roam!

Do you love to wander with a pack
Far from the homes of man,
To sleep at night in a tiny shack
As only a traveler can?
Do you love the grey-blue wood-smoke smell?
The cheer of a fire at night?
When you hear a wood-quail can you tell?
Have you seen a wild deer fight?

Then come, for the spring is calling!
Leave the city and come.
Leave your work and toiling,
Come to the woods to roam.

Katherine Gage, 1922

A Dream Day

I find myself in a garden,
In a far-away, fanciful land,
And I breathe in the scent of flowers
And stroll with you hand in hand.
A fountain of clear, cool water
Bubbles and spurts, and gives
A feeling of joy and gladness
To the world in which it lives.
Bright sunbeams dance on a bower
That shades my wicker chair,
Where I lounge on soft little pillows,
To rest and be free from care.
Ofttimes alone in my garden
A gentle breeze whispers, "Come!
The door to the world is open,
There are great deeds to be done."
I hope sometime in the future
To make this vision come true,
But at present I'm only a dreamer,
And my dreams are always of you.
So I find myself in a garden,
In a far-away, fanciful land,
And I breathe in the scent of flowers
And stroll with you hand in hand.

Jessamine Rugg, 1921

Masques and flappers

As the afternoon sunlight glanced through the show windows of the Brooks Corner Drug Store, it fell upon two girls sitting with their heads close together over a glass-topped table where were two of those fearful and indigestible concoctions that made Brooks Drug Store so popular.

"Now, Dot," said Jane Armstrong, twining her limbs about the legs of her chair and almost falling into the ice cream in her eagerness, "now I can tell you all about it. It's going to be a real adventure, and oh, so romantic!"

She stopped impressively, then — "I'm going to the Archibalds' masquerade tonight!"

Dorothy, in her surprise, choked over a large mouthful of the gooey mixture and Jane went on, "In town with mother this morning I managed to slip out and hire my costume. What do you suppose I'm going to be? A harem girl, all elusive, filmy scarfs, and mysterious veils! It's a dream!"

"Jane Armstrong, what do you mean? How do you expect to get there? You haven't been invited, have you?" Dorothy was scoffing, yet there was a gleam of envy in her eye.

"Of course not, foolish. That's where the romance and adventure come in. But Lucy's going, and Mother and Dad will be out, and as Archibalds' is right across the street, all I have to do is to slip over after they've gone. Just think, what a mystery I'll be, like Gwendolyn in 'The Masked Ball'! And perhaps I'll meet —"

But here Jane broke off on noticing for the first time Bobby Pendleton, her youthful, long-legged admirer, who was leaning against a post near by. "Oh, hello Bobby," indifferently. Then sweetly, "Would you mind asking the clerk to bring us some water?" As he strode off she leaned forward again and —

"Sh!" Dorothy held a warning finger to her lips and Jane looked up to see her sister Lucy come in, accompanied by a young college fellow, Dan Tyler, whom Jane despised.

"Hello, kids!"

"Kids!" Dan Tyler was unbearable, and noses in air, Jane and Dorothy sailed out, leaving empty dishes, however, and the ig-

nored Bobby holding two glasses of water but with a subtle expression in his eyes.

Just outside they met a young man, immaculately dressed, with patent-leather hair, a small mustache and other fascinating touches. Upon seeing them he lifted his hat and murmured, "Good afternoon, Miss Armstrong."

"Oh," Jane squeezed her chum's arm, "isn't he simply heavenly! That's Tom Archibald! Perhaps, tonight — !"

Motor cars had been depositing muffled figures before the Archibalds' lighted doorway for quite a while, when suddenly a little figure appeared from out of the darkness, joined an ingoing group and entered the house.

After quite a stay in the dressing room a slender, willowy, "harem girl" stepped out into — fairyland. Jane stood, her hands clasped, scarcely believing her eyes. The soft music, the dim lights, the costumes, the flowers, the mystery of it all! Oh, it was more wonderful than even "The Masked Ball!" Just then someone seized her and led her out to dance and looking up she saw a tall Turk, a regular Sultan, looking down at her. A thrill ran down her spine! Who was he?

He danced divinely and they seemed to float along. Was it true? How could she ever leave? She felt her partner's eye upon her and looked up. Who could it be?

After the dance he took her to a wonderful flowery nook and whispering that he would return, strode away. Jane sat there watching the others and trying to see through their disguise. With a shock she recognized Lucy in a costume much like her own, tagged by that awful Dan as a Turk, too. What an insult to her romantic partner! He returned that moment with refreshments and as they ate he whispered all sorts of foolish nothings and enchanted, she replied. Could he be T— ?

She didn't dare guess, but it was heavenly anyway. Gwendolyn's experience seemed a tea party in comparison.

So it went on until suddenly a loud voice announced, "Grand march for unmasking!"

Jane came to earth with a shock. Must she go and leave it all? Could she never see his face? No. She would let him unmask

and then — But the music began and he led her out. The march wound in and out and then, "Unmask!"

Jane grasped her mask firmly and looked at her partner. Then, as by common consent, they raised them slowly. The next moment she was fleeing madly for the door!

As she gained the hall she heard her name called frantically. Glancing back she stood transfixed as the other Turk bore down her. "Bobby Pendleton, what are you doing here?"

"Jane, come on out. This is no place for us. I had Lucy all the time and I thought it was you. If you could have seen her face!"

"Oh, Bobby," hysterically, "whatever will the family do to me? I thought I'd found Romance and it was that detestable Dan Tyler!"

Harriet Edgell, 1921

Down by the Water's Edge

"Toad wharf" was an old abandoned wharf that projected out a little way into the salt water of a lazy little New England harbor. It held a deep fascination for my childish mind. Its weather-beaten planks were gradually rotting and falling away from their foundations. The massive bumpers that supported it were covered with moss and sharp-edged barnacles. A great heap of oyster shells was piled high on the end nearest the shore. Tied to one of the bumpers by a huge-linked rusty chain, was the skeleton of a small dory with scabs of red paint on it and a few partly obliterated grey letters on the tail board of the stern. Every few minutes big grey wharf rats galloped pattering over the planks and disappeared between the wide cracks. Big-bodied, black, hairy spiders scrambled up and down, up and down the posts, and dropped with little splashes into the water. Great dark clouds of seaweed floated under the wharf and clung around the bumpers. All about it the air smelt of fish and salty mud. Every time a wave washed against the bumpers, the whole wharf swayed and cracked. Such is my recollection of a thing I used to love.

Katherine Weld, 1921

A Symbol

It is raining tonight
But a light shines through the mist —
It casts a silvery gleam
Upon the pillars of the chapel.
That light is symbolic to me:
It means hope in despair,
A richer and fuller life
Gained through struggle.
It tells me there is something eternal,
An ultimate goal
Toward which we all strive,
Where all shall find peace —
It is raining tonight
But a light shines through the mist.

Agnes Titcomb, 1921

Spring Woodlands at Night

A white owl flies across the tree-tops,
Two whippoorwills beyond the thicket sing,
A cherry-blossomed breeze drifts up the pathway,
And with it drifts the spirit of the Spring.

Ruth Keener, 1922

Bob It

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Wearied, the little cuckoo chanted the hour and dropped back into his tiny domicile. Before the mirror in front of it a young girl gently fluffed out her "coiffure enchantée." Tick-er-tock! Tick-er-tock! Tick-er-tock!

"Mother! Where are you? Listen here, what do you think? Emily's bobbed her hair! Yes, honestly, and — oh mother, but she looks so cute and so dar!—ing!"

"For goodness sake! Emily's bobbed her hair? Foolish girl, dear me — are your feet wet, Jane?"

"No, of course not but — it sticks way out in back, you know, all fuzzy and curly and oh — oh, but I wish —"

"Please, Jane dear, we've really discussed this enough. I haven't changed my mind at all. If Emily had such lovely hair as yours she wouldn't want to cut it. Wasn't hers thin, anyway?"

"Rather, but then, oh — You don't let me finish my question. I was going to say — er — I *wish* — er — the other girls would see it as I do. We had quite an argument about it at school today. Helen said she thought bobbed hair made you less self-conscious and less vain, because you didn't have to waste hours brushing it and waving it and doing it up. I disagreed with her, however. Goodness! I'd have too much time to — study in, if mine wasn't long! Oh, let me tell you something. You know, I didn't realize I did dress so old or look so very ancient. Somebody told me this morning that I look nineteen if I look a day. Whee! Isn't that exciting? And isn't it wonderful to be able to look that way? It's an art, you know, Motherie; not everyone can get away with —"

"Oh Jane, it's no use telling you. I wish there was something that would make you realize that youth is very precious. You're so foolish to want to look so old. Why, when I was a girl I was content to be seventeen when I was seventeen. Jane, if only —"

"Oh, that's all right, Muddikins. All the girls are pink with envy. They *do* look so kiddish at times. I think it must be my nature though — to look old, I mean. That's why I think I'll never bob mine — it makes one look so young. 'Member Toot's roommate? She was *eighteen*. Why, even you thought she

wasn't more than sweet sixteen! But I s'pose it's the temptation of having long hair, to do it anyway you please. So naturally we do it high and — oh isn't it lots of fun to make people think that you've been in the world for simply ages, though?"

"Really, Jane, I don't know what to do with you. You *do* look too old, I know. You do — "

"Oh and mother, I stopped in at the dressmaker's on the way home to try on my dress. Uh-huh. I had her make the skirt a little shorter. It suits better the way I do my hair in the evening. Yes, 'course it *does* make me look older, but then — I've got to grow up some time. Oh, there's the telephone. Really, Muddie dear, I'm glad you didn't let me cut my hair. 'Cause I would have looked so babyish. My type is too dignified. Yes, I'll go to answer it."

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Astounded the little cuckoo shrilled the hour and snapped back into his tiny domicile. Before the mirror in front of it a young girl tenderly smoothed her bobbed locks.

Tock-er-tick! Tock-er-tick! Tock-er-tick—!

Ruth Hill 1922

The "Dampy" Visitor

I heard that she was coming with one of my friends from a convent, and I waited anxiously to see her. I knew already that convent girls are not necessarily gentle and meek. She wasn't.

To begin with, her name was Lucile. No, it was Johnson to begin with and they gave her the Lucile part afterward, but you know what I mean. Her hair was bobbed and curly and her complexion would have been a wonderful advertisement for the rouge she used, if she hadn't pretended it was her own. If the boys heard that remark it would be called "catty." Maybe it is.

Her "line" was perfect innocence and she was a great success. She was the worst kind of a "vamp" and everyone succumbed.

And then! A new boy arrived and he was bored and blasé and sophisticated — and he didn't like her! He laughed, and told her publicly to "cut out the ingénue stuff! It was rude but successful, and suddenly we all saw that she wasn't a "vamp" at all — just a girl trying to make up in a week for the strict months in a convent.

But that isn't all, not by any means! After all the other boys had recovered their lost heads and hearts the sophisticated, blasé, bored young man lost his, and as far as I know they're still lost.

Susanne Root, 1922

The Matinee Idol

Arthur Albertson! Girls of fourteen sigh rapturously, girls of eighteen apply a little more lip stick, and girls of twenty-two smile maternally.

Arthur Albertson! Boys of fourteen imitate his walk, boys of eighteen smooth their hair, parted like his, boys of twenty-two rehearse his love scenes.

And yet — he's just a stock company matinee idol.

Arthur Albertson! Two out of every three homes proudly display his autographed picture — the profile is the favorite, his chin is so much better than in the other, and his coat is opened at just the right angle, you can see where the photographer pulled it; if you were to remark with seeming nonchalance, that you had just secured a Van Dyck picture the recipient of this marvelous piece of news would, if between the ages of twelve and eighteen, reply, "Oh! — Have you one of Arthur Albertson? I got my third today. And we have season tickets in the fifth row for every Saturday night."

And yet — he's just a stock company matinee idol.

Arthur Albertson! How many checks for the orphanage are signed with that name! How courteous and humble is the bearer of that name in the bank of which his father is president! What a simple green and white bungalow on a back country road has that transforming name on its tin letter box!

"And yet — he's just a stock company matinee idol."

Anne Whinnery, 1922

Editorials

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Abbot Alumnae Association

Commencement belongs primarily to the Seniors; they are and should be the center around which the various events revolve. But the Commencement days and the Seniors themselves, need the background of the "old girls" who come back each year to Abbot, to show their love for their Alma Mater, to renew their friendships, and to glory in the young lives going bravely forth to meet the joys and sorrows of the larger world.

This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy, and the Seniors will pardon these "old girls" if they encroach upon more than the usual time allotted for their special events. Very many girls — they are all girls in Abbot history — will be back; young women, women in the prime of life, and grey-haired women, flocking to Abbot to show their love for her, to testify to what she has meant to them in the days since leaving her, and to pledge anew their loyalty to her.

Plans are being perfected to give the great event a fitting celebration, chiefly by a luncheon for all the devoted former students.

At this luncheon friend will sit close to friend of former days, exchanging reminiscences and gathering up the threads in each others lives. And at this luncheon a few of the prominent and able women, who have gone out from Abbot, will speak of Abbot's help to them in the preparation for their work. Some of those to be at this gathering have been members of the Alumnae Association since its very beginning. They will hear and see for themselves many of the changes that have taken place in the past fifty years of life at Abbot; and as they recognize the wonderful changes, great progress, and present prosperity of their beloved school, each one will say to herself in the words of the dear school hymn, "The changes that are sure to come. I do not fear to see."

CATHERINE B. TYER

"Wellesley has cultivated me! Ha! Ha!"

What is the meaning of such strains as these which burst forth from the music room every day? Why, it's the Abbot Wellesley College Preps practicing Wellesley songs to sing at a special moving picture performance to be given by the Wellesley Alumnae of Andover for the Wellesley Endowment Fund. Of course Abbot must have a hand in anything like that, especially since our own principal and many Faculty and Alumnae are graduates of this old New England College. So when a card party was to be given in Davis Hall for the same cause, girls gave up their Saturday afternoon to making candy for it. Many, too, wisely or unwisely, disposed of various and sundry of their belongings for a Wellesley Economy Sale. Thus, in several ways, Abbot is doing its little part to help to contribute to the success of the Wellesley Endowment Fund.

When the first spring sun tried himself out, he looked down upon a bewildering, bewitching splotch of color at Abbot. It must have seemed like a new species of flower to him; the great green circle as the center, and, as petals, we, in our gingham dresses running giddily about, no doubt hilariously, taxed with fits of spring fever. But how the sun is to be pitied! What he sees of us must be like looking through the wrong end of a telescope. But we can see ourselves — glorified selves — with glorified gingham. Yes, they're blue and green and lavender and pink; they're striped and dotted and plain; and of course they're red and white checked. But, you know, gingham; just gingham with tiny organdy ruffles, and frills and tucks and sashes. Then the stockings, clocked in mysterious designs, open-worked in frank patterns, drop-stitched in lazy runs, to match our gingham of course. So don't you really agree that the spring sun is to be pitied, being such a far-away onlooker?

You hear a light shriek, a scurry of frantic feet past your door, and you step into the hall just in time to see what at first appears to be a ten to one combat. Then a waving arm emerges and a voice rises above the din, "O Henry! *there* you are! It's your own dear Paula!" and suddenly it dawns on you that another D.

O. G. has found her way home again. You come back to us like that throughout the year, scattering red-letter days over our calendars. Although our most frequent visitors are girls from the recent classes, it is the great all of you, recent and not so recent, that we are looking forward to seeing; both those we have known and loved, and those we have not known but of whom we have heard so much and long to meet. You are the great circumference of the Abbot circle and Abbot merely the center, but how that center radiates anticipation and joy and welcome at the thought of your return!

No, dress is not the only way, nor the books you read, nor the way you do your hair, nor rhythmic. After searching deep in her originality Abbot found still another mode of expression, very subtle, but very significant. Don't tell me you have never noticed a certain corner room where slender little silhouettes dance across the walls — slender little boys and goats and monkeys, leaping through the waving black grass. It gives you a feeling of sudden exuberance, just the pure joy of living. You just know the person that lives there already. She is quite the opposite of the girl on the next floor, over whose desk hangs a great revelation of mountains and sky and ocean in deep purples and bronzes, with one lone figure poised on a cliff, marveling at the greatness of Nature. The picture is strong, moody, full of thought and wonder. So — its owner. Then there is a cosy little room right around the corner just made to read in, where there is a great variety of charming little prints and snatches of fairyland. Here Rackham is much in evidence with his weird, tangled forests, his gnarled esvel and bent little witches, illusively attractive. There is the room that is all photographs, another whose several lithographs are small in number but great in effect, still another posted with magazine covers, heads of fair girls, somehow all alike, and so Abbot is an acquaintance even before you have met her, through the taste and choice of her surroundings.

A great many of the students who attend schools today travel along on a level, easy road. The road even dips into a valley for

some of them. Such a journey is most delightful, no exertion required, but suddenly a huge precipice rises directly in their path. What must be done? Their reward, such as it is, can only be had by reaching the top of the mountain of examinations. Very few of those who take this road ever get to the top, but find themselves ever slipping back to the spot from which they started.

Will they never learn that there is but one road which leads to success? It is uphill, to be sure, but how much easier it is to reach the heights by gradually going up than to go on the level road and bump into the mountain! Only a few feet a day will bring you so near the top that examinations will be only a looking back on the road and recalling the few landmarks along the way.

The Senior pictures were taken unusually early this year, and as a result, they have since Christmas formed the main decoration (if the word may be applied) in many rooms. Difficulty arises from the fact that there are so many Seniors, and that it is practically impossible to distribute their pictures gracefully in the limited amount of room allotted one girl. Some are pinned artistically on the corners of banners adorning the walls, some are fastened together with clips and give the effect of an accordion, standing pulled out or pushed close together across the back of a desk. Still others are fastened to picture wire, and strung in a half circle on the wall. Some charitable person should offer a prize for the most practical way of treating this superfluity of pictures, and thus solve the momentous question for many girls.

First of all, what is a "crush," as termed by the boarding-school girl? If you ask a girl who has one of those things attached to the routine of every-day school life she will define a crush as "being desperately in love with the most adorable girl, who is too sweet for words!"

Have you ever noticed a girl who is in the act of becoming afflicted? She follows her victim around with languishing or timid glances; then her appetite decreases and soon she is in the midst of raving to her most intimate friends about the virtues of the "divine creature." It is not long, then, before this object of sick-

ening and foolish affection, which is so disgusting to onlookers, becomes the recipient of many gifts including candy, flowers, and dainty garments.

From the economic point of view "crushes" are very expensive things. If all the money that has been spent to buy attention could be collected, what a surprising number of lives in China or Armenia could be saved by it.

What a waste of time is caused by having a "crush"! Instead of writing sonnets and short stories for *Courant*, the "smitten one" composes silly, sentimental poems and songs.

We wonder what the "adorable one" thinks about all this attention. It pleases her vanity — that is understood, for every girl likes attention; but in spite of the fact that she is pleased, she cannot help being amused at the absurdity of it all. It may, in time, become somewhat distasteful to her, for it makes her conspicuous when she would rather be inconspicuous. The school-girl may have the deepest respect and affection for one of her associates, but it is unnecessary for her to "rave," as it were, and display it in the form of the so-called "crush."

If a stranger were let loose, some afternoon, to wander in and out of our rooms, she would, doubtless, soon come to the conclusion that they had at one time been used as a home for stray and misused animals. Thus might Abbot's mascots affect an outsider. Teddy bears seem the most prevalent type: they are so nice and soft and furry, and make such sympathetic bed companions. Some of us, however, refuse to be won over into the teddy's ranks, and stoutly maintain that their black-stockings cat or blue felt dog, or orange monkey is the most lovable kind of a pet possible. If you have never played dolls, or had a particular affection for any kind of a toy, that makes no difference. You must have a mascot. Go up into the attic at home, and drag out some plaything long discarded by little sister, and whose personality the dog, perhaps, has long since destroyed — the more dilapidated the better — then bring it back to Abbot, enthrone it in great glory in your most comfortable chair, and call it your mascot.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 16 Sunday, Mr. Charles W. Henry.
- 18 Senior Mid Play.
- 23 Mrs. Susan Huntington Vernon: "The International Institute of Madrid."
- 29 First tea dance.
- 30 Mrs. Arthur W. Stanford: "Japanese Missions."
- 31 Seniors go to Intervale.

FEBRUARY

- 1 Dinner party for the day scholars.
- 3 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 5 Miss Chickering: "Current Events."
- 6 Rev. Malcolm Peabody: "Jesus, the Savior."
- 12 Miss Mabel G. Curtiss: "Vocations."
- 13 Miss Bailey.
- 15 English V plays.
- 16 Theatre party: "Abraham Lincoln."
- 19 Princeton Fresh-Andover: Basketball game.
- 20 Miss Charlotte De Forest: "Japan."
Senior tea for the faculty.
- 22 Washington birthday party.
- 26 Miss Mabel Curtiss: "Vocations."
- 26 Dean Brown: "A Day of Rebuilding."

MARCH

- 4 Mr. Fitzroy Carrington: "Florentine Prints."
- 5 Letz String Quartet.
- 5 Dr. Rosalie Morton: "Serbia."
- 8 Senior play.
- 9 Tea for Seniors at Dr. Stearns'.
- 12 Miss Mabel Curtiss: "Vocations."
- 13 Miss Bailey.
- 15 Phillips dramatics.
- 17 Pi Eta show.
- 19 Miss Curtiss: "Vocations."
- 20 Mr. Arthur S. Wheelock.
- 24 Winter term ends.

APRIL

- 6 Spring term begins.
- 10 Easter service.
- 12 Miss Ethel Potter: "What Every Woman Knows."
- 17 Miss Margaret Slattery: "Responsibilities of our Next Generation."
- 19 Glee Club concert.
- 20 Tree planting.

- 21 Gym exhibition.
- 24 Mr. E. Victor Bigelow.
- 26 Corridor stunts.
- 28 Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy.

MAY

- 1 Mr. Charles W. Oliphant: "Immortality."
- 3 Miss Nichols' violin recital.
- 5 Rhythmic exhibition.
- 6 Visit from the Alumnae committee.
- 7 Vocal recital by Miss Bennett's pupils.
Tea for the Boston Abbot Club.
- 10 French play.
- 12 Movies for Wellesley.

Lectures

The chief feature of our course of lectures during this winter term has been a series of talks by Miss Mabel G. Curtis, from the Appointment Bureau of the Women's Educational Union of Boston, on "Vocations." The series began on February 12th, and the last talk was on March 19th. They covered a variety of subjects, and their object was to offer valuable suggestions to girls who are not sure what they intend to do when they leave Abbot. One of the most important points made was that anything worth doing should be regarded as a profession, and that special training is necessary in almost any kind of a position. Some of the lines of work suggested were: Social Service, Teaching, Literary Work, Home Economics, and Physical Education. Altogether, the series has doubtless been very helpful to a great many girls.

On March 4, we had the great pleasure of listening to a lecture on Florentine Prints, by Mr. Fitzroy Carrington, Curator of Prints of the Boston Museum. The lecture was an illustrated one, and we saw, thrown on the screen, reproductions of some very rare and interesting prints. The art of engraving seems to have started in Florence in about 1449, during the lifetime of Lorenzo de Medici, and some of the prints date from almost as early as that. It was a very unusual and interesting lecture.

Dr. Rosalie Morton of New York came to speak to us on March 6, in behalf of the Serbians. She told us of the bravery of the people in resisting, when a treaty with fair terms was offered them, and how that resistance actually won the war. The country is now laid waste, and the people, the few who are left, are destitute, and have absolutely nothing with which to build up their stricken country. Dr. Morton has brought fifty young Serbians over here to educate, that they may go back to help Serbia, and she asked us all to help, as much as possible.

Miss Chickering gave us one of her very interesting talks on Current Events, on February 5th. She explained most thoroughly the Irish Question, which has been quite difficult for most people to understand clearly. She also showed us the map of Europe as it is today, and explained the composition of the new

countries, and their formation. She presented her information so clearly that it will long remain in our minds, and was a great help in straightening out the tangled geography of that part of the world.

On April 12, Miss Ethel Potter gave us a reading of Sir James Barrie's play "What Every Woman Knows." Miss Potter is an old friend, and we were glad to welcome her here once again. The reading was most delightful, and the characters lived vividly before our eyes.

Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy gave us a very pleasant evening on April 28th. She read us several lyrical poems and gave us a scene from *Hamlet*, and one from *Romeo and Juliet*. Mrs. Kennedy has come to us for several years to give us readings, and we always look forward to her annual visit with a great deal of pleasure.

Concerts

Saturday afternoon, January 15, 1921, Mr. E. Robert Schmitz played for us in Davis Hall. We seldom have such an opportunity to study technique! His was so perfect that we were able to feel and share his enthusiasm for his subject in an unusual way. We felt this especially in Chopin's "Funeral March," played with a finer understanding because he himself was in the Great War. Other favorites were Liszt's "St. François de Paule," and "La Cathédrale Engloutie," a weird composition by Debussy with whom Mr. Schmitz was personally acquainted.

The Letz String Quartet of the Boston Symphony Orchestra gave a concert in Davis Hall on March 5th. The program was divided into three groups; the first by Beethoven; the second by Tschaiowsky in which "Andante ma non tante" was played with special expression and agility; the third Schubert's difficult "Andante con Variazioni," in which the unity of the four instruments was remarkable. The last selection was an odd little piece by Grainger, "Molly on the Shore."

A very original program was presented to us by Miss Marie Nichols on May 3rd. We always look forward to this concert with more than usual interest, and were surprised by a most unusual group of selections. The "Eklog" by Kramer was strange and far-reaching in its appeal, the "Perpetuan Mobile" of Ottakai Navecek exceedingly brilliant and difficult, but what really touched us most deeply was Reger's "Lullaby," encored again and again. Miss Nichols was most intelligently assisted by Mr. Harrison Potter at the piano.

Entertainments

Tuesday evening, April 26, our final Corridor Stunts came off with much gusto. There were six of them, ranging from an extremely dignified and clever take-off of Miss Bailey's office hour to a wild and messy fracas entitled the "Senior-Mid Dress Rehearsal." The song of the red gingham in the "Abbot Follies" won wild applause and Sunset's frivol sketches of the "Charm School" were truly charming. A representation of Miss Howey's English V class re-

ceived loud appreciation with its youthful and stupid blunders (scarcely exaggerated), while the last scene represented a Saturday morning in chapel with the singing of rounds in close harmony.

Sports

We are all very glad to resume our outdoor sports this spring and are working faithfully in view of making the approaching field day a success. Tennis seems to be the most popular sport, and the courts are constantly in use; but hockey and basketball are not being neglected. The girls have taken a great fancy to baseball which has just been introduced at Abbot and there is quite a sense of friendly rivalry between the two teams of Draper Hall and the Cottages.

Honor Roll

THIRD QUARTER

Harriet Edgell, Elizabeth McClellan, Helen Norpell, Agnes Titcomb	91
Ruth Davies, Katharine Knight, Miriam Sweeney	90
Gertrude Franklin, Juliet Haskell, Phyllis Yates	89
Lora Barber, Gwendolyn Bloomfield, Marian Cleveland, Ruth Crossman, Edith Damon, Elizabeth Flagg, Mary Harrison, Dorothy King, Elizabeth McDougall, Elizabeth Ohnemus, Susanne Root, Helen Roser, Barbara Sands, Mary Williams	88

School Charities

As a result of Dr. Rosalie Morton's moving appeal, one thousand dollars was pledged for the Serbian Educational Fund.

The proceeds of the French play were given to Country Week for the poor children of Boston.

Items of General Interest

On April 19, the Glee Club gave a concert and charged a small admission. The proceeds which amounted to about fifty dollars, were given to Miss Twitchell for the Abbot Loyalty Fund.

The Memorial Gateway is completed. Neat brick columns with iron grill gates stand at the three entrances to the grounds and a Chinese privet hedge given by Mr. George F. Smith, has been set out between which is to take the place of the brown wooden fence. A special service of dedication will take place in June at the time of the regular Commencement exercises.

Mrs. Anna Nettleton Miles '93 has been chosen to be the new alumna member of the board of trustees. She has been elected to take the place of Mrs. Dryden who is retiring this year after five years service on the board.

The Alumnae "Inspecting" Committee made its annual visit to the school on May 6th and 7th. Only three members came — Mrs. Helene Baldwin Burdick, Miss Agnes Park and Mrs. Norma Allen Haine '13, but they managed

to see all sides of the school life in the brief time they were here. Their visit was made additionally pleasant by the presence of Miss Olive Runner who drove up from Connecticut with Mrs. Haine. Miss Runner is continuing this year her work of field service among the foreigners of Hartford County.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 20th, a crowd of eager, would-be forest builders gathered at Mr. Foster's for the purpose of planting trees at Pomp's Pond. A choice few of us rode in the truck with the trees and the least of us hiked to the pond. Once there, not a moment was wasted. One of us would dig a hole, the next would hand out a treelet and the third would sink it into its resting place. Under our efficient corps the dull landscape was magically transformed to one of unforeseen beauty — speckled with miniature pines. We worked hard, and after a thousand little trees had been artistically placed on the hillside, we gazed around and looking into the future we saw enraptured persons strolling about in a pine grove, planted in 1921 by Abbot girls!

In Memoriam

Although in many ways this has been an unusually pleasant and happy year for the school as a whole, there have been a good many individual sorrows which have come to different girls which have made themselves felt throughout the school group. Early in the fall Betty Chapman's father died, and while at that time comparatively few knew Betty well enough to understand fully her loss, still everyone realized how hard it was for her to come back after such an experience to a life to which she was still unaccustomed. Mrs. Frederick Goff of Andover died very suddenly on November 30th and the news of her death was a great shock to those who had encountered in any way her kindly personality. Beatrice tried to resume her school work but found that she was not equal to it, and her presence has been missed in the school. On January 11th, Marian Parker was called home on account of the sudden death of her father, Mr. Anson L. Parker. Mr. Parker had retired from business, and was devoting his time to Y. M. C. A. work and church work in connection with the Central Methodist Church of Detroit. His personality was a very inspiring one to those who had been associated with him in any way. On February 26th Mr. William H. Vandervoort died after a very prolonged illness. Louise had been called home before Christmas on account of his critical condition, but she returned after the vacation full of hope because he seemed so much better. Mildred Peabody's father, Mr. Walter B. Peabody of Waban, Mass., died after a short illness on March 6th and on April 23rd Sylvia Nicholson lost her mother, Mrs. Edward K. Nicholson.

The courage and wonderful spirit with which these girls have met their losses has been a true source of inspiration to the school. They have come back and re-entered the school life with a gentle bravery which has not only enabled them to carry the double burden which is theirs, but which has taught us all how to meet similar sorrows in the future.

Alumnae Notes

Miss Alice Twitchell †1886, director of the Abbot Loyalty Endowment Fund, made a most interesting circuit of Abbot centers in the Middle West this spring, as a result of which Abbot Clubs have been organized as follows: —

Chicago:—Formed April 14, 1921, on the occasion of Miss Twitchell's visit. President, Mrs. George B. Vilas (Phebe Curtis †1886), 919 Forest Ave., Evanston; Vice-President, Mrs. Halsey Prudden (Helen Danforth †1913), 534 Judson Ave., Evanston; Secretary, Mrs. Roy Merrill (Anna Farrell †1901); Treasurer, Mrs. Howard R. Terpning (Katherine Black 1912), 803 Seward Ave., Evanston. A meeting will be held in Chicago in June to effect a permanent organization of Abbot girls in the mid-west states, and a luncheon will be given in September at a time convenient for the girls who are coming through Chicago on their way to Abbot. Mrs. Vilas will be very glad to hear from any Abbot girls in and around Chicago who are interested in this plan for an Abbot Club.

Newark, Ohio:— President, Mrs. William C. Miller (Alice Fleek 1891); 1st Vice-President, Mrs. George L. Draffan (Eleanor Black †1916); 2nd Vice-President, Clara Hukill †1907; Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Frederic M. Black (Alice Hinkley †1891), 525 Hudson Ave., Newark.

Sewickley, Pa.:— President, Mrs. John B. Booth (Mary Nevin †1884); Vice-President, Mrs. Edwin L. Allen (Anne Hopkins 1887); Secretary, Mrs. Elmer David Schnabel (Frances Huselton †1911), 528 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

Germantown, Pa.:— President, Margaret Morris †1918, 6604 Wayne Ave., Germantown; Vice-President, Margaret Payne †1907; temporary Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Hazleton Mirkil (Charlotte Morris †1915).

In addition to enthusiastic meetings of Abbot girls in these centers, there were get-together meetings as follows: —a luncheon at the Hotel Statler, Cleveland, with girls present from Canton; a reception, given by an Abbot husband, at the Union League Club in Chicago, with representation of classes as early as 1864, and as late as 1920 —including girls from Peoria, Milwaukee, and Madison; in Chicago there was also a tea given by Mrs. Halsey Prudden (Helen Danforth †1913); a tea at the College Club, Detroit; a supper at Mrs. Alice Hinkley Black's in Newark, with girls present from Mansfield, Zanesville and Columbus; a tea at Mrs. Mary Douglas Macfarland's (†1877), in Washington; and a luncheon at Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling's (†1886), at which mothers and sisters of old girls were present.

Miss Twitchell reports splendid Abbot enthusiasm and fine Abbot women everywhere, and subscriptions to the Loyalty Fund ranging from one to one thousand dollars.

The members of the Boston Abbot Club look upon the working out of the new plan of meetings for the year with great satisfaction. The notices sent out for the informal luncheon at the Hotel Victoria, on February 5, brought out about eighty alumnae. Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman presided, Miss Bailey gave greetings from the school, and Mrs. Mabel Bosher Scudder spoke entertainingly of her experiences in various parts of the world since leaving Abbot. A

pleasant feature was the singing of school songs, with impromptu stanzas, conducted by a former cheer leader, Mrs. Olga Erickson Tucker.

The spring meeting took the form of a reception in honor of Mrs. Channing H. Cox (May E. Young 1899), held at Hotel Vendome. Over a hundred were present, there was plenty of time for friendly converse and meeting friends, old and new, and altogether it was a most happy occasion. Preceding the reception, the annual business meeting was held, at which Mrs. Chipman was re-elected president, Grace Kellogg, recording secretary, Grace Hatch, corresponding secretary, and Helen Buss, treasurer. The vice-presidents are Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury and Mrs. Annie Strout Dennen, and the directors are Mrs. Marcia Richards Mackintosh, Mrs. Muriel Baker Wood, Mrs. Josephine Walker Woodman, Mrs. Mabelle Clark Lothrop, Mrs. Grace Speir Quinby, and Mrs. Winifred Barber Millard.

The annual luncheon of the Club and the Alumnae Association will be held on the first Saturday in November instead of in February. It is hoped that members will make note of this change and plan to make it a notable event in point of numbers and enthusiasm.

On the occasion of Miss Bailey's visit to Smith College in March, twenty-three Smith and Mount Holyoke girls gathered in an enthusiastic Abbot reunion in her honor.

The Abbot girls at Wellesley have banded themselves together informally for social fellowship and the welcoming of new girls.

Anyone who can give present addresses of any of the former students named below is earnestly requested to write to Jane B. Carpenter, 26 Morton St., Andover. It is most important that the records should be complete, so that the school may keep in touch with all its past members. It will be a great help, also, if alumnae will report promptly changes in their own addresses, and marriages and deaths that come to their knowledge. This sort of careful interest for school needs spells loyalty to those at the home base.

Lizzie C. Reed, 1864; Helena Wark, 1880; Rosa Lee Smith, 1881; Mary Maggs, 1882; Jessie Cate, 1883; Mary J. Moore, 1884; Alice Hutchins, 1885; Anna Davies (Mrs. Cummings), 1886; Mabel Mickley, 1887; Frederika Johnson, 1888; Ida Kennedy, 1889; Louise Wheeler, 1890; Helen West, 1891; Bessie Campbell, 1892; Minnie Parmelee, 1893; Mary Beckham (Mrs. Simpson) 1894; Emma Moore, 1895; Joy Louise Webster, 1896; Zabelle Mangasarian (Mrs. Hitchcock), 1897; Blanche Martin, 1898; Mary Merriam, 1899.

Some of the girls at present at Abbot whose relatives have been connected with the school in previous years are mentioned in the following list.

Barbara Baker — sister, Margaret, 1911; Charlotte Baldwin — grandmother Charlotte Sibley, 1867; Sarah Bodwell — aunt, Myra Bodwell, 1891; Dorothy Carr — mother, Lillian Franklin, †1896; Barbara Clay — aunt, Grace Clay, †1901, and great aunt, Mary Redington, 1874; Clara Cleveland — cousin, Elizabeth Bacon, †1917; Ruth Crossman — aunt, Marion Hall, 1895; Anne Darling — grandmother, Sarah Lane, 1865; Elizabeth Flagg — sister, Dorothea, 1920; Gertrude Franklin — sister, Irene, †1920; Barbara Goss — sister, Gertrude, †1917; Julia Guild — mother, Hattie Clark, 1883; Doris Holt — aunt, Elspeth Saunders, 1906; Emily Holt — mother, Hanna Greene, †1894,

and sister, Jane, 1919; Lydia Kunkel — sister, Mary, †1918; Elizabeth MacPherran — aunt, Caroline Sanders, 1892, and cousin, Caroline Wilkinson, †1920; Elizabeth McClellan — aunt, Jessy McClellan, †1883; Mary Mallory — cousin, Esther Hungerford, †1917; Eleanor Rose — mother, Amy Childs †1893; Catherine Sperry — aunt, Mary Sperry, 1900; Agnes Titcomb — cousin, Mary Cole, †1920; Alice Tower — aunts, Edith Carter, 1894; Jean Carter, †1887, May Carter, and cousin, Katherine Righter, †1918; Louise Van Dervoort — sister, Esther, †1916; Marianna Wilcox — mother, Glenna Crosley, 1894; Dorothy and Mary Williams — sister, Faith, 1918.

1841. In response to the invitation to the Birthday Luncheon of the Alumnae Association, a pleasant message was received from Mrs. Luther Sheldon Wightman of Lowell, now the senior alumna of the school, who is now ninety-seven years old, of clear mind and fair health for her age. It is indeed a matter for pride that Abbot Academy has an alumna of eighty years standing.

†1864. Miss Mary E. True, who has been actively connected with the Y. W. C. A. in Chicago as its treasurer for many years, acted as captain most successfully in the recent campaign.

1868. Jeannette Studley has a position in the New Haven Public Library.

1873 and 1882 have contributed 100% to the Loyalty Fund.

†1874. Mrs. Mary Ella Noyes Farr and Colonel Farr are in charge of the Soldiers' Home at Hot Springs, S. D.

†1876. Rev. and Mrs. Arthur W. Stanford (Jane Pearson) are spending a year in this country on furlough from their missionary work in Kobe, Japan. Mrs. Stanford gave an interesting talk about some representative Japanese girls at chapel one evening in the winter, and is hoping to come with her husband to Commencement and to find a good representation of the class for the reunion.

†1882. Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Miller (Lillian Wilcox) and E. Josephine Wilcox, †1881, spent several months in Europe returning in time to be present at the Abbot Club luncheon in February.

†1885. Mrs. Ruth Hatch Shiverick has recently made a delightful trip to California with her husband. She is the proud grandmother of a little girl, six months old.

†1886. Mr. and Mrs. Forrest F. Dryden (Grace Carleton) spent March and April, traveling. They have two grandchildren, born in November, Philip, son of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Dryden, and Barbara, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newcomb Baker.

1886. A memorial membership in the Alumnae Association has been given in honor of Grace Bailey Thompson, by her husband, Rev. James A. Thompson. The notice about joining came with the invitation to Commencement three weeks after her death. Her name will be included in the printed list of all the members of the fifty years. He speaks beautifully of her as "one of God's own children, — a most worthy representative of your school."

†1886. Mrs. George B. Vilas (Phebe Curtis) is now in California with her son George. She is spending some days with her classmate, Anne G. King, in Red Bluff.

†1887. Jean Jillson, who is a missionary in Brousa, Turkey, feels that our great way to help Turkey is to back the best education in America, so she has subscribed generously to the Loyalty Fund.

1888. Sophia Williams has been proprietor of a gift shop in Bronxville, N. Y., for ten years. She is serving as the first regent of the Anne Hutchinson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

†1889. Kathleen Jones finished her war service work with the American Library Association in November. She was in charge of the Dispatch Office in Boston, distributing books to ex-service men in New England hospitals, and putting books on boats of the United States Merchant Marine Service. During the spring she was organizing librarian at Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland, a work that especially appeals to her. She is now returning to Boston under appointment as general secretary of the Massachusetts Commission of Public Libraries.

†1895. Edith Pond Ferrando's husband is now Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the Spanish-speaking islands. He was formerly missionary in Porto Rico and now visits there occasionally to direct the work. Their address is 143 Briarcliffe Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

†1897. Frances Hinckley Quinby is moving to New Milford, Conn., where her husband is instructor at a boys' school.

1897. Grace Feeney is teaching in the school of salesmanship connected with a large department store in Newark, N. J. She has held similar positions at Macy's in New York and Slattery's in Boston. Girls who are faithful and ambitious are allowed, after a year in the store, to take a certain number of hours weekly in the school.

†1898. Ann Gilchrist Strong is director of Household Arts in Baroda, India. She writes as if that were a temporary position and gives as her permanent address the University of Atago, Dunedin, New Zealand.

†1899. The Boston Abbot Club reception to Mrs. May Young Cox brought about a reunion of the class, as five other members gathered in her honor and presided at the tea table. These were Mrs. Agnes Fogg Worthington of Brookline, Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson Thomas of Taunton, Mrs. Maboth Wolfenden Hill of Attleboro, Mrs. Elizabeth Paine Collins and Miss Catherine Sandford of New York City.

†1899. A bust by Bashka Paeff of Nancy, the little daughter of Governor and Mrs. Cox (May Young) was shown at the spring exhibition of the Boston Guild of Artists.

†1899. Catherine Sandford has been busily engaged this year in the recording department of the Red Cross Home Service. She is assistant manager for one of the six districts in New York.

1901. Helen Whittemore, who has been an army nurse since her return from overseas, has now entered the Public Health Service and has been stationed at a government hospital in Tacoma, Washington.

†1906. Marjorie Clark Bellows is doing excellent work with the deaf at the Speech Readers' Guild, 339 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, of which she is the publicity work and organization member.

†1910. Mira Wilson has been appointed to a position as teacher of Bible at Smith College. She has resigned her work as secretary of the College Christian Association and will take up her new duties next fall.

1911. Margaret Baker has been connected with the coöperative Book Shop at Wellesley for the past four years.

†1911. Frances Pray has been teaching this year at Hampton Institute. A long line of Abbot alumnae have preceded her in helpful service for that remarkable school, beginning with the first assistant principal, Miss Rebecca T. Bacon, class of 1837.

†1914. Mildred Horne is a kindergarten teacher in South Boston.

†1916. Agnes Grant has been studying this year in the Sargent School of Dramatic Expression in New York.

†1916. Marion Selden is staying in Madrid, Spain, another year.

1917. Word has been received of the marriage of Eloise Van Arsdale to Mr. L. Rex Babbitt. They are living at 3 Conewango Place, Warren, Pa.

†1918. Margaret Bailey Speer has been elected President of the Christian Association at Bryn Mawr for next year.

†1918. Katherine Pinckney is in Cartagena, Colombia, South America, where her husband is connected with an oil concern.

†1918. Dorothy Fairfield has been teaching this year in a district school in Gaylordsville, Ct.

†1918. Emmavail Luce has been elected President of Student Government at Wellesley College for next year.

†1919. Charlotte Copeland, Gretchen Brown and Dorothy Stibbs were bridesmaids at Ethel Bonney's wedding. Helen Wygant was also present.

†1919. Grace M. Kepner, who has been studying at the Curry School of Expression, read Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" at the Irving Studio, Boston, on the evening of May 11.

1919. Geraldine Murray has been studying this year at the University of California.

†1919. Martha Morse was taken in as one of the first five elected to Phi Kappa Psi, one of the two great literary societies at Smith.

†1920. Lucy Ford was obliged to give up her course at Connecticut College on account of serious trouble with her eyes, and is spending the spring term at Abbot studying organ with Mr. Ashton.

†1920. Following is an extract from a newspaper concerning Caroline Wilkinson's marriage:

"The bride presented a beautiful picture in her wedding gown of satin and Duchesse lace modeled from the one worn by her mother. The long wedding veil, bordered with the same lace which had been in the family for many years, worn coronet fashion, was touched here and there with real orange blossoms. Even the satin slippers had been worn by the bride's mother at her marriage.

"Mrs. Halliday is well known in Santa Monica, having attended and graduated from the Santa Monica High School. She later graduated from Abbot Academy at Andover, Mass., the school which her mother attended twenty-seven years ago. Part of the bride's instruction had been received from a member of the faculty who taught her mother."

†1920. Paula Miller plans to transfer from University of Michigan to Smith College.

Visitors

Mrs. Jane Pearson Stanford (†1876), Mrs. Mabel Boshier Scudder (†1894), Mrs. Hattie Clark Guild (1883), Mrs. Julie Sherman Tibbetts (†1918), Margaret L. Perry (1913), Helen Polk (†1920), Katherine Hamblet (†1920), Isabel Sutherland (†1920), Caroline R. Grimes (†1920), Marjorie Downs (†1920), Mildred Frost (†1919), Dorothy Stalker (†1918), Lucy Ford (†1920), Katherine Odell (†1916), Lillian Sword Rodriguez (†1916), Marion Brooks (†1915); Jean McClive (†1920), Dorothy May Williams (†1919), Mrs. Edith Dewey Jones (†1890), Mrs. Harriet Raymond Brosnan (†1886), Helen Hamblet (1913); Mrs. Anna Phillips Peyton (1896), Katherine McLaughlin (1913), Enid Bausch Patterson (1913); Sarah Jackson Smith (†1896), Elizabeth Wood (†1916); Beatrice Twiss Brown (†1909); Ruth Clark Searle (1913); Cornelia C. Newcomb (†1917); Frances K. Gere (†1917); Edith Adams (†1920), Charlotte Fleming (†1916), Mrs. Edith Johnston Bliss (†1900), Martha Grace Miller (†1918), Janet Gorton (†1909), Mrs. Mary Langley Gorton (†1878), Mrs. Marjorie Hills Allen (1908), Mrs. Helene Baldwin Burdick (†1897), Dorothy Taylor (†1908), Hildegard Gutterson Smith (†1914), Margaret Copeland (†1911), Charlotte Copeland (†1919), Ethel Shumway (1887), Mary Bourne Boutell (†1909), Grace Hatch (1910), Constance Parker Chipman (†1906), Norma Allen Haine (1913), Miss Runner, Miss Titcomb, Miss Emily Means, Margaret Baker (1911), Elizabeth Luce (†1919), Vivian Gowdy (†1920), Katherine Kinney (†1920), Helen Wygant (†1919).

Engagements

- 1909. Mildred B. Todd to Lieutenant Colonel J. Carleton Brown.
- †1916. Helen E. Warfield to Mr. Chesleigh Horton Briscoe.
- 1916. Barbara Ferguson to Mr. James Anthony Peirce, Brown 1919.
- †1917. Bernice Patterson Boutwell to Mr. Phillip Brown Parsons.
- †1918. Helen Wentworth French to Mr. Lucien Hynes Warner.
- †1918. Margaret Morris to Mr. William Henry Clausen, Jr., of Philadelphia
- †1918. Marion Fildew Hubbard to Mr. Dexter Hildreth Craig 2nd.
- †1919. Edith Elizabeth Wright to Mr. Harold Lucien Parr.
- †1919. Grace Murdock Francis to Mr. Lawrence Dean Jenkins.
- †1919. Dorothy B. Korst to Mr. Frank Caleb Blodgett.
- †1920. Dorothy Fisher to Mr. Charles Prince Forbush of Buffalo, New York.

Marriages

COLBY — FLETCHER. In Boston, March 27, 1921, Sarah Utter Fletcher to Mr. Miller Tibbets Colby.

†1893. MILES — NETTLETON. In New Haven, Conn., May 18, 1921, Anna Tucker Nettleton to Rev. Harry Roberts Miles, pastor of the Dwight Place Church, New Haven.

1912. TERPNING — BLACK. In Des Moines, Iowa, August 1, 1920, Katherine Margaret Black to Mr. Howard Rouse Terpning. Address 806 Seward Street, Evanston, Ill.

†1915. COLE — BARNARD. In Andover May 10, 1921, Marion Paradise Barnard, daughter of Mabel Paradise, 1888, to Mr. Arthur Whittier Cole. At home 16 High Street, Andover.

†1916. Invitations are out for the wedding on June 2nd of Marjorie Floyd Freeman and Dr. Edson Burr Heck of New York.

†1919. FABER — BONNEY. In Brookline, April 30, 1921, Ethel May Bonney to Mr. Lester Arthur Faber. Address 47 Flower City Park, Rochester, New York.

†1920. HALLIDAY — WILKINSON. In Santa Monica, Calif., March 30, 1921, Caroline Elizabeth Wilkinson to Mr. William Parker Halliday, Jr.

Births

1898. In Providence, R. I., March 8, 1921, a son, John Angus, to Mr. and Mrs. John Angus Kydd (Amy Stork).

†1906. In Middletown, N. Y., February 10, 1921, a son, Winthrop Wyatt, to Mr. and Mrs. Homer D. Carr (Persis Mackintire).

1907. On February 12, 1921, a son, Donald Mason, to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hollis Temple (Margaret B. Millett) of 52 Oakley Road, Belmont.

†1908. In April 1921, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Leary (Frances Skolfield) of Waban.

1909. January 10, 1921, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cryan (Gertrude Swanberg) of Newtonville.

1913. In Washington, D. C., a daughter, Anne Nevins, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Curtis (Janet Nevins).

†1916. March 9, 1921, a daughter, Mary, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Woodman (Josephine Walker) of Cambridge.

1917. July 10, 1919, a son, Thomas Baxter, to Mr. and Mrs. Leo Davis Wright (Mary Baxter) of Mansfield, O.

†1917. April 23, 1921, a daughter, Martha Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Dean French (Ruth Jackson).

†1917. In Bridgeport, Ct., March 16, 1921, a son, David Burr, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Raymond Smith (Esther Davis).

†1918. February 19, 1921, a son, Robert, to Mr. and Mrs. George Earle Stewart (Louise Stilwell).

Deaths

1851. In Castine, Me., February 18, 1921, Susan S. Crosby, wife of Alfred F. Adams.

1852. In Salem, November 30, 1919, Lydia F. Nichols, wife of the late Henry Harrington.

1855. In Waverley, March 20, 1921, Charlotte Osgood Bailey, of North Andover, for many years a teacher in Lynn and Chicago.

1856. In Brewster, April 12, 1921, Annette T. Cobb, wife of the late Freeman Cobb.

1860. In Newton Highlands, March 1, 1921, Sarah Stuart Newhall.

†1864. In Lawrence, June 5, 1919, Georgia Brooks, wife of the late Benjamin H. Butler.

1867. In Bridgeport, Ct., March 23, 1921, Mary E. McKean, wife of the late Isaac N. Andrews.

†1875. March 31, 1920, Sophia Warriner, wife of the late Moody Harrington.

†1875. In Georgetown, Texas, May 23, 1919, Sarah M. Taylor, wife of William S. Rix.

1883. In Amesbury, December 6, 1919, Harriet E. Mason, wife of Harland A. Sawyer.

1886. In Bridgewater, April 9, 1921, Grace T. Bailey, wife of Rev. James A. Thompson.

1892. Mary Eastman Abbott died suddenly in San Francisco, April 19, 1921. She came to school from St. Paul, Minn., in 1891. In 1893 she studied art in Munich. After her marriage to Mr. William Pratt Abbott they lived at Mansey, N. Y.

1906. In Wolfeboro, N. H., February 17, 1920, Mary Wentworth Hoyt, wife of Andrew Frank Doe, and daughter of Lydia Wentworth, 1872.

†1909. In Fair Haven, Mass., April 1921, Helen Whitten.

1913. In Lynn, January 23, 1921, Marguerite C. Hunt, wife of Seth W. Eames.

1920. In Tampa, Florida, January 25, 1921, Barbara Barker.

Abbot Academy Faculty

BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL

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NELLIE MARIA MASON

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RUTH STEPHENS BAKER, M.A.

French, German

MRS. MARIE LOUISE DE LA NIEPCE CRAIG

French

MRS. FLORENCE STELLE

French

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ALICE CURTISS SWEENEY, B.A.

English, History

HELEN DEARBORN BEAN, B.A.

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BERTHA EVERETT MORGAN

Vocal Expression

JOSEPH NICKERSON ASHTON, M.A.

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- MABEL ADAMS BENNETT
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- MARIE NICHOLS
Violin
- MRS. MILDRED GATES WHEELER
Violin
- MARY SNOW BLAIKIE
Violoncello
- MARION LOUISE POOKE, B.A.
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- ISAMAY TURNBULL RICHARDSON, B.A.
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- DOROTHY HOPKINS, B.S.
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- FLORENCE BUTTERFIELD
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- MRS. ESTELLE SMITH KIMBALL
Assistant to House Superintendent
- MARY BISHOP PUTNAM
Supervisor of Cottages
- CHARLOTTE E. JOHNSON, R.N.
Resident Nurse
- JANE BRODIE CARPENTER, M.A.
Keeper of Alumnae Records

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Mr. Charles W. Oliphant
Dean Brown
Mr. Robert E. Speer
Mrs. Susan Huntington Vernon
Mr. Malcolm E. Peabody
Mr. E. Victor Bigelow
Mr. C. W. Henry
Mr. Arthur S. Wheelock
Miss Margaret Slattery
Mr. Fitzroy Carrington
Miss Mabel G. Curtiss

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- Letz String Quartet
Miss Marie Nichols

Odeon

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<i>Leader</i>	RUTH CROSSMAN
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Mandolin Club

<i>Leader</i>	JESSAMINE RUGG
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Calendar

1921

January 5 Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.
January 6, Thursday, 9 a.m.
January 29, Saturday
January 31, Monday
March 24, Thursday, 12 m.

Winter term begins
First semester ends
Second semester begins
Winter term ends

Spring Vacation

April 6, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.
April 7, Thursday 9 a.m.
June 7, Tuesday

Spring term begins
School year ends

September 21, Day Students register at 9 a.m.
Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

September 22, Thursday, 9 a.m.
November 24, Thursday
December 15, Thursday, 12 m.

Fall term begins
Thanksgiving Day
Fall term ends



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The Abbot Courant

January, 1922

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1922

JANUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO

THE
ABBOT COURANT

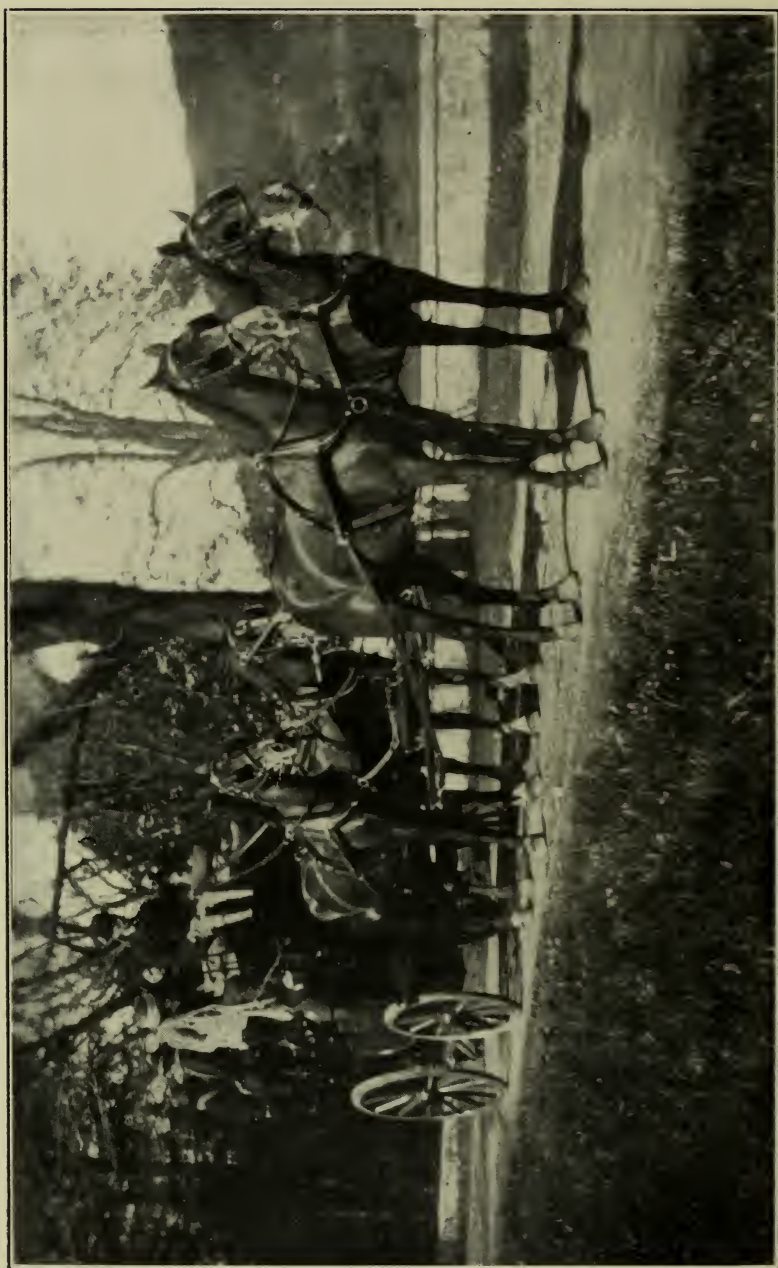
VOLUME XLVIII., No. 1

ANDOVER, MASS.
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1922

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 All communications made to the Business Editors will be promptly attended to.



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THE ABBOT COURANT

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Vol. XLVIII

JANUARY, 1922

No. 1

An Unknown Soldier

[Not one, but one of many thousands]

He lay shattered and torn, staring unseeing over No Man's Land, an oozy swamp lit by tipsy rockets — a son, a father, what does it matter? With dawn would come the stretcher bearers, those vigilantes of that pathless hell between the lines, seeking ever some sign of life in the ghastly, gleaming faces mutely turned to high heaven. Oh, if they might only find this battle-scarred defender of humanity! There would be cool sheets, red crosses, strong hands and tender. What was that before him in the water? an arm? God, would this torment never cease! Nerves? Bah! A fog would help. Curse it all, Jack must have gone with the rest. Is that light in the East? Oh, for some water. Up from the desolation, up to meet the dawn, God's pure angels brought another soul.

Somewhere a candle gleamed bravely through white curtains, somewhere prayers from an overburdened heart mingled nightly with the stars, somewhere brave eyes rose to greet each new day, and somewhere the awful word "missing" left a broken heart to carry on.

Emily Van Patten, 1923.

The Unknown Soldier

A Challenge

I gave my life, that you might live.
It's your turn now. What will you give?
You promised me you'd see me through.
Well, I'm through now. It's up to you.

And thousands lie, like me, asleep.
Asleep? No, constant watch we keep!
How can we sleep unless we know
That you will face your present foe
And make our awful wars to cease.
Then only can we sleep in peace!

We fought for you and now we rest.
Rest? No! Although we gave our best,
How can we rest, until you prove
To us, who died, that your next move
Will make our awful wars to cease.
Then only can we rest in peace.

We gave our lives that you might live.
It's your turn now. What will you give?
You promised us you'd see us through.
Well, we're through now. It's up to you.

Ruth Holmes, 1923.

The Strange Red House in the Hills of Khan

Once upon a time there lived a man whose name was Loro. He lived in a country far across the sea. One day he had a message from his uncle to come and visit him, as he was dying. So Loro set out for the country house, eighty miles away, where his uncle Pollus lived.

Loro found Pollus at the point of death. He lay in a huge four poster bed hung with red, his favorite color. The pallid face against the red pillow seemed whiter by contrast, and the blue veins on his forehead stood out clearly like pale, traced lines on a Chinese vase.

With a barely perceptible motion of his slender jewelled hand, Pollus waved the attendants out of the room and pointed Loro to a low seat by the bed.

Then he spoke, "Loro, my nephew, since you and I are the only ones left of a long line, I have sent for you to come to my funeral. But before I leave you I have a last parting gift for you. This castle and my money go to the poor, but to you goes a gold ring and my house up in the Hills of Khan. The ring is a powerful wishing ring. If you wish for something you have only to wait three minutes before it is fulfilled, but your wish once made is irrevocable. Your wishes are limited, for you have no power to restore life. My only condition is that you live in my house in the Hills of Khan for seven years, and that you wear red always, in remembrance of me." So saying, he took from his finger a slender gold ring set with a strange seal in the shape of a snake wound round a human heart and handed it to Loro. Then he closed his eyes, and when the attendants appeared, he was dead.

As soon as the funeral was over, Loro moved out to his uncle's house in the Hills of Khan. The house was a structure of curious red stone that shone like a great eye from its background of black rocks. Behind the house stretched great black crags and quarries where were the tombs of the ancient dead. These black tombs covered the hills for miles around the house; and it was a dreary country of tombs and rocks with only the red house standing alone in all this desolate waste.

For a while everything was very pleasant. Loro wore red as his uncle had commanded, and used his wishing ring every day. He wished for gold and jewels and riches, and soon had a king's ransom stored in the cellar of the strange red house.

But at last the gloom of the black tombs in the Hills of Khan made him long for society. He asked a quantity of his friends to come and stay with him. Twenty guests arrived, and splendid preparations were on foot for feasts and balls.

But after they had spent one night there, the guests all refused to stay any longer. The strange place terrified them. All Loro's pleas were in vain. He decided finally that he would leave the red house in the Hills of Khan and go back into the world again, even though the seven years had only begun.

The company started out, but at the boundary between the hills and the plain beyond, which was formed by a river, Loro found that he could go no farther. The guests were able to cross safely, but something invisible drew him back.

Cursing fate, he was forced to return to the red house beside the black tombs. His servants refused to stay with him, and he was all alone.

One day, as he sat in the lonely garden, Loro suddenly cried out, "I wish I had a wife to keep me company!" Within three minutes appeared a bride and a wedding party, and the pair were married at once.

After a week's merrymaking the guests departed leaving Loro and his wife alone. She was called the Lady Carmemnon, and was a strange woman. Her hair was black as the tombs, and her eyes were dark like twin pools of inky blackness. She wore robes of crimson silk, and was very lovely.

"Why did you wish for me?" she demanded.

"Because I am so lonely," he replied. "There seems to be a curse on this place, and I cannot keep any companions with me."

"Ah, that is your fate," and she smiled sadly. "And know you that I have a red lock in my hair now, and every day one more lock will turn red until I have no more black locks; then I shall die, so you cannot keep me long. No, wishing cannot save me, for it is written that because you have the wishing ring you still

may not have true happiness for happiness lies not in wealth but in contentment."

The days passed, and for awhile Loro and Carmemnon were very happy together. But every day one lock of his wife's hair grew red until at last only one black lock was left, and Carmemnon knew she must die the next day.

Loro wished for nothing but his wife's recovery, but all in vain, for she died at twilight in the strange red house.

Slowly the days passed, and Loro knew that the seven years must be nearly over when he could leave the accursed house in the Hills of Khan.

One night as he sat by the red rosebush that his wife had planted before she died, in the bare, stony garden he felt gloomier than ever before. Three days more, and he could be free. The horror of those black tombs and the red house like a flaming eye that looked right through him was creeping gradually through his soul, and he knew he was going mad.

Oh the awful desolation of the tombs of the ancient dead with only the strange red house standing alone! Rocks and death, death and rocks everywhere.

Suddenly Loro rose up with a cry, "I wish I were dead and could lie in a black tomb in the Hills of Khan!"

A strong wind blowing from eternity rushed past him, and a flash of red lightning lit for a moment a vision of a never ending future in the tombs. Then everlasting blackness swept down — and the wish came true.

Katharine Gage, 1922

The Barberry Bush

Brilliant berries are gleaming
From out the drifted snow,
They shine from spiked branches
On bushes huddled low.
The barberry bush doth flaunt its red
Though all the north winds blow.

Like stains on fair white linen
Spilt in Yuletide pledges,
Like winking crimson candles
Borne by little pages,
The scarlet coloured berries
Glow from the hoary hedges.

Harriet Simpson, 1922

The Sentinel

Yes, I am the lonely sentinel, the only tree on the ridge.
Many a sunrise has brightened my limbs, awakening the birds,
huddled in their nests among my branches, calling them to song.
Many a scorching noon has found a weary stranger resting at
my feet, in my cooling shade. Many an artist has painted me,
for I am tall and beautiful. My stately shape outlined against
a brilliant sky is a picture well worth painting. Many an evening
has found me glowing golden in the rays of the sinking sun.
Many a night has found me watching beneath the twinkling
stars, black against a deep blue sky. Day and night, year in
and year out, I stand the sentinel on the ridge.

Mary Catherine Swartwood, 1923

Her Winged Victory

"Go on and take another piece of chicken, Sally. One more won't make you too fat." Emmy Lee persuasively passed the plate of chicken to her fairhaired, near-plump chum.

"Hum-um," replied Sally determinedly, although her eye kept casting hungry glances at a crispy brown wing fairly flying off the plate toward her.

"I know you want that wing. You're pert' near as bad as Miss Letitia Carey!" The girls both laughed.

"The poor old thing," Sally sighed. "Imagine all your life eating nothing but the bony part of the wing, so you could have the man you wanted. Do you suppose he'll ever come, after all?"

"She still expects him. It's right pitiful when you think of a woman forty-four years old and getting homelier every day, still having all the hope she has."

"Golly, I hope I never get like her. Wouldn't it be awful?"

"Well, it's not very likely that you ever will, honey-girl," smiled Emmy Lee, as her eye fell upon the S. A. E. pin right over Sally's heart. "Heavens! it's twenty minutes to two! And I was supposed to get a marcel at one-thirty. A long ride surely does make you mighty hungry."

"Oh you don't need a wave yet, Emmy," yawned Sally.

"Oh, I do. C'mon, we'll have time to make it. The car's out in the driveway."

It was dusk; the sun had gone to sleep down behind the river, and the stars were almost ready to get up.

Miss Letitia took one last loving look at a faded little pink rose, and tenderly put it back in its envelope, and that into her left-hand, top bureau drawer. It was a grey envelope, scented faintly with violet. It looked as if it had been touched often.

Miss Letitia's eyes — lovely, dark-blue-eyes, the one pretty part of her — held a few tears. She didn't cry very often, and couldn't imagine why she should this evening. For, every night for twenty-two years, she had gone through the same bit of ceremony — of kissing the little rose.

Jack Barrington had pinned it in her hair that June night when he went away. It had been such a young, beautiful flower, then; and now — it had lost its bloom. Ah — it was because she was forty-four today, and the years were passing, for her, too.

Yet, she knew he'd come back sometime. Hadn't he said, "Letty, dear, I must go. I cannot tell you why, but some day you will know. Some day I will come back to you, my love." She remembered it so clearly — and whether he said it, or not, makes no difference, really.

She had always loved Jack Barrington. She never could see through the plots of her scheming mother always to arrange that Jack should bring her home from parties, so she'd appear popular. And she always would love him because she knew he loved her and his heart was breaking because he could not come back to her, yet. Sometime, things would come out well, for — the — BONY PART OF THE CHICKEN WING! Miss Letitia hardly admitted it to herself, and always kept the reason of her whim a mystery to others — as if no one else knew about the charm.

Miss Letitia heard the front door-bell ring, quite loudly. She went scurrying down the front stairs, wiping the last vestige of tears from her eyes, and saying to herself — "That Jimmy Jones! Why can't he ever learn to use the side door." Jimmy Jones was the boy that brought up the evening mail.

Miss Letitia opened the big door. She had her thin, firm mouth all ready to reprove.

"Good evening."

A tall, well-built, middle-aged gentleman stood in the doorway. His hat was in his hand, and by his gallant smile as well as by his low, even voice, Miss Letitia knew him.

"Jack," she murmured. "You've come. You've come! Jack — oh, won't you come in the house?"

A look of terror shone in the man's eyes for a moment. How could he have not recognized this old homestead he'd tried for twenty years to keep away from? And Letitia — good God! yes, it was undoubtedly she, — the same stiff figure and high voice. But how could he tell the poor old thing that all he wanted was to use her telephone to call a garage, and get

help for his car that had had a puncture out in front. Cursed fate! So he put on his warmest smile and decided to make up some big tale.

"Letty, my dear, I have come back, because — because I could not stand the separation any longer."

They were entering the long, dim parlor now. Miss Letitia switched on the lights.

"Oh — just the same old place, isn't it? and just the same old you!" he cried enthusiastically. Let it be granted he was sincere in this.

Miss Letitia seated herself on the settee by the window, with her hands folded primly in her lap, and her eyes downcast. She was waiting.

"A-hem," Mr. Barrington sat down beside her with a smile something like that of a mischievous little boy. "Letty, it is wonderful to be back here. But how are you, my dear — and how is — a-hem, your mother? And your father — does he love to hunt like he used to? They're growing old together, I suppose?"

Miss Letitia's face had shadowed.

"No, John. Father died soon after you went away, and — and mother left me ten years ago. I've been alone ever since."

Mr. Barrington suddenly realized that he was sitting next to a lady with a hundred thousand dollars or more, all her own. Twenty years ago, even that had not attracted him, but now. Ten thousand dollars by next week would save him. However, all this time he was sympathizing with the lady.

"Oh, Letty! how lonely you must have been without them. And I've been lonely too. These years in which I've worked hard and had very little pleasure" — he glanced surreptitiously toward Miss Letitia's lowered eyelids, smiled and went on — "the thought of you has — Letty — do you love me still?"

She looked up timidly. Ah — here was the moment she had prayed for, for so long.

She could say nothing. She only fell over on his shoulder, and a thrill went through her body, that one would have thought unthrillable.

Her lover was suddenly panic-stricken; he could not take her

in his arms — this old maid he had avoided all his life. But he knew he had to.

"My Letty," he choked. "When shall we be married?"

"Oh, any time you say, John," she chirped.

"Tomorrow?"

Miss Letitia sat up straight and put on the air of the charming engaged girl, rushed for time. "Oh, no! I haven't my clothes!"

"Oh, but dear — all the Paris creations in the world couldn't make me love you more."

"John!" Miss Letitia almost cooed. He was all that a fiancé should be.

"Please, Letty, say day after tomorrow?"

She could not resist — "Yes, John."

"Dear! What a lucky man I am — for you to still be true. You are different from all other women."

Blushing, she replied — "And you are different from all other men!"

"Yes — I suppose I am rather more damned than the rest," he said to himself — but he bent over and kissed her hard cheek.

"Sally! Sally!" Emmy was terribly excited as she ran up the steps.

"What on earth is the matter?"

"Let me tell you what's happened. Miss Letitia Carey and Mr. Jack Barrington are going to be married tomorrow morning!"

"What!!" Sally dropped a stitch on her brown sweater, and appeared to be expecting to drop dead.

"Yes! Last night he came back from Chicago or wherever he's been for about fifty years, and — and they're going to get married!"

"Oh — how could he? Think of the wonderful women he must have known out in the world, and why they'll never be congenial together."

"That's just it. He's probably sown all the wild oats he had, and now doesn't care what he marries if he thinks he can get all her money. And, listen! don't tell this, for it would spoil everything. You know, Daddy knows all about the Carey family affairs, and just now he said that there was a particular

clause in Colonel Carey's will, saying that at his wife's death his daughter gets all the fortune — *only* as long as she remains *unmarried*. If she marries, the money goes to the town!"

"Oh — how awful! Poor Mr. Barrington. But it serves him right anyhow, doesn't it?"

"And the funny part is — Daddy says he has lost practically everything in rotten investments. They'll hardly have a cent, and yet Miss Letitia will be perfectly happy!"

"Just think, Emmy — her dreams have come true!"

"Let's go over and see her — and see what she says."

"Let's do. Emmy! Let's ask her over to luncheon and see if she eats any chicken!"

Susana Jane Wellborn, 1922

[Written for Odeon]

Old furniture

Above a small, remote, antique shop there is a dingy, dusty, storeroom filled with old wormeaten furniture. Old desks, gatelegged tables, highboys, Windsor chairs and heavy sideboards are all together in comfortable confusion.

And what memories these old relics could bring forth, if allowed to speak. Here is a highboy, deprived of its top, which could call back the days when home-made linens, sweet and fresh, were laid in its drawers; and tell of how its top went to make a low chest of drawers to retrieve the family fortunes, since the family could not bear to part with all of it. Here, a quaint chair, with its little design painted on the back, could tell us many a tale of Colonial tea parties, and of how the simple country cousin came to tea, and drank seventeen cups of tea before his hostess realized it and informed him of the custom of placing his spoon across his cup when he didn't want any more. What a merry laugh there had been! And hadn't that same cousin proposed to the hostess' daughter as she sat in the old chair, alternately blushing and paling? And hadn't the bride sat in it at the wedding feast, and risen from it to cut the wedding cake?

This old desk has witnessed many struggles, from a school-boy's woes over his arithmetic to his despair as a man at failing fortunes.

It was in the secret drawer between the Corinthian columns that the deed for many broad acres was found, which changed the man's despair to joy as he sat, eagerly reading the yellowed paper. From this sideboard, black with age and disuse the British soldiers pilfered the Hall family plate during the Revolution. On this little gatelegged table many a game of chess was groaned and rejoiced over. And on this same little table was played a game of piqué which resulted in a duel and a man's fighting for his honor.

So the old pieces of furniture creak out their tales of long gone love and sorrow, and subside into silence, as darkness falls on them and they gradually fade into the night.

Juliet Haskell, 1922

My Mother

A dear sweet face,
And hair of gray,
A loving smile,
The tenderest way —
My Mother.

Eyes of deep brown,
Understanding heart,
Ready 'gainst all
To take any part —
My Mother.

Careless of self,
So dear and good,
Half of her love is
Ne'er understood—
My Mother.

Elizabeth MacPherran, 1922

The Arabella Picture

My first impression of this life was a bitter and enduring hatred of the name Arabella — my own. It was not my exclusive property, however, but had descended onto my shoulders from the thin and angular ones of my great aunt, and before that, it had belonged to her grandmother, whose picture hung in Aunt Arabella's drawing room.

I hated that picture, too, and when I called with Mother, I have vivid recollections of staring at it, and wondering how that particular head came to be on those particular shoulders, for they didn't suit each other at all. I called it the "Arabella picture," and considered that that brought on it the odium it deserved.

When I was about twelve Antique died. I always called her "Antique," although no disrespect was intended — I had simply connected the word with her when I first heard it, and the name stuck.

As I was her namesake and only heir it was expected that she would leave me her house and money. Nothing of the kind occurred. She gave everything of hers to a home for aged women. No, not everything, either, for she left to me the misfit "Arabella picture." Why had she cursed me with the awful object? I could not get rid of it, as it was a bequest and a family heirloom, besides.

It was taken home and made life miserable for me. Everywhere I looked, the vapid smile and staring eyes confronted me.

Having read stories of hidden treasure in picture frames, I searched carefully for any sign of such cleverness, but found nothing.

The years passed, but not my loathing for the legacy. At last, we were going to move North, for all this had transpired in Virginia. As we packed our furniture, I was conscious of a secret fervent prayer that the picture would meet its Waterloo on the trip, and the problem be removed forever.

We reached our Northern home and began the wearing process of moving in. The monstrosity did not arrive in the first van, nor in the second, and I had almost begun to hope, when the third arrived, The first thing unloaded was the "Arabella

picture." My immediate desire was to turn and run. But — crash!

Could they have torn the canvas? I felt that my only hope for future happiness depended on that. How slow they were in picking it up! Would they never come and tell me! Finally they coaxed their slow legs into pulling them up the steps and into the hall where I stood.

"I'm afraid your picture's some hurt, ma'am," one of the men said, as he awkwardly set it down.

My heart bounded, but I felt it was tempting Providence to appear glad so early in the game. Maybe it could be fixed! So I said nothing.

"It's tore sort of loose and funny up here at the top," he went on, "but maybe that's only the coverin'. This under part don't seem hurt."

Covering? What was he saying? The picture was as little protected as I could make compatible with my conscience. I looked, and sure enough, the whole face and neck were loose and hanging down in an absurd drooping manner, but underneath, was the most lovely head I have ever seen; the one which really belonged to the shoulders. The foolish, insipid face was painted on another piece of canvas and skilfully fastened over the original, and on the wrong side of it was a short paragraph:—

"This is the portrait of my wife, Arabella Ainwright, by Romney. I cover it with this ugly over canvas, because I go to fight against Britain, for freedom, and fear that it may fall into the hands of the enemy during my absence."

Jonathan Ainwright, Col.

September 19, 1776.

My poor grandfather! His absence was longer than he expected. He never saw wife or portrait again.

My gratitude to that moving company is boundless. I have recommended it everywhere. As for the Romney, it has the place of honor in our living room, and I am even beginning to like my name.

Susanne Root, 1922

The Doctor's Medicine Case

Have you ever been fascinated by the rows of tiny vials filled with pills — all shapes, sizes and colors — which line the doctor's medicine case? Have you ever watched with faster heartbeat and quickened pulse, little brown pills carefully rolled into an envelope, and magic words written on the outside?

If you never have — and possibly you are a Christian Scientist — you have probably never played "Doctor," as a child. You have probably never scoured the house for tiny medicine bottles or betaken yourself and all the pennies you could persuade "Ye Olde Pinke Pigge" to give up, to the drug store, and squandered the religiously saved coppers on two or three five cent bottles of lilac, lily of the valley or rose, highly scented water. You have probably never raced home, sprinkled the contents on Mother's best rugs and curtains, filled the bottles with anything and everything from mud solution to celery seed, carefully placed them in their soft compartments where Mother had once kept her best spoons, and made your "minutely" calls.

You have probably never mixed a pepper solution which, after repeated doses every minute, cured Sally-Ann's bronchial cough inside of fifteen. You have probably never cured Eliza-Jane's throbbing headache by administering half a dozen split peas, nor have you relieved Minerva of agonizing pain by forcing down her never-to-be-parted lips a spoonful of vinegar.

But then, possibly — though not probably — you were a proud possessor of a particularly healthy species of sawdust family.

Ruth Holmes, 1923

The flame

The candle flickered. The moth beat its wings tremulously and retreated.

In the mirror over the mantel there was reflected a beautiful face, the face of Elizabeth Mereton, exquisitely wrought, perfect in its delicate detail. Just now an infinitesimal frown marred the marble smoothness of her forehead, but her eyes were as impassible, as doll-like as ever. One small dainty hand readjusted a patch on her chin. The other rested lightly on the mantel and let the diamonds there wink scintillatingly at the candles on the walls. About her lurked a subtle perfume, from the uppermost wave of her heavily powdered hair sliding down the sea green satin of her gown to her miniature high-heeled slippers.

It was in the age of port-wine and walnuts and it was the day of the great ball in the Mereton's town house. Down the narrow, dark streets came the brilliant coaches, rolling from the houses of London's most fashionable society. Dark liveried lackeys opened the splendid doors and pompous butlers decorated with numberless buttons, announced the guests.

My Lord and Lady Mereton were receiving in the drawing-rooms in an atmosphere of flattered beauties, flowing wit, pleasant froth. Under the veneer of graciousness on my lady's face, ran the disturbing thought of Elizabeth. Where was she? What was she doing? Why was she not in her place.

"His grace, the Earl of Winster and the Duc de Mantille." The butler bowed low. Heads turned, voices exclaimed, as Winster entered with his handsome companion. Powdered, ruffled, elegant, he was indeed a striking figure and Elizabeth noted this well from a crack in her door.

Five minutes later the door swung open, and Elizabeth stepped out, the cynosure of all eyes, and, as she hoped, to the young French noble, the center of boundless curiosity. She knew and too well that the way to keep curiosity alive is not to satisfy it, for once satisfied it turns to other objects. Therefore she did not as much as essay to pass Winster and his attractive friend. If she failed to do so others did not, but she was gaining

for the end. Mantille, interested in her from her entrance, had plied his friend ever since for an introduction but slyly she had evaded them. Now she was seated with a beau in an outside gallery on the opposite side of the hall. He was Rand Rathborn, a young man wealthy enough, but without a title. His love for Elizabeth was passionate, deep, worshipful; and in her way Elizabeth returned it. But the fact that he was not noble always repelled her.

"Bess," he said tremulously, laying his hand over hers. "You know you do love me, and when we love — what does a mere prefix to one's name count for?"

The gentle breeze, the glimmering moon enchanted her; she moved, a warm, glorious creature, nearer — nearer. "It doesn't matter, Rand," she murmured softly.

"May I have the honor of presenting the Duc de Mantille to Mistress Elizabeth Mereton?"

Elizabeth started, snatched her hand from Rathborn's and turning to the new arrivals; she smiled triumphantly and courtseyed deeply. She turned her back quietly on Rand and with her shallow nature influenced only by the insipid moonlight she started to preen herself fully before her latest admirer.

It was two months later and it was before the same mirror in the side room that Elizabeth again rearranged a patch. She had changed; her efforts to "catch" the Duc de Mantille had given her a hard, calculating look which the powder box could ill cover over. But tonight the light of exultance shone in her eyes. Tonight was the night when Mantille would ask her to become his bride — or he never would. Day after day she had endeavored to fascinate him; her wit and beauty she flaunted before him, and at times half-crazed him with the looks she was wont to give him. And now, the moment had come! He was hers!

A lackey appeared at the door and bowing low handed her a note on a silver salver. From him, no doubt, expressing again in words what she was to him! The pride of conquest spread over her face as she broke the seal; but as she read the look changed to terror, tainted with rage. Wild-eyed she dropped

the letter. What did it all mean? Her very lips were grey as she re-read Winster's note. How could it be that Mantille was an imposter? That he was in prison? But so it read, and Winster was no liar.

How long she sat there she knew not. Then her thoughts turned to Rand Rathborn. At least she had him, he would understand. Suddenly she realized she loved him, that he was a very vital part of her future happiness. There was no time to lose, she must find him at once and he must never know what she had been through.

Rising steadily she went to the mirror and gazed searchingly therein. As she raised her white hand to adjust an equally white lock of hair her eyes struck something which made her recoil. Trembling, she turned to verify the reflection and grew haggard and weak at the sight. There, on an outside balcony on the opposite side of the hall was Rand Rathborn, and in his arms a slender figure in pink taffeta.

The candle flickered. The moth beat its wings tremulously and burned.

Ruth Bond Hill, 1922

At Dawn

At dawn I lie on the bank and dream
Of the land where I belong,
Of the brown and winding river's gleam
And the blueclad fisherman's song.

I see a narrow, crooked street
Within a city wall,
Where wreaths of incense smell so sweet,
And hurrying venders call.

I see a temple old, at night,
With shadows dim and cool.
The glimmering of a lantern light
Falls on a still, green pool.

A temple bell rings in deep bronze tone
Disturbing the still night airs.
An ancient priest goes in alone,
To mumble sleepy prayers.

Then I see the misty lake
And morning shadows grey;
My web of dreams doth slowly wake
And I find I am far away.

Katherine Gage, 1922

Elzinah's Story

"Lily, has yo'all heard what done happen? Lawsy, it's terriblest thing I evah heahed tell of." Fat old Mandy sank down on the steps of the back porch.

Lily May who was ironing, slapped her iron down regardlessly on Mis' Sally Clayton's frilly organdy blouse, and looked up with big, startled eyes. "What yo'all mean, Mandy?"

"Aw — I do so hate to tell yuh, chile. Lawdy, heah come Elzinah hu'self. Wait till she get heah."

Up the sandy walk was coming a slim colored girl, her eyes looking mournfully ahead of her. The two women on the little porch watched her intently, with curiosity on the part of Lily May, and knowing sympathy shining in the older woman's eyes. The girl walked up and sat down on the steps, her head in her hands.

"Elzinah, chile, tell us de particulahs," persuaded Mandy.

"Hurry up, Ziney, fo' de Lawd's sake, tell me what done happen," urged Lily as she flopped down on the bottom step.

The newcomer looked up with her eyes swimming in tears; after wiping them on a corner of her blue check apron, and waiting a little to speak, she said in a slow voice, "I dunno how I can tell yuh,—it all seem so horrible; but, well, you know, las' night the white folk had a picnic suppah up at de Faily's camp. Lawdy, dem gals did look pretties' I evah did see 'em, an, Miss Mary Lola Terry was de pop'larest young lady dar —"

"What'd she have on?" demanded Lily May, who had professional acquaintance with the wardrobes of her élite customers.

"The lovelies' jade green sporty suit I evah see, an' the boys jes' natchelly follah her around — oh, Lawdy!" moaned Ziney.

"I don't spec she will evah have that washed, do you?" mused Lily regretfully. "But Lawd, gal, I don't see nothin' sad about it." She looked up at her friend in reproachful scorn.

"Well, jes' wait — I ain't tellin' you the climbax befo' the particulahs," explained Elzinah, and continued, "Well, ev'ry-body had done swum a lot and the water was fast gettin' empty, an' et a lot an' was feeling pretty good — Mandy, yo' biscuit tas' jes' as well liked as usual."

Mandy nodded her old head in perfect agreement.

"Well, an' de moon was a-comin' up out'n de watah,—big, jes' a ovah-growed fried egg; an' de young fellahs were twangin' on their mandolins, an' makin' lots of love to Miss Mary Lola an' some of the othah cutes' gals. Everybody was havin' a good time. An' I was talkin' to Jake while he was fixin' a puncture on the King's cah, when all of a sudden I heah Mis' Allerton call ovah to me, say, 'Elzinah, come heah a minute, will you please?' An' I goes, an' she say, 'I think you bettah go fin' Baby Lee an' take her back home, 'cause it's gettin' late for her to be up; dat is, if you can get her away.'

"So I look around, an' pretty soon I fin' her ovah with Miss Mary Lola, an' Miss Caroline Corlett, an' Mistah Jim S. Lambert, an' lots o' young folks foolin' with her, an' her havin' the time o' her life. She was so cute—oh, Lawdy, in her little pink organdie dress—Oh!" Ziney had to resort to her blue check apron again, for her tears flowed afresh at this point.

"Go on, you fool—tell me what done happen so turrible."

"Hush, Lily," remonstrated Mandy. "Let her tell it gradual, de po' chile."

"An' so, when I try to get Lil' Miss Baby Lee to come 'long wid me home, she start to cry like, an' say she don't wanta leave. 'Elzinah, you bettah go on home, but I've got to stay with Bobby all the time,' an' the cute lil' chile done throw her arms 'round Mistah Robert Clement's neck—she was standin' on de fendah of his cah—an' Lawdy, I jes' didn't know what to do.

"Then Miss Caroline, she jump up an' say, 'Bobby, we'll take huh home, won't we? 'Cause I don't want huh to go, eithah; we'll be awful lonesome de rest of de night without huh.'

"Ah say we will,' Mistah Bobby laugh as he jump her in the front seat between him an' Miss Caroline; an' two othah young couples hop in de back seat. 'Elzinah,' he say to me, 'Go tell her mothah, an' if she say yes, jes' nod yo' head.'

"So I done go ask Mis' Allerton, an' she say she guess so, an' I could drive the pony-cart home alone; an' she went on talkin' an' laughin' with Mistah Chisley an' de Darbys an' all of 'em.

"I was glad den, 'cause I loves fo' lil' Baby Lee to git what

she wants. An' as de cah shove oft, Mistah Allerton who was standin' smokin' with Mistah Marshall neah dar, yell aftah dat cah wid his baby chile in it, 'Don't drive too fast,' which was his joke, 'cause he always do it hisself.

"Oh, Lawdy, an' I was sittin' dar talkin' to Jake agin', 'bout half hour later, talkin' an' laughin' fit to kill, when a man rush up on a hoss, an' jump off an' yell fo' Mistah Allerton; he was all het up an' excited like, he say somepin' right low to Mistah Allerton, while everybody stand around a-catchin' their bref. An' de po' man when he heered it, he look lak a ghos' in de moonlight; an' he say undah his bref, 'Ma God, — oh, Lucy!' an' he turn to his wife, who was standin' with arms outstretch.

"Lawdy, he done tell her, while Ham Klew, de farmah on de hoss, done tell all de res' of ever-body.

"'n it was all lak dis, he say, he heered a big crash lak two thund'ahs meetin' each othah, an' screams terrible soundin', an' he rush out o' his house; an' theah neah the crossin' where the traction meet the road, was what had once been Mistah Bobby's big, red, Mawmon, an' a coupl'a feet away was him hisself moanin', an' ovah by the ditch was Miss Mary Lola, huh pretty face all cut up so's you couldn't see who 'twas, except by huh dress, an', an' — she was dead. An' Miss Caroline was mos' breavin' her las', an' de las' words she say was, 'Tell Mothah not to blame Bobby, 'cause, 'cause,' an' den, Oh Lawd, she die! An' all the res' was thataway or dyin' soon; an', an'," — her voice broke, but she lifted her tear-stained black face and went on — "Dey couldn't fin' Baby Lee, until when de traction men, all sad an' sorry lak, dey was, done help 'em, an' oh, dey done fin' her pin' undahneath dat burnin'cah!

"Ah' now, po' Mistah Bobby is pert' nigh goin' crazy, 'cause he's the onliest one that wasn't kilt; an' he keeps sayin' ovah an' ovah in his delerious dat he pray to God he might die an' go to heaven, an' see Baby Lee an' Miss Caroline, even though he was wicked an' didn't deserve to go up theah.

"But, oh dat po' boy couldn't help it; dat road is a reg'lar hell-pit, 'cause de bushes growin' up all 'round was in his way, an' him a-playin' an' a-laughin' with Baby Lee, he couldn't a-heered the traction comin'.

"Oh, deah Lawd, I hopes yo' fo'give Mistah Bobby, an' make all dem sad white-folks comforted, 'cause it's a turrible mournin' in this heah town. Oh, ma po' little Baby Lee!"

The girl sat motionless, with her cheeks cupped in her hands, her kindly black face streaming with tears.

And Mandy and Lily May were sobbing softly, their faithful souls feeling deeply for their heartbroken white-folks.

But still the August morning breeze fluttered lightly through the little vine covered porch.

Susanna Jane Wellborn, 1922

[Written for Odeon]

W'en Santa Claus Gotta Da Raise

Say, w'ata you t'eenka? I gotta da raise!

I gotta da raise from da boss!

I aska for deesa for so many days —

So moocha da' Chreestmas t'eengs cos'!

An' w'at weel I getta weet dees extra mon'?

Some t'eeng for my selfa? Oh, no!

I gotta da wife, an' my keeds wanta fun,

An' dat's w'ere my raise, eet weel go.

I buya da brighta red scarf for my wife.

Carlotta weel getta da ring.

An' Jacque? Let me t'eenk. Oh, I get heem da knife.

Da baby? Oh some leetle t'eeng.

An' den I haf tol' dem, if dey all be good,

Dat Santa weel come een da night

An' leave on da table, a basket of food.

You bet dey be gooda all right!

But I was not sure eefa Santa could come

Baycausa hees mon' was so low.

He gotta da raise, an' dat help heem some.

Da basket weel be dere, I know.

'Causa w'ata you t'eenka? I gotta da raise!

I gotta da raise from da boss!

I aska for deesa for so many days —

So moocha da Chreestmas t'eengs cos'!

Ruth Holmes, 1923

What?

"Oh, Elizabeth, my darling!" High on the wall she hangs, tied by slender, cutting ropes as strong as steel, from a balcony above the green-black waters. I must save her.

Delicately balancing, I carefully step along the railing leading to the balcony. There seem miles and miles to be covered, and all the while that black-horned devil is sawing away at the balcony. Soon — ah, so soon — she will go down into the slimy depths weighted by the heavy thing she is bound to. Unless I get there in time. Her eyes, — how they plead! Her voice, — how the agonizing pleas wring my heart! Ah, pray, ye saints! Faster and more carefully I must go. Ah, — that devil — he has nearly reached the middle! No, he is gone — I see him not, yet the saw goes on sawing!

What holds me? Tiny strands as yielding, as retarding to my progress as a thousand tiny elastics, are across my chest drawing me back; I know not where to — I dare not look behind. Fiercely I fight ahead — "Elizabeth!"

With desperation, I sob as I struggle to reach her. Fair as a lily in the Venetian moonlight, her great eyes straining in vigorous appeal, she moves her lips and seems to shout. What does she say? There is no sound — yet I know what she means. "Look behind you!" she cries.

Turning rapidly I see above me, and about me a great shapeless purple something crouched to spring at me from mid air. Must I fail to reach my sweet one now that I am so near her — a matter of a few feet? I hear a rushing sound and now the demon has sprung!

Ah, I jump! Down, down, down I sink; I sink; my eyes are upon my darling — but her smiles are scornful. Her eyes are terrible, with blazing green lights. — 'Tis not my sweet — 'tis that devil personified as she. "Sink!" he cries.

Down, down, no splash results as I enter the water, — it is like a needle slipping into oil. I slip into the depths soundlessly and sink, sink, sink — my eyes straining wide-open, my hands unclenched, and my cold head pressing in agony — I clutch my pillow!

Olive Howard, 1922

On Owning a Ford

I sing the praises of man's faithful friend — the Ford. At best a snub-nosed, unbeautiful, highly-varnished vehicle, squeaking with joy; at worst a lacerated conglomeration of leaking top and broken springs, still hopping gayly from bump to bump.

Haven't you seen cars, fitted with silver and cushioned with velvet, being pulled back onto the Lincoln Highway by a snorting little flivver, which becomes hotter and hotter, steam and perspiration sizzling and dripping from the leakiness of him, as with a roar of clutch and flood of gas he tugs Platinum-and-Velour after him? How just a wee bit too jauntily he bangs on, leaving poor Dollars slithering into black soup again. I remember a daring trip I once took from Baraboo to Madison. Rain continued to beat into the dust as it had beaten for five days, but we trusted our Henry. Excavations had been made for paving, so bottomless muck bubbled before us most of the way. I took the plunge, landing squarely in the centre of the road — Rolls-Royce nor delivery cart could lead me from that straight and narrow way. Nor did they try. Eleven heavier, but lesser craft we saw, moored securely under the banks while but one barred our way. Four miles from our destination a rude Lizzie rubbed noses with my Henry, and a creature with a blue cap spoke, "Can't get through here, lady, road's impassable." "Thank you so much," I cooed while skidding around him. After thirty-eight miles of splashing, what were four more? Would tyranny have ended if Washington had feared the Delaware would dampen him?

What would a suburban Sunday be without a Ford plus Father, in the garage, decked in blue denim, armed with a hose and a sponge? What is the Saturday Night Bath compared with Henry's Sunday morning ablutions? What does Father do under the engine while the roast chicken smells pleasantly mingle with the exhaust's gaseous fumes? Why does he spend dinner wondering if the differential needs oil, or the carburetor leakage ought not to be stopped? And why, oh why, does he gossip for precious moments with John-across-the-alley about

those percussion tire caps, while the family, in Sunday garb, wait, not too patiently, for their weekly drive? There are by-ways to be explored when the wild-grapes swinging low send out pungent odors, and where bitter-sweet berries wait only to be heaped in wiry tangles on the rear seat. There are beaten tracks where Fords, Fords, Fords file jerkily from corner to corner. There are Fords with two gorgeous ladies on the rear seat, while their thinner husbands perch in front; the ladies' boudoir capped heads of green or purple flowered ribbon nod stiffly to acquaintances at every corner. There is the Ford full of picnickers who have spent the morning preparing salad and pie to be eaten on a dusty plot over which other picnickers sift more dust as they bump past. There is the Ford which holds two boys, one of whom has hair while the other has none, and they handle a reel and line, and smile at each other; presently they will return, still burdened only with a reel and line, but just as smiling.

A Ford is a car for poor and rich alike. The poor consider a Ford a Car with a capital C and save pennies for a long time to meet the purchase price. For the rich, with full garages, a Ford is the extra car for Father to use in his business, or for Daughter Mabel or Harry, Junior, to own; the economy of having one and the extravagance of buying one are always mentioned. Mr. Ford deserves a wreath of shining laurel for blessing us with our pleasantest economy — the Ford.

Emily Van Patten, 1922

Cayuta Gorge

It was a warm, airy spring day. The whole earth seemed so new and joyful that I could not stand to be indoors for a minute, so I even washed the dishes on the back porch. And as I worked I sang and laughed to myself and looked all about me. The apple trees were all in blossom; the garden was beginning to sprout; the hills towering nearby looked green and blue and inviting; the creek at the foot of the garden murmured audibly and the golden spring sunshine danced and shone on all the world.

Now the most beautiful place in that countryside in spring is Cayuta Gorge. Every year I visit it, so I decided to go there that afternoon.

I left the main road and followed a narrow, briary path until I came to the old, broken foot bridge across Cayuta Creek. There was only one safe plank left so I had to cross carefully. Then I stood at the foot of what I've called the "Aisle of Glory." It was a long, narrow, straight, moss-covered path overhung by wild cherry and dog wood trees which were all in perfect bloom, forming a lovely, hazy, pink and white arch. As I walked along this aisle I stopped here and there to pick dog tooth violets. Finally, the aisle broadened into a small field in the shadows of Cayuta mountain.

Here I stopped to take a long, delicious look. The field was, in truth, the mouth of a deep ravine that ran far back up into the mountain, but in my eyes, it seemed a fairy palace. Its floor was a carpet of yellow and blue, and white violets, ferns and soft, bright green moss; its walls were trillium covered mountain sides, their borders, dark green forests; its ceiling was the clear, bright blue sky above.

Everything was quiet, not a heavy silence that jars, but a restful stillness that soothes. I crossed the flowery carpet and sat down at the foot of a giant cedar that stood on the bank of the brook. And leaning my head against the trunk, I gazed all about me and sighed in happy wonderment and peace.

Mary C. Swartwood, 1923

Editorials

This year two new amendments have been made to the Constitution of the Student Government Association. The first one regulates the election of proctors. They are now elected by the corridors themselves, instead of being appointed by the Student Council. This is a good thing, because it awakens more responsibility in both the girls and the proctor, in the former as it is now up to them to elect the girl who is best able to do the work, and in the latter as she now feels that it is up to her to fill the position to the best of her ability.

The other amendment states that there will be three vice-presidents, instead of only one. The duties of the first vice-president remain the same, while the second vice-president has complete charge of the proctor system, and the third controls the affairs of the day scholars. These new positions are being filled by Phyllis Bankart and Dorothy Moxley respectively. This addition to the Student Council ought to prove itself an excellent thing, because the committee is thus enlarged, and is, therefore, more representative of the entire student body. Then, too, these duties, which formerly belonged to the president and vice-president, have been distributed among more people, so that the work is now more evenly divided, and can be done more satisfactorily.

Is it not strange that some of the students of Abbot Academy must be taught to sit and stand up straight? It is a pity, but 'tis true that some of us go to our class rooms, drop into our respective seats, and assume a position which is very unpleasant to look at, and indeed very harmful. Soon we become drowsy and uncomfortable, we find our minds wandering; we have not the slightest idea what the rest of the class is discussing, and therefore do not derive full benefit from class work.

The girl who goes about constantly with drooping shoulders is harming herself, for who can get the most out of life when she assumes this attitude? She is harming those about her because of the bad example she sets for them. She is harming Abbot's

reputation, for what must people think of a girl who saunters along in the so-called *débutante* slouch? She is harming the nation, for what sort of a citizen would this indolent creature make?

What we want at Abbot is a body of real, live, wide awake, enthusiastic girls, full of "pep and go," able to take responsibility, and ready to do their duty; and one large factor toward making this a possibility, and a reality, is correct posture. Our teachers are doing their part by requiring us to stand at attention at the end of each class, but the real change must come from within us. So let us coöperate in this matter, and by using a little thought and will-power, make our carriage so splendid that it may be said that all girls who graduate from Abbot have perfect posture.

One of the delightful changes which have taken place at Abbot this year is that crackers and milk are now served for the school every afternoon in the infirmary. This privilege is enjoyed by nearly every one, and has proven itself satisfactory in every way. Our appetites are now curbed by this healthy repast, instead of the indigestible concoctions, which we formerly bought at Lowe's, so that both pocketbook and health are alike benefited. This light luncheon is what might be known as an "Abbotized afternoon tea" for, although it may not be quite as stylish, it serves the purpose just as well, and is probably enjoyed just as much as a regular afternoon tea would be.

The popular query these days seems to be,—“Did you ever see anything equal to the way Abbot always comes up in the second half?” The Abbot spirit and loyalty cannot be equalled—in the second half! It is really wonderful to have grit and determination and love of the school to such an extent that we don't know we're defeated until the final whistle has sounded. But why can't we stay up all the time? Our marks seem to do the same thing; the honor roll is always larger after February than before. It does seem too bad that we can't have the same spirit about things before the first half is over. There is nothing more despicable than a quitter and Abbot is just the opposite from that, but if only a little more of the boundless zeal of the

second half could be centered in beginning the game right; if only the effort were a little more painstaking and steady — wouldn't the score be better in the end, and wouldn't the name of Abbot be even more honorable than it is now?

The clock in the corner goes tick-tock, tick-tock, day in and day out, as regularly as the seconds pass — yet, what a difference in the way it sounds to a girl trying to finish a theme before the bell, and to another patiently spending the day in the infirmary. "Only two more weeks until mid-years," and the dreaded days seem almost ready to spring upon us, yet "Why we've been back here two whole weeks," and it seems like two months at least since we left home. What makes the hands of the clock move so irregularly? A clockmaker would probably throw up his hands in horror at the thought of a clock regulated to our feelings, for it would have to run differently every day; — "Only three weeks before we go home" — tick, tick, tick, tick, the clock would say, the beats tumbling over one another in their haste to get out, and hurry the time along. Then, "Three whole weeks at home," and tick — tock — tick — tock, the beats would come slowly on as we try to hold back each day more than the last.

But, unfortunately, clocks can not be made this way, and no matter how much we may wish to hold the hands back, or push them forward, it is impossible, and that inexorable tick-tick-tick keeps on in the same unvarying fashion.

Did you ever think how much your school-books reflect your attitude toward your work by their appearance? It is a good way to get some idea of a person's character simply to look at the books she uses. Not her good books, that she reads with great care, and keeps well preserved on a shelf, but those she lives with, and uses every day.

Here is a row of books; see if you can tell to what kinds of girls they belong. See that Cicero, with the dog-eared corners and broken binding, turned down pages and splotches of ink. The impression it gives me is that the girl who owns it is a careless, indifferent one, who probably had a hard time with her

Latin and wore out the book by misusing it when she couldn't understand its contents.

Here's an American History with initials printed on all the leaves at the edges. That means a girl whose attention wandered in class, and whose idle mind and fingers seized upon this way of occupying themselves.

There is also such a thing as a suspiciously neat book. See the one at the end of the row. One might guess that it was never opened outside of class, and so, its life was prolonged indefinitely.

Another class of books — like that one in the middle of the row — has notes and cross references all through the margins, and the outside looks rather worn, though perfectly neat. This one must be in the possession of an earnest student, who enjoyed the course, and was interested enough to mark up the book for future reference work.

Next time you go to your room and sit down at your desk, look at your books and see what a "give away" they are. Have you a vacant mind, or a lazy or destructive one? It might really be quite interesting sometimes to think over what your books tell about you and your character.

Why was it that the members of Fidelio used to heave a sigh at the thought of going to their weekly meeting, and groan when climbing up the steps of Abbot Hall for a period of singing? It was because they did not realize that it was an honor to belong to the society; they did not think it possible to derive a great deal of pleasure from a half hour or so of singing, and thought of it as being only a drudgery and a bore. But now the spirit of the association seems to be changing very much for the better. Most of the members are wide awake and enthusiastic; they are glad to come to the meetings, and take an interest in the singing. They are proud to belong to such a society, and want to display the fact by wearing a Fidelio pin.

Thus through the gradually increasing interest which is being developed in its members, Fidelio, which has been an apparently inert organization is becoming a real, live factor of the school.

School Journal

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

- 21 School opens.
- 24 Hall Exercises, Miss Bailey : "Beauty."
- 25 Chapel, Miss Bailey: "The Meaning of Religion."
- 27 Dance for the new girls.

OCTOBER

- 1 Hall Exercises, Miss Bigelow on "Points of Health."
- 2 Teas for the new girls.
Chapel, Miss Bailey on "What Religion Means to You."
- 4 Senior Picnic.
- 8 Hall Exercises, Miss Bigelow on "Clothing and Posture."
Courant Picnic.
- 9 Chapel, Mr. Sidney Lovett on "Beauty."
- 10 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "John Smith and the Virginia Colony."
- 15 Chapel. Dean Charles L. Brown on "The Transformation of Life."
- 21 Miss Helen Fraser on "England and America."
- 22 Hall Exercises. Mr. Joseph Ashton, "The Boston Symphony."
- 23 Chapel. Rev. Malcolm E. Peabody.
- 24 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Lexington to Yorktown."
- 29 Hall Exercises. Miss Katherine Lee Bates on "The Uses of Poetry."
- 30 Chapel. Miss Kelsey on "Miss McKeen."

NOVEMBER

- 2 Concord and Lexington Trip.
- 4 Dr. Joel Goldthwaite on "Posture."
- 5 Abbot Club luncheon in Boston.
- 6 Chapel. Rev. Markham W. Stackpole on "Leadership."
- 7 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Arnold and André."
- 10 Dante celebration in Phillips Chapel.
- 12 Chapel. Dr. Clarence A. Barbour.
- 16 Bradford Day.
- 19 Chapel. Rev. Nehemiah Boynton on "Student Opportunities."
- 21 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "The Personal Washington."
- 22 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "The Joy of Writing."
- 23 Thanksgiving Service.
Thanksgiving Vacation begins.
- 25 Thanksgiving Vacation ends.
- 27 Chapel. Miss Bailey on "The Cost of Being a Christian."

DECEMBER

- 4 Senior tea for the Faculty.
Chapel. Bishop Edwin Hughes on "Service."
- 5 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Lincoln."

- 10 Concert. Mdme. Helen Hopekirk.
Chapel. Rev. Mr. Wilson on "Success in Life."
- 12 Mr. W. W. Ellsworth on "Roosevelt."
- 14 Senior Sleigh-ride.
- 17 Christmas party for the Andover Children.
- 18 Christmas Service in Davis Hall.
- 20 Miss Bailey's birthday party.
- 21 Fall term ends.

JANUARY

- 10 Winter term begins.
- 15 Chapel. Miss Olive Pearson on "Opportunity in the Field of Home Missions."
- 21 Hall Exercises. Mr. Ashton on "The History of Music."

Lectures

Miss Bigelow has given us two very interesting talks on Hygiene this year; one on October 1st, and one on October 8th. She told us how very important it is to our health that we wear the right kind of shoes and stand properly, and get the proper amount of exercise every day, and did it so logically that it gave us the feeling that we simply must obey the laws of health.

On October 21st, we had the great pleasure of hearing Miss Helen Fraser, England's foremost woman orator, on the subject of "England and America." She told us particularly what England is doing now, and what her political and international problems are, and explained a great deal about the English system of government, and how it differs from ours. She said that in the years to come, what both countries needed was unity of spirit, and the ability to rejoice in each other's greatness, which would lead to a real understanding. Such talks will go far towards making the friendship between the two countries a firmer and more lasting one, and we were very glad to have the opportunity of hearing Miss Fraser.

Mr. Ashton spoke to us on October 22nd, on "The Symphony Orchestra and its Composition." Until now, it has always seemed a most complicated and inexplicable affair, but with the aid of Mr. Ashton's diagrams and explanations it will now be a matter of pride to us to see how much of the Symphony we can understand, the next time we go in to Boston to hear it.

Miss Katharine Lee Bates spoke to us on "The Uses of Poetry" on October 29th. During the lecture she read us a great many lovely extracts, and her comments on them were made doubly interesting by our knowledge of her own poetry. She opened to many of us a new land of beauty, and a refuge from trouble, in the rhythm and swing of the stanzas. Then too, she told us of the companionship of the great men of the past and present that may be gained by reading their poems, and she said that there is poetry in the heart of each one of us, and that the only difference between us and real poets is that we haven't the power of expressing ourselves which is so necessary to poetry.

Dr. Joel Goldthwaite is so interested in and full of his subject, "Posture," that he could not help communicating a great deal of his enthusiasm to us, when he spoke here, on November 4. His drawings of good and bad positions to stand in were so very interesting, and gave us such a pointed demonstration of how badly we must look unless we stand up straight, that the whole school

has greatly improved its posture, and we feel sure the effect of Dr. Goldthwaite's lecture will be a lasting one here at Abbot.

During the last term we have had a very interesting course of lectures on American History by Mr. Ellsworth. His first lecture was on John Smith and the Virginia colony, and gave us some very interesting pictures of early colonial life. Then he covered the Revolution in one talk called "From Lexington to Yorktown," and showed us some reproductions of old prints of that time in connection with the events of the war. Next came "Arnold and André," describing in detail the difference between the two men and the effect of circumstances on them. The last three lectures were on Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt, and gave us glimpses into the personal life of these three great Americans. The whole course has given us a new interest in the history which is being and has been made all around us and it is an interest which, we hope, will never be lost.

On November 22, Mr. Ellsworth spoke to us in chapel on "the Joy of Writing." His talk was full of incidents from the life in a big publishing house, and he told of the joy of seeing and knowing truly great writers. The person to whom his talk was not an inspiration to read and to try to write would be a sluggard indeed, and the thought that he left in our minds in closing was that the woman who has in her soul the love of books can laugh at misfortune.

Concerts

On December 10, Madame Helen Hopekirk gave us a piano recital. Her program had a very wide scope, ranging from Beethoven to Debussy, and two of the pieces, "Sundown" and "Rigaudon" from "Serenata" were her own compositions. Madame Hopekirk is well known in Boston, and we were glad to have the opportunity of listening to her.

Entertainments

The fact that our school entertainments this fall have been very successful and enjoyable is greatly due to the careful planning of the entertainment committee. On September 27, the old girls gave a dance for the new girls. There were no regular dance programs, but we all enjoyed the Paul Jones and the Grand Right and Left. A very amusing and clever feature of the evening was the "bobbed hair, long hair" dance, in which all the girls with bobbed hair rushed from one side of the hall to choose their partners from the girls with long hair who were rushing to meet them from the opposite side. At the end of the evening we all felt that the dance had served to make us very much better acquainted with each other.

A Country bumpkin party was given on October 11th. The hall was filled with farmers and milkmaids who enjoyed dancing to the strains of the Abbot jazz band. Several stunts were given between dances, and refreshments of doughnuts and cider, which were very appropriate for the occasion, were served.

The Hallowe'en masquerade party was very entertaining. Everything from walking corn shocks and human cats to bandits and pirates was present. Besides the regular dancing there were stunts among which were a lively gypsy dance and a goblin song. Toward the end of the evening bobbing for apples, raisin races and having fortunes told was enjoyed by all who cared to indulge.

We all appreciate the earnest effort on the part of the entertainment committee to make our entertainments as attractive and pleasant as possible.

On December 13th, the Department of Special Elocution presented a very lovely one-act Christmas play called "Why the Chimes Rang." The play, with the aid of several chants, sung by Fidelio from behind the scenes, and the organ, which was played throughout the most part, was very impressive, and appropriate for the season. The story was a familiar one to most of us, and the actresses deserve great praise for the splendid way in which they presented it. An attractive addition to the setting was that of a picture, representing a long stained glass church window, which was made by several of Abbot's artists.

The first set of corridor stunts began on December 6th, with a very realistic motion picture, full of thrills, and heart throbs, which was acted out in pantomime, and caused a great sensation. A shop, with every kind of a doll from an old colored mammy to a dainty little doll in frills and laces, next appeared, visited by two customers who both wanted to buy the same doll, and caused a scene of great disturbance. Fire drill in the Homestead was next vividly pictured, and the evening ended with "Caller's Night at Abbot" which was cleverly presented.

The second set of stunts, equally as attractive as the first, took place January 17th. Take-offs on the Harvard Glee Club, and Abbot fifty years ago and hence proved to be very amusing. "The Hall of Fame," in which many historical characters, such as Queen Elizabeth, Rip Van Winkle, and Charlie Chaplin were presented made an attractive entertainment. We were entertained between stunts by a vocal solo, a piano solo and a reading.

Athletics

BRADFORD DAY

What a happy bunch of girls we were when we woke up on Wednesday, November 16th, and found the day clear, sunshiny, and beautiful; for this was to be the long anticipated Bradford day. As it had been postponed, on account of the weather, from the preceding Wednesday, we had an extra week in which to increase our pep and enthusiasm, and to prepare ourselves more thoroughly for the meeting with our friendly foes.

After a jolly ride on special trolley cars, we disembarked at Bradford's gate where we were heartily welcomed by the Bradford girls who rushed out to meet us. There was no tennis match because of the bad condition of the courts after a snow storm, and as we had only a half of the day in which to play off the other games, we had to hurry over to the hockey field. The hockey game was the most exciting contest imaginable, and although we were several points ahead for a while, Bradford got busy and caught up with us so that the score was 5-5. The fact that the hockey game was a tie made basketball all the more thrilling. At first Bradford seemed fairly to walk away with our team but in the second half Abbot came up splendidly, and put up such a good fight that in the end Bradford was only one point ahead, the score being 34-33. Excellent team work was shown on the part of both teams. Croquet and clock golf were played off while the hockey and basketball games were in process, and both were won by Bradford. However the scores were very close, being 26-24 in clock-golf and 2-1 in croquet, and Abbot's champions did not suffer a disgraceful defeat. After the games a de-

lightful supper was served for us in the gymnasium, and we all had a chance to become better acquainted with our Bradford friends.

Although Bradford won the greatest number of points, we did not feel as if we had lost the day, not only because the scores were so close, but because of the good sportmanship shown by the members of our teams, and the ardent spirit of our cheerers. We are all very glad to have had the opportunity of visiting our sister school.

The class games this year were played off with much enthusiasm, and both hockey and basket ball were won by the Senior-Middlers who deserve great praise for their superior team work.

The tennis tournament dwindled down from an unusually large number of contestants to the final combat between Barbara Goss and Anne Darling. Good playing and excellent form were displayed on both sides but Barbara came out victorious and won the coveted cup.

It was a happy moment for the forty-eight girls, who had taken the required twenty-five walks, when Miss Bailey presented them with "A" armbands in chapel. No doubt a secret resolution was made down in the hearts of many of us, who heard her congratulatory speech, to take the hikes necessary to win an arm band in the spring.

School Charities

This fall Abbot raised one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six dollars for the Students Friendship Fund. The total amount raised in 1921 for school charities amounted to three thousand nine hundred and seventy-two dollars.

Honor Roll

FIRST QUARTER — NOVEMBER 15, 1921

Caroline Straehley	91
Phyllis Yates	90
Juliet Haskell	89
Rose Lobenstine	
Elizabeth Ohnemus	
Doris Holt	88
Raymah Wright	

Items of General Interest

From January 14-February 4, there has been on view in the John Esther Gallery a delightful exhibition by contemporary American Painters. This is one of eight collections of oil paintings sent out this year by the American Federation of Arts, Washington, and represents the work of such well known painters as Bosley, Philip Little, Gardner Symons, Gertrude Fiske Davies, Grall, Blumenstein, Carlson and others. In addition to this collection, there are also on view three delightful examples of the work of Charles H. Davis, lent by Miss Anne Means (Abbot 1861) of Andover and Boston; and a fourth landscape by Davis and one by Ahl, lent by Mrs. John A. Towle of Andover. The heavy expense of the exhibition is cared for by a fund left by Miss McKeen, the income of which should be used for the purpose of deepening in the school all interest in the Fine Arts.

November 11th will be written in the annals of every Abbot girl who participated in the simple formalities as perhaps the most inspiring day of her school year. In morning chapel we had the great good fortune to have with

us Mr. Stackpole, chaplain of Phillips Academy, whose heartfelt prayer and brief talk made us feel the true meaning of the day. In Christ Church a short service was held at noon, which Mr. Henry had kindly invited Abbot to attend. Following taps which was sounded from the belfry, we prayed with our country during the two minutes of silence asked by President Harding.

Upon awakening, Monday, November 28, we were greeted by a silver world. The melting snow had frozen, encasing every twig and grass blade in a sheath of ice. We were dazzled by the gleam but at once saw the devastation wrought by the sudden frost. Many of the branches, unused to the burden, had fallen to the ground, so that beneath every tree lay a great heap of brush. The symmetry of the maples in our Maple Walk had been destroyed, while the top of the grove was but a succession of broken boughs; only the old oak stayed whole. School Street was a tangle of telegraph wires and fallen limbs, and we found later in the day that these fallen wires would keep Andover in darkness for many nights. For a week the girls in the cottages undressed by candle light and studied in Draper Hall, for luckily Draper is lit by the school power plant. During the next two days the crash of falling branches and trees alarmed us; then the ice melted, leaving us with plenty of fire-wood, and a beautiful and awful memory.

Abbot has been well represented in the world of literature this past year. Kate Douglas Wiggin (1873) wrote "Matt Milliken's Improvements" which appeared in *The Good Housekeeping* for March, 1921. Grace Fallow Norton (1894) has had two poems published, "Adventure" which came out in the April *Atlantic*, and "Irish Blood" in the March *Literary Digest*. Katherine Woods (1905) has written a series of educational booklets which are published by an electric company for its employees. Mary L. D. MacFarland wrote a poem on the unknown soldier, "Who is this that cometh with blood-stained garments?" which was published in the Washington, D. C. *Star* of November 9, and in *The Literary Digest*. Paulina Miller (†1920) has a play published in a recent number of *The Smith Monthly*.

A very pleasant evening reception was given this fall by Miss Bailey and Miss Kelsey for the Faculty. Miss Pooke and Mrs. Van Ness were the guests of honor, and the reception was held in the John Esther Gallery in order that an exhibition of their work might be enjoyed by the guests.

There have been very few changes in the faculty body this year. Miss Ruth Lane did not return and her place is being filled by Miss Helen Burt. Mrs. Colby has given up teaching and is at present living in Watertown. Miss Dorothy Bigelow has charge of the physical training work in her place. Miss Adams was unable to return this year so Rhythmic Dancing is being taught by Miss Dalzell. Miss Chickering was obliged to be away part of the time for another year, so she comes up for classes only two days a week and the rest of the time Miss Sweeney takes her classes. The secretarial department has been enlarged this year. Miss Richardson now has charge of the financial end of the work, while Miss Jenks acts as secretary to the principal. Mrs. Kimbal left to go west this fall and no one has been put in her place.

Miss Sibley Wilkins is now teaching at the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.

There will be an informal meeting and luncheon of the Alumnae Association on Monday of Commencement week. Members of the Association and reunion classes will receive notices, but all will be welcome.

Miss Marion L. Pooke, the present Art instructress at Abbot, held an exhibit in Boston during the winter, of her portraits and figure painting.

The annual luncheon of the Alumnae Association and Boston Abbot Club was held at the Parker House in November. There was a large attendance and much friendly converse. Miss Julia Twitchell, vice president of the Association, presided. Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman gave greetings from the Club. Miss Bailey spoke for the School of today. The address of the afternoon was by Rev. Edwin Cummings of the Peace Commission, an earnest presentation of the world situation, and a fitting introduction to the consideration of the subjects to come before the Washington Conference.

The Alumnae Association of Abbot Academy celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its founding at a Birthday luncheon, held on June 7th of last year. The luncheon was held in McKeen Hall, and nearly 300 guests were present. Mrs. Mary Gorton Darling '86 presided, and Miss Marion Brooks '15 led the singing of songs during the program. Representatives were there from nearly all the classes from 1854 down. Birthday greetings were brought from the Abbot Clubs, Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman, of Winchester responding, for the Boston Club, and Mrs. Grace Carleton Dryden, speaking for the New York Club.

Miss Bailey extended greetings from the School to the Association, and discussed her ideals for the school in the future. She was followed by Miss Charlotte Swift '58 and Miss Agnes Park, both of whom have been secretaries of the Alumnae Association. Miss Park, having served in that capacity for forty-one years was able to give some very interesting details of the early history of the organization, and at the end of the address she was presented with a traveling bag by Mrs. Kate Buss Tyer in the name of the association in recognition of her long and active service.

Recollections of early days of the school were read by Miss Julia Twitchell and Miss Anna Dawes '71 who paid a glowing tribute to Miss McKeen.

These talks were followed by addresses by other representative alumnae. Dr. Jane L. Greeley spoke on "The Opportunity of the Abbot Girl" and Mrs. Jane P. Stanford on "Abbot in World Service." "As a Loyal Daughter" was a subject on which Miss Alice Twitchell was particularly well qualified to speak since she has labored so incessantly for the Loyalty Endowment Fund.

The program closed very appropriately with the presentation to Miss Katharine R. Kelsey of a beautiful wrist-watch by Mrs. Mabelle Bosher Scudder in recognition of her many years of service to the school. Miss Kelsey has been at the school 34 years, which is the longest period any one has ever been associated with the institution, and with the gift came the well wishes of many of the girls whom she had known and helped during those years. Miss Jane B. Carpenter, keeper of the alumnae records since 1909 was also presented with a watch, for her faithful and careful work has done much to bring about the present size and unity of the association.

In Memoriam

The opening days of school were shadowed by the news of the death of Marcella Moxley who was accidentally drowned on August 27th, while bathing at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. The tragedy of such a young life being cut off so suddenly and so needlessly was deeply felt by those who had known and loved Marcella here at school.

The news of Jane Winchester's death on September 29th, came as even more of a shock to the school, because very few of her friends realized how

serious her illness was. She was prevented from returning when school opened by some gland trouble in her throat which had developed during the summer, but she was so optimistic in regard to her condition and so hopeful about returning to school shortly that practically none of her friends realized that she was undergoing very serious treatment. The news that she was unable to survive an operation came, therefore, as a particularly severe blow. Jane's courageous spirit and constant cheerfulness had long endeared her to her friends, and few will ever forget how clearly these characteristics stood out during the last few days of her life.

Alumnae Notes

†1876. A wide circle of friends will mourn with Mrs. Jennie Pearson Stanford in the loss of her husband in July, after a short illness. Mr. Stanford's missionary work in Japan was of great value along educational, literary and practical business lines. Mrs. Stanford is returning to her post.

†1877. Washington papers have expressed sincere appreciation of the character and worth of Mr. Henry B. F. Macfarland, husband of Daisy Douglass, who has recently died. He was for some years commissioner of the District of Columbia, a man of broad public spirit and untiring generosity in behalf of public movements.

†1879. An informal reunion was held at the Abbot luncheon in November. Those present were Julia Twichell, Amy Learoyd and Bell Parker Brewer. Others at the table were Mrs. Augusta Fellows Gould, 1878, and her daughter.

1879. Jeannette Hart, who has been for eleven years head of Wallace House, Smith College, has a similar position at Chapin House this year. She is the sister of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University.

†1880. Abbot Academy has met with a great loss in the death of Helen R. Heywood, of Gardner. She was always a staunch friend and loyal supporter of the School, keeping in touch with its policies, commending it to the parents of young girls, serving as chairman of the important committee that launched the Loyalty Endowment Fund campaign. Though quiet and unassuming in manner, Miss Heywood had unusually keen business instincts, and her services as a citizen were greatly valued in her home town. A woman of large means, she was always generous and thoughtful in making her money serve the world needs. The large, well equipped hospital given as a memorial to her father and mother will perpetuate also the memory of her own "brave, determined and useful life."

†1886. Miss Alice Twitchell expects to take a few girls to Europe with her this summer. Dorothea Flagg will be of her party.

†1890. Dr. and Mrs. Harold Walker (Adeline Perry) introduced their twin daughters, Doris and Eleanor, to society at a tea dance at Hotel Somerset, Boston, in December.

1892. Rev. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bartlett (Fanny Gordon) are sailing for Japan to take up an important work with students. Mr. Bartlett is to be professor of Theology in the Doshisha University, and will act as chaplain. His long experience in missionary work and his knowledge of the language open up far reaching opportunities as he comes in contact with large numbers of alert young men of the new Japan.

†1894. Ella M. Robinson wrote the scenario for a patriotic film play recently published, entitled "Nature's Heart."

†1897. Gertrude Ware Bunce gave her time during the fall months to the staging of the great pageant, The Open Door, which was given in Carnegie Hall, New York, on November 21. Those who saw it last year in Boston or elsewhere were greatly impressed with its presentation of the cause of the negro race. Mrs. Bunce, though she resigned her position at Atlanta University before her marriage, is still working heart and soul for the people to whom she has devoted so many years of earnest work.

1897. Word has been received of the death of Dr. Albert E. Herzog, husband of Julia E. Trask, of Ottawa, Ill.

1899. A pleasant letter has been received from Mary Merriam, now Mrs. Carlos de Zafra, from whom nothing has been heard for a long time. She is living at 6013 Webster Street, West Philadelphia, and will be glad to join with the Abbot girls in their new club.

†1900. Arthur P. Spear, husband of Grace Chapman Spear, has been awarded the second Altman prize at the Winter Exhibition by the National Academy of Design, for his picture "Sunrise." He has also received third honors in the popular vote for the best picture in the exhibition of contemporary painters at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington.

†1900. A startling automobile accident was the cause of the death of Grace Fleek Carroll. Her husband was seriously injured. Their little daughter Jean Josephine, is only a year old.

†1905. Katherine Woods spent the summer in Europe.

1905. Elizabeth Ripley died at Tucson, Arizona, on January 20th, after a three years struggle for health in Colorado, California and Arizona. There never was a pluckier spirit than Beth's. Even after she was ill, she wrote an article published in *The Nursing Magazine*, and took a course in short story writing. Like Stevenson she fought all her life against terrible odds in the matter of health, and like him she never gave in nor lost her zest for life.

†1908. Louise Sweeney is teaching at the Institute for Girls in Madrid, Spain.

†1910. Clarissa Hall is part-time assistant in the library of the Harvard Medical School. She is also studying piano and vocal music.

1911. Ann Boynton, who has been for three years with a bond investment house in Boston is now a private secretary in Brookline.

1912. Emilie Prue has been for the last two years Recreation Supervisor for the Park Board of Racine, Wisconsin. Her work includes the supervision of the community house in the winter and the planning and putting on of the pageant with about four hundred children from the playgrounds in the summer. She is especially interested in this part of her work.

†1913. Helen Boyd Higgins' father died in November, 1921.

†1914. Elsie Gleason is serving her second year as Academic Secretary at the Brearley School, New York City.

†1914. Hildegard Gutterson Smith is spending the winter with her parents at Kirkland Court, Cambridge. Her husband is studying at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital.

†1914. Hildegard Gutterson Smith and her husband, Dr. Judson Smith were among those decorated at the Massachusetts State House recently for unusual and faithful hospital service during the war.

†1916. Helene Sands is teaching algebra and English in the Punchard High School in Andover.

†1916. Sylvia Gutterson Pearson is spending a year in Paris where her husband has business interests. Her address is 53 Rue de Vermuil.

†1916. Dorothy Johnson won a scholarship at the University of Wisconsin, awarded because of her excellent record in French at Vassar College, and received an appointment as instructor there.

†1917. Dorothy Newton is teaching in the Junior High School in Nahant. She graduated from Wheaton in 1921.

†1917. Cornelia Newcomb is going to Jamaica in February with her mother (Abbot †1876) and her sister Ruth (Abbot †1910). Cornelia has been taking several courses at Connecticut College this fall.

†1917. Frances Gere has won the Concours price in the Life Class in which she received honorable mention last Christmas.

†1917. Cornelia Newcomb and Frances Gere, with Frances' mother will spend the summer traveling in Europe in a party conducted by Prof. M. M. Beebe of the Department of History of Syracuse University, under whom Frances has studied.

†1917. Gertrude Goss is head of the department of Physical Education at Lake Erie College. Last year she studied at the Harvard Summer School.

†1917. Mary Church spent the summer travelling in Europe and is at present living in England.

1918. Esther V. Milliken has launched her professional career as accompanist, pianoforte and vocal instructor with studios in Boston and Providence.

†1919. Grace Francis is taking a course in medical art in the John Hopkins University Medical School for which she has been preparing at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

†1919. Muriel Johnson has opened a kindergarten at her home on Salem Street, Andover.

†1920. Julia Abbe took the part of "Macomas" in the play "You Never Can Tell," given recently by the Mt. Holyoke Dramatic Club.

†1920. Lucy Ford's father died in Sioux City, December 15, 1921.

†1920. Jean Doolittle Lyon is cheer leader of the Sophomore class at Wellesley.

†1920. Florence Matile is living in England with her aunt (Lily Dougall, Abbot 1884), and is studying at Oxford. Her address is:

Care Miss LILY DOUGALL,

CUTTS END, CUMNOR,

OXFORD, ENGLAND.

†1920. Paula Miller has transferred to Smith college.

1920. Edith Adams has a position in the Athenaeum in Westfield and is living at 38 Day Avenue.

1920. Sally Bartlett is studying at the Children's Hospital in Boston.

Dorothy Fisher †1920, is spending the winter traveling in Australia and New Zealand. Her permanent address is Cooper-Carlton Hotel, Chicago.

REPORT OF THE CLASS OF 1921

Helen Baker is at Smith College this year. She passed her College Entrance Math. exam. with a mark of 100.—Charlotte Baldwin is at Pembroke College.—Lora Barber is at the University of Illinois.—Miriam Bickford is at Wellesley. She is on the Freshman hockey team and is factotum of the class.—Helen Bruno is studying music at home.—Elizabeth Bulkley is at Elmira College.—Dorothy Carr is at home.—Clara Louise Cleveland is at home studying music.—Marion Cleveland is at home.—Elinor Cochrane is at home.—Harriet Edgell is at Wellesley, and is a Freshman editor of the "Twig."—Lois Fleming is at home.—Frances Gasser expects to sail soon for Italy with her mother. They will be gone for several months.—Julia Guild is at home.—Alice Hallett is at Miss Bouve's physical training school.—Mary Harrison is at Simmons College.—

Florence Hinckley is at the Finch Secretarial School in New York.—Frances Howe is at Mt. Holyoke.—Frances Keany is at Vassar.—Marion Kimball is at the University of Illinois. Out of a freshman class of two thousand, she was chosen to be a member of an honor class of forty, in English.—Katherine Knight is at Wellesley.—Elizabeth McClellan is at Smith.—Betty McDougall is at Wellesley.—Dorothy Martin is at the Garland School.—Eunice Meigs is at Syracuse University.—Herberta Morse is taking a business course in Providence.—Sylvia Nicholson is at home.—Helen Norpell is at home.—Edith Page is at the New School of Design in Boston.—Marion Parker is at home in Detroit, Michigan.—Mildred Peabody is at home.—Carol Perrin is at Wellesley, and was in the Barnswallow play.—Helen Roser is at Mt. Holyoke.—Jessamine Rugg is at home.—Winifred Simpson is at home.—Martha Smith is at Miss Wheelock's school and is rooming with Lydia Kunkel.—Mary Talcott is at Mt. Holyoke.—Henrietta and Elizabeth Thompson are at Wellesley. Elizabeth is on the Freshman volley ball team.—Agnes Titcomb is going to art school in Portland.—Alma Underwood is at home in Gardner, Massachusetts.—Louise Van Dervoort is at the University of Illinois.—Eleanor Voorhees has taken a position as private secretary in New York.—Elizabeth Weld is at home.—Katherine Weld is studying at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.—Marianna Wilcox is working in a library in Dayton, Ohio.—Mary Williams is at the Western Reserve for Women in Oxford, Ohio. She has received the highest Freshman honor there.

Non-Graduates, 1921

Margaret and Marion Alling are at Goucher college in Baltimore.—Vera Barnett is at home.—Millicent Bartlett is at New Hampshire State College.—Margaret Beede is at home going to high school. She is president of her class.—Virginia Camp is going to high school.—Katharine Campbell is in Jamaica for the winter.—Margaret Day is going to kindergarten school.—Aya Ebina is at Mt. Holyoke College.—Lydia Kunkel is going to Miss Wheelock's School.—Frances Lamont is at Bradford Academy.—Evelyn Leary is at Rogers Hall.—Betty Palmer is at home.—Elizabeth Stevens is at home going to high school.—Marion Swan is going to Syracuse University.—Catherine Swift is at the Lincoln School in Providence.—Helen Thompson is at St. Margaret's school.

New Address

1908. Helen Chaffee Manville (Mrs. E. P.) at Van Rensselaer Avenue, Stamford, Conn.

†1913. Helen Danforth (Mrs. Halsey Prudden) at 1 Sutherland Road, Montclair, N. J. Her husband's business is now in New York.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins at 3612 Ingersoll Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

†1913. Edna Francis at 5924 Bellona Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.

†1916. Dorothy Pillsbury (Mrs. Richard Bartlett) at 1331 East Second St., Long Beach, California.

†1919. Katharine Coe at 215 Palisade Ave., Yonkers, New York.

Visitors

Miss Gertrude Sherman, Miss Ellen Tryon, Miss Rachel Dowd, Miss Dorothy Parkhurst, Martha Smith (†1921), Mildred Peabody (†1921), Lydia Kunkel (1921), Miriam Bickford (†1921), Mary Harrison (†1921), Betty Palmer (1921), Katherine Weld (†1921), Dorothy Martin (†1921), Edith Page (†1921), Henrietta Thompson (†1921), Elizabeth Thompson (†1921), Catherine Knight (†1921), Harriet Edgell (†1921), Elinor Cochrane (†1921), Lois Fleming (†1921), Paula Miller (†1920), Katherine Hamblet (†1920), Marion Kimball (†1921), Isabel Sutherland (†1920), Elizabeth Hawkes (†1920), Jean Lyon, †1920, Edna Dixon (†1920), Carolyn Grimes (†1920), Mary Bushnell (†1920), Caroline Wilkinson Halliday (†1920), Marion Chandler (†1919), Muriel Moxley (†1920), Dorothea Flagg (1920), Charlotte Fleming (†1916), Ruth Farrington (†1918), Ada Wilkey (†1916), Marion Brooks (†1915), Frances Dowd (†1914), Hildegard Gutterson Smith (†1914), Laura Marland (†1914), Marion McPherson (†1918), Mildred Merriman Smith (1909), Mary Bell Gilbert McBride (1909), Frances George (†1897), Pearl Randall Wasson (†1897), Bessie Bousfield Ward (1896), Anna Nettleton Miles (†1893), Edith Jackson Lewis (†1889), Alice C. Twitchell (†1886), Abbie McCutcheon Bramble (†1882), Helen E. Melendy (1871).

Engagements

- †1913. Edna Mae Francis to Mr. William Thomas Levitt.
- †1914. Helen Elizabeth Hamblet to Mr. Stephen Webster Dyer.
- †1914. Lucretia Lowe to Mr. Theodore Wayland Douglas of Indianapolis, Ind.
- 1917. Grace Louise Prescott to Mr. Edwin Emmons.
- 1918. Mary Peirce to Dr. John Russell Carty of New York, Princeton 1917 and Cornell Medical School 1921.
- †1919. Helen Thornton Wygant to Mr. Clark Smith.
- †1920. Elizabeth Justine Pearsall to Mr. Robert Baker of Zanesville, Ohio.

Marriages

GARDNER — SIMPSON. In Kennebunkport, Maine, August 22, 1921, Dorothy (Davis) Simpson to Mr. David Alexander Gardner. Mrs. Gardner, daughter of Mr. George G. Davis, was the donor of the organ in McKeen Hall.

†1897. BUNCE — WARE. In Randolph, N. H., July 6, 1921, Gertrude Huntington Ware to Mr. Alexander Bunce.

†1905. KNICKERBOCKER — CUTLER. In Waban, June 2, 1921, Frances Wentworth Cutler to Mr. William Skinkle Knickerbocker.

†1908. LOVETT — PARKER. In Winchester, January 14, 1922, Esther Parker to Rev. Sidney Lovett, pastor of the Mount Vernon Church, Boston.

1909. BROWN — TODD. In St. Stephens, N. B., October 12, 1921, Mildred Bolton Todd (daughter of Ethel Bolton 1879) to Lieutenant Colonel J. Carleton Brown.

†1911. COOPER — GOWING. In Wellesley, June 27, 1921, Charlotte Elizabeth Gowing to Mr. Gordon Cooper.

1911. AYER — BROWN. In Malden, January 4, 1922, Doris Brown to Mr. Paul P. Ayer.

1914. ROBINSON — WOOLVERTON. On October 8, 1921, Harriette Woolverton to Mr. Harold Ripley Robinson. At home, Neal St., Portland, Maine.

1915. BOUVE — LITTLE. In Laconia, N. H., 1921, Inga Little to Mr. Howard Allston Bouvé.

†1915. STEVENS — BROOKS. In Andover, June 25, 1921, Phyllis Brooks to Ames Stevens.

†1916. HECK — FREEMAN. In Providence, R. I., June 2, 1921, Marjorie Floyd Freeman to Dr. Edson Burr Heck.

†1916. HOLBROOK — WADE. In Chebeague Island, Maine, August 31, 1921, Elsa Margaret Wade to Mr. Carl Tyler Holbrook.

†1916. DALRYMPLE — JENKINS. In Methuen, June 15, 1921, Mildred Louise Jenkins to Philip Dascomb Dalrymple.

1917. CARY — DANIELS. Mildred Daniels to Mr. Charles Delano Cary. Address, 205 Hammond St., Waltham.

†1917. TOMLINSON — SMALL. In Nantucket, September 29, 1921, Dorothy Coffin Small to Mr. Gilbert Ewing Tomlinson of Germantown, Pa. At home, Felton Hall, 636 Cambridge Ave., Cambridge.

†1918. CLAUSEN — MORRIS. On January 28, 1922, Margaret Morris to Mr. William Henry Clausen, Jr. of Philadelphia. Address after April 15, 217 West Hottter St., Germantown, Pa.

†1918. JENSEN — GREENOUGH. In All Saints' Cathedral, Spokane, Wash., September 3, 1921, Angela Mildred Greenough to Mr. Alvin Lambert Jensen.

†1918. BUCK — JEPHERSON. In Providence, R. I., June 25, 1921, Mary Abbott Jepherson to Mr. Edwin Augustus Buck.

†1918. CRAIG — HUBBARD. In Pontiac, Michigan, December 29, 1921, Marion Fildew Hubbard to Mr. Dexter Hildreth Craig, 2nd.

†1918. MILLER — FAIRFIELD. In East Pepperell, Mass., December 31, 1921, Dorothy Fairfield to Mr. Charles Kennedy Miller.

1919. STUART — SANFORD. In Glen Ridge, N. J., November 4, 1921, Harriet Burt Sanford to Mr. Lyman Knight Stuart. At home, 50 North Main Street, Newark, N. J.

†1919. ABBOTT — STARK. In New York, September 6, 1921, Gertrude Ellen Stark to Mr. Paul Jewett Abbott.

†1919. WEBSTER — HATHAWAY. In North Wilmington, September 17, 1921, Ruth Carter Hathaway to Mr. George Walton Webster, Jr. At home, Under Cliff Terrace, Melrose.

†1919. SWEET — BREWER. In South Duxbury, August 3, 1921, Mary Ethel Brewer to Mr. Clifford Batchellor Sweet. At home, 19 Oxford Street, Worcester.

†1919. PARR — WRIGHT. On August 24, 1921, Edith Elizabeth Wright to Mr. Harold Lucien Parr. At home, East Moline, Ill.

†1919. BLODGETT — KORST. In Janesville, Wisconsin, June 4, 1921, Dorothy Korst to Mr. Frank Caleb Pickard Blodgett.

1920. SMITH — WARREN. On October 29, 1921, Georgia Warren to Mr. Abiel Manley Smith. At home, 11 Bacon St., Winchester.

1920. EVANS — STONE. In Newton, December 12, 1921, Margaret Dickinson Stone to Mr. Charles Benjamin Shaffer Evans. At home, The Wellington Ap'ts., 15 Idlewild St., Allston.

1920. BOLIN — REDER. In St. Louis, January 3, 1922, Dorothea Theresa Reder to Mr. Ray Edward Bolin.

†1920. PERSONS — MCCREARY. In East Aurora, New York, October 1, 1921, Lydia McCreary to Mr. Robert Hamilton Persons.

Births

†1907. On May 12, 1921, a daughter, Sydney, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Sidney Rollins (Louise Richards) of Newport, N. H.

1908. On February 2, 1921, a son, Edward Perry, to Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Manville (Helen Chaffee) of New Rochelle.

†1909. In Columbus, Ohio, a daughter, Marion Norpell, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Meek (Louise Norpell).

1910. On May 31, 1921, a daughter, Catherine Wright, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Smith (Ethel Swain) of New Britain, Conn.

†1911. In Hartford, November 14, 1921, a daughter, Doris Wightman, to Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Jones (Jessie Wightman) of New Britain, Conn.

†1911. On October 3, 1921, a daughter, Marjorie Frances, to Rev. and Mrs. Fletcher D. Parker (Katharine Ordway) of Winchester.

†1912. On October 22, 1921, a daughter, Helen Elizabeth, to Mr. and Mrs. Lester Janney (Helen Bowman) of Muncie, Ind.

†1913. On November 23, 1921, a son, Roger William, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph M. Patterson (Enid Baush).

†1913. On July 19, 1921, a son, Charles Edward, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henry Smith (Marion Gould).

1913. On December 12, 1921, a son, John Howe, 3rd, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Field, Jr. (Hertha M. Fletcher) of Bluefield, W. Va.

†1914. On October 26, 1921, a son, Robert Merrill, to Mr. and Mrs. Dana J. Loud (Wanda Dean) of Bellows Falls, Vt.

†1914. On September 26, 1921, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Myerscough (Marion Clark).

†1915. On October 12, 1921, a son, Charles Allen, to Mr. and Mrs. William Haine (Norma Allen) of Hartford, Conn.

†1916. On July 25, 1921, a son, William Van Dervoort, to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice W. Howe (Esther Van Dervotor) of Moline, Ill.

†1918. On August 3, 1921, a daughter, Anne Winchester, to Mr. and Mrs. Francis S. Fuller (Louise Bacon), of Newton.

†1918. On January 3, 1922, a son, Sherman Llewellyn, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Tibbetts (Julie Sherman) of Newtonville.

†1919. On August 27, 1921, a daughter, Shirley Grace, to Mr. and Mrs. James B. Boynton (Grace Leyser) of Boston.

Deaths

1846. In Tunbridge, Vt., June 8, 1921, Mary Shattuck, wife of the late J. Milton Abbott, of Brookline.

1849. In Cambridge, May 27, 1921, Abbie M. Holt, wife of the late James N. Smart.

1852. In Leominster, January 9, 1922, Susan Frye, wife of the late Rev. James M. Bell.

1855. In Auburndale, December 25, 1922, Annie E. Bigelow, wife of Richard E. Ashenden.

1856. In Andover, August 2, 1921, Abby J. Chandler, wife of the late Peter D. Smith.

†1856. In Sedgwick, Kan., November 11, 1921, Mary P. Hazen, wife of William Finn.

†1856. In Malden, January 14, 1922, Hannah M. Flint, wife of the late George T. Brown. She was the last of six sisters who attended Abbot Academy. They were nieces of Madam Sarah Abbot, founder of the school.

1856. In Peabody, October 15, 1921, Olive F. Mooar, wife of the late Sanford K. Goldsmith, and mother of Louise Goldsmith Clark, 1891.

1856. In the death of Abby Chandler Smith the school has met with the loss of a very good friend. Because she was a resident of Andover, and because she had three daughters who also attended Abbot she showed an unusual amount of interest in the school activities and was always a very loyal alumna.

1857. In Medford, October 15, 1921, Jane B. Davis, wife of the late Samuel F. Crocker. She was the mother of Catherine Crocker, †1887, and Josephine Crocker Winslow, 1892.

1861. In Nantucket, July 17, 1921, Adelaide Thompson, wife of Benjamin Robinson.

1866. In Baltimore, Md., January 1, 1922, Mary W. Tucker, wife of the late Micajah Pope.

1878. In Winchester, June 7, 1921, Anne Howard, wife of the late Frank B. Spaulding.

†1880. In Boston, September 3, 1921, Helen Rebecca Heywood of Gardner.

1885. In Peabody, January 16, Desire Elizabeth Nickels, formerly of Searsport, Me.

†1900. Near Newark, O., July 12, 1921, Grace Fleek, wife of John J. Carroll.

†1905. At Tucson, Arizona, on Jan. 20, Elizabeth Ripley of Troy, New Hampshire.

1921. In Albany, N. Y., September 29, 1921, Jane Stair Winchester.

1921. At Hampton Beach, August 27, 1921, Marcella Moxley.

Abbot Academy Faculty

- BERTHA BAILEY, B.S., PRINCIPAL
Psychology, Ethics, Christian Evidences
- KATHERINE ROXANNA KELSEY, ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
Mathematics
- NELLIE MARIA MASON
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Calendar

1922

January 10, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

January 11, Thursday, 9 a.m.

February 4

February 6

March 23

Winter term begins

First semester ends

Second semester begins

Winter term ends

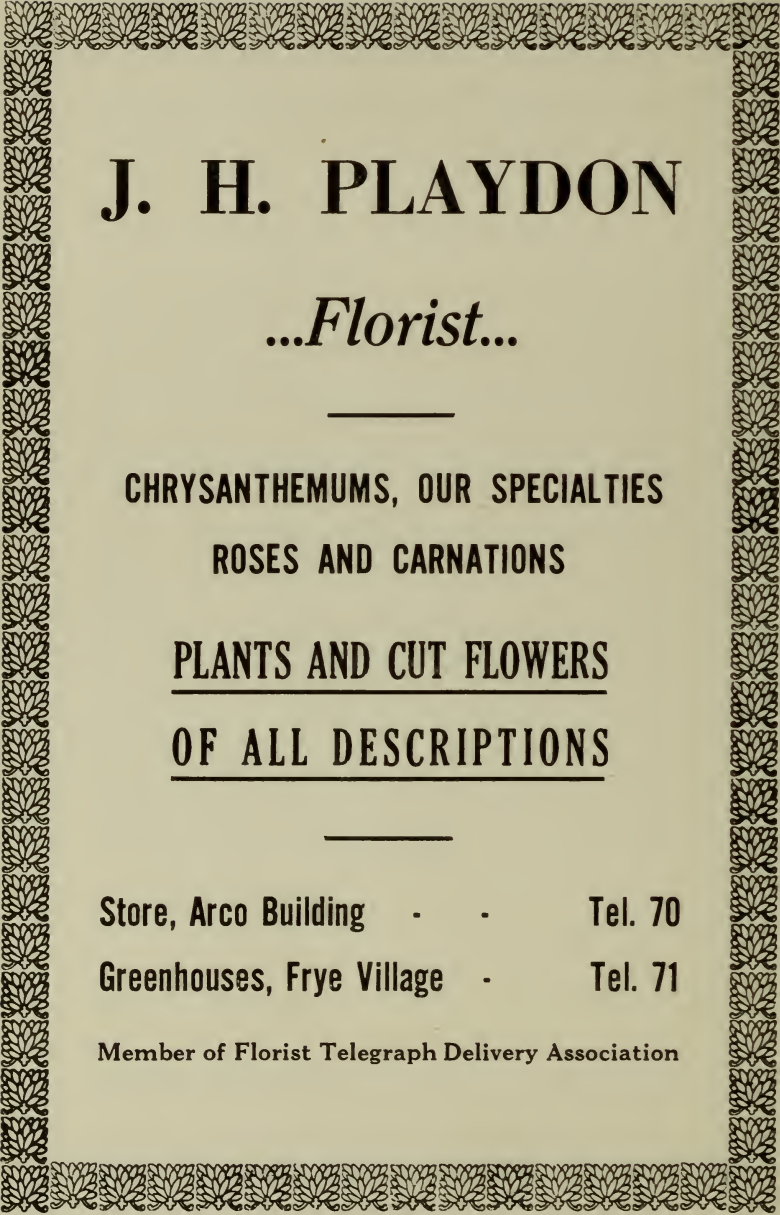
Spring Vacation

April 5, Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

April 6, Thursday, 9 a.m.

June 13, School year ends.

Spring term begins



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The Abbot Courant

June, 1922

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1922

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO

THE
ABBOT COURANT

VOLUME XLVIII, No. 2

ANDOVER, MASS.
PUBLISHED BY ABBOT ACADEMY
1922

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THE GEORGE G. DAVIS GATEWAY

THE ABBOT COURANT

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DOROTHY TAYLOR, 1923

Business Editors

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Vol. XLVIII

JUNE, 1922

No. 2

Death

I want to die upon a windy hill
Beneath the friendly light of sunset sky,
Beside the ripple of a wandering rill,
Where gleams a rainbow-winged dragonfly.
At first I'll lie awhile with quiet eyes
That gaze at colors on a smooth brook stone,
And smile at nature's lovely mysteries.
A star will shine above the clouds, alone.
I'll lie with all my weary soul at rest.
The friendly winds will play about my hair,
My heart by mother earth will be caressed,
And then — a rustle in the golden air,
And Death will come — to lead me by the hand
Beyond the sunset to the quiet land.

Katherine Gage, 1922

Lao Dong

Lao Dong is a Chinaman, but he is not such a Chinaman as you probably think of when you hear that word; he is not at all like the little brown men with mysterious ways who run the Chinese laundries. Our neighbors say that he looks like a duke or an earl, if one can imagine a duke or an earl in a blue cotton coat and a slouching brown hat, working in a Chinese garden. Lao Dong is a northerner, a Shantung man. He is fully six feet three, and he is so exceedingly dignified and masterful, and his face shows such depth and power that they are not very far amiss after all. He certainly walks as if he were a lord of creation, with a military erectness that even a duke or an earl might envy. All this impressiveness is not without its effect. He is held very much in awe by all our servants. He never joins with them in their laughing and chatting, around the kitchen fire on winter evenings, but holds himself entirely aloof.

He has been our gardener for more than twenty years, and in all that time we have learned little about his former life. What we do know is that he has a very commanding way, a very silent manner, and a very winning smile.

His face is strong, the face of a quiet thinker. We realize that he has a very good mind, and after all these years of loyal service we know that he has a great heart. He is our friend, and when a Chinaman is your friend he will stand by you through every trial to the end. I am sure that he would do anything in his power for us, even to the last great sacrifice of his life, if such a thing should ever be asked of him.

We sometimes see in his deep, solemn eyes a very merry twinkle, and when my mother speaks to him his face lights up with what she calls Lao Dong's heavenly smile. It is a smile which comes straight from his heart and is full of understanding, fun, and eagerness.

All children and all animals love him, though he never makes any fuss over them at all. Sometimes we try to coax a child to come to us with stories or pictures, but still the child holds back

as if afraid. When he sees Lao Dong he runs to him as if they were old friends. Little stray dogs nearly go wild with joy when they see him, jumping up and wagging their tails in a frenzy of recognition. Still his face never changes from its calm expression, only in his eyes there is a different look, a very tender look. There must be something from the heart of him which goes out to the heart of them, which makes them love him so. When my little brother brought home a wobegone little yellow pup, Lao Dong took it in his gentle arms and cared for it. He and Dick worked together, a whole morning, to make a home for the little stray. He always has pets around him, and no bird or beast ever suffers for want of anything when Lao Dong is there.

Our garden is his greatest pride. He loves it because it is beautiful, and because he helped to create it. He takes as much joy in it as Mother herself. He watches and cares for each tiny plant and flower with infinite pains. He has the true garden lover's knack of making a sprout grow by sheer loving of it, pouring the wealth of his fine, intense nature into his work. He gets up almost before dawn to train some vine to grow so that the early sun will shine on it. He covers the more delicate flowers with matting to protect them from the terrific heat at noon. He digs and hoes and plants and grafts and waters all day long; and then in the evening he walks around the garden, when the sunset is filling it with glory. He knows that his work is good and this is his true reward.

And so Lao Dong lives his quiet life. A silent man with a spirit of real beauty, and a very great heart, which shows itself at times in a rare and beautiful smile.

Dorothy Williams, 1922

The Gypsy's Candle

It was a magic candle, so the gypsy woman said. By its strange power one was enabled to see anything, anyone, any time that one wished, provided only that some reminder of the happening was held in the hand while the candle was burning. I bought it, of course, and went home to test its powers. From my treasures I chose a little golden heart, cunningly wrought by some clever craftsman long ago. It was said to have belonged to an ancestress of mine. I went to my study and with the ornament held in my hand, lighted the candle and awaited results.

* * * * *

A pretty lad was riding along the sunflecked road, where the new leaves on the trees cast dancing shadows. The hedgerows were white with hawthorn, violets dotted the grass, the birds were singing their new songs, the sky was blue, and it was spring. The lad was singing gaily. He too, felt the call of spring. What mattered trouble; he was happy now. As he passed a side road a stranger rode out and joined him.

"How far to Shadloe, my lad?" He had a deep voice, but a pleasant one.

"Eight miles, sir."

"And to Cavendish bridge?"

"Seven, sir," darting a quick glance at the man, evidently a gentleman.

"I have business with Lord Huntington at the Castle. Is he at home now, know you?"

"Yes, sir, but there is a grand ball to be given there tonight."

"For the Lady Betty?"

"Yes, do *you* know her?"

"No, but I have heard of her. Tell me of her, lad."

"There is not much to tell. She is about my height, her hair is like mine (touching his chestnut curls), she is wild jade, she cares not what others think, she is ever up to some madcap prank."

"H'm. Is she beautiful?"

"Some say so, but — well, judge for yourself, sir, when you see her. And now, adieu, sir." And the lad jumped his horse over the low stone wall and galloped away cross country. And he stranger rode on, with a queer little tender smile on his lips.

* * * * *

The music was in full swing, and the great hall at the Castle was gay with lovely women and gallant men. People had come from far and near to the ball that Lord Huntington was giving for his daughter, Lady Betty.

She was dancing the minuet, her silver gown foaming about her as she curtseyed. Her chestnut curls, piled high, were held by a silver arrow.

Suddenly as she faced the window, she saw the stranger of the morning, watching. Then she turned away and at last, when she looked again, he was walking down toward the fountain. The dance was over and she implored her partner for some water, as she was faint. As he went to do her bidding, she slipped through the long window, unnoticed, and hastened toward the fountain, her little heels clicking on the flagging.

By the fountain, where the clear moonlight turned the tinkling spray to silvery plumes, she paused, frightened by her own daring.

"Who are you?" she demanded of the tall figure.

He whirled and stood looking at her for a long moment, then with a low bow,

"Philip Carlow, at your service, my lady."

"What are you doing here, now, Mr. Carlow?"

"I have business with your father. Hearing of the ball, I hesitated to intrude this afternoon, but the music drew me and I came to look on to-night. It is a beautiful sight for a wanderer, my lady."

"If you had come this afternoon, you might have been invited tonight, Mr. Carlow. Why didn't you?" She looked up at him from under her long lashes.

His reply was irrelevant.

"It is your betrothal ball, my lady?"

"Why, yes."

"I heard at the inn today that you were to marry a man you have never seen, some worthless fool. Is he here tonight?"

"No, but he is expected soon."

"And you are to marry a man who does not care enough to be on time to a ——"

"Oh, what does it matter? I do not love him, he does not love me. It is a business pact."

"Why do you marry him?"

"I have given my promise."

"Lady Betty, why do you do it? I came here, I will tell you, principally to see you. I saw you in London, at Lady Berkeley's rout. That was enough. Then when I saw you again this morning ——"

"You knew me?"

"Of course, love does not forget. Lady Betty, I love you and if you will come away with me and be my wife, it will be my constant care to make you happy. Do not marry someone who does not care, you will regret it always. Come with me, who loves you. I beg you."

The girl sat very still. Her heart was thumping painfully and her eyes were full of tears.

"No, I have given my word."

"But, Lady Betty ——"

"Please go away. I cannot do it. "But" — her hand fumbled at the soft laces on her breast. "Here is — my — heart. Keep it and — go."

She put in his hand a little golden heart. Carlow bent over her white fingers and kissed them tenderly and went away.

The girl knelt by the fountain, her face buried in her hands. It is very hard to give up happiness, tangible happiness, for her mere plighted word.

A hum of excitement sounded in the great hall. He had come, the bridegroom the bride had never seen. Where was Lady Betty? Some one volunteered the information that she was in the gardens and offered to fetch her. But the imperious noble went himself. He strode down the path, his spurs clinking ominously. Lady Betty heard and rose to her feet, her head held

high, although she was very pale. He turned a bend in the path and —

* * * * *

The candle flickered and went out. But I did not mind for, although Lady Betty had married the man whom her father chose for her, was not the little golden heart still in the family?

Harriet Simpson, 1922

Why ?

Daisies nodding in the breeze,
Butterflies and humming bees,
Squirrels scamp'ring o'er the lawn,
Robins singing since the dawn,
Children playing merrily —
Why can't we all be carefree?

Rosamond Martin, 1923

My World of Poetry

I can not quite describe my feelings when I open a new book of poems. It is the same delicious, expectant thrill that you have when you first feel the knobby bundles in your Christmas stocking. "There might be anything there. What will the new book bring to me to keep? Shall I find there thoughts that fly out of the page straight into my heart?" I turn the pages over wonderingly, reading a little here and there, like a child sniffing the fragrance of a bed of flowers. But, when I pick up an old, a loved book of poems, I turn the pages over almost reverently. The lines have lived for so long like a song in my heart. The thoughts have made a part of my life. I read them over again and they are like sweet, vibrant, echoing chords of music. The poems shine at me from the pages like the loving faces of very dear friends. A beautiful poem is a priceless possession. It is the exquisitely wrought gift of the past to each of us who will love it.

There are so many, many poems, and each with a different message to my heart. Some of them fill me with longing, until my heart aches with a far-away nameless yearning. Some make life seem so gay that I want to throw out my arms to the winds, and laugh, and forget all troubles. Some stir me, so that I feel my heart must break with its passionate beating, like a captive bird beating out its life against the bars of its cage.

Some I read and forget, and others I read and dream over and love. They never fail to lift me from my narrow self into a world of rare beauty. When I am discouraged or too tied up in the details of life around me, they soothe all the frets away, and by their freshness, brush the cobwebs out of my soul. Until they become at last, when they are very dear, the very warp and woof of my being.

Poems are so lovely! They make the whole world seem fairer, for they tell of beauties that my dull eyes have never seen before. And when I find a thing so beautiful that it seems almost to hurt, I find that some one else has felt that beauty too and has expressed it for me in words far lovelier than I could ever find.

There are so many beauties, beauties of nature, beauties of character, beauties of deeds, beauties of truth. All the high and fair and noble things that God has put into our beautiful world, He has also whispered into the listening ear of His poets, and they have repeated to us His secrets.

Dorothy Williams 1922

Colin's Song

Out of the rose of the dawn,
 Into the gold of the day,
Comes Colin — the last grey mist
 Called by the sun, fades away.

All Spring's in the shepherd's pipe,
 In his reed pipe, yellow and long,
For the joy of love's in his heart,
 And his love wells forth in a song.

The woolly lambs frisk on the hills,
 And Colin pipes of his love;
Pipes with his soul on his lips,
 While the blue dome glistens above.

Emily Van Patten, 1923

Line

Sally was having a wonderful time; not that she would have admitted as much to the numerous men around her, you understand. Of course she'd been to hundreds of Fraternity house parties before and while this one was all right, it was no better than the others, at least not much. She rested her cheek on one delicate little hand. She sighed, "I'm tired!" Her limpid baby eyes were hid by the long lashes that slowly drooped. There was a sympathetic chorus of deep voices. She got up gracefully and slowly made her way to the stairs. Her little baby face rested against the newelpost for an instant. Male hearts beat faster, eyes registered adoration and more than one lad "fell" for Sally that first night. The young are so appealing, you know.

When she reached her room she was wide-awake but absent-minded. She and her roommate talked over the day together.

"Either," pondered Sally, "I've met an entirely new type of man or else he's thrown me a wonderful line. Oh, I hope he didn't for I think Dick's a darling!"

Next day Sally sat under an apple tree with Bob at her feet.

"You know, Sally, the reason I like you so is because you're different from the other girls. You're sincere, you're not afraid to do what you think right and to keep a fellow in his place. You're a darned pleasant curiosity. Why do fellows smoke, and drink, and dance the way they do? Why just because some girls let us. Oh ——"

"Is this a line?" Sally interrupted suspiciously.

"A line? Oh my — my *goodness*! You see what you do for me! You're the first girl to whom I've ever talked this way. Why, Sally, honestly, I'm no snake."

"Oh no, I suppose not!" This from Sally in icy tones. "Sorry, but I have to go in!"

That night at the dance Sally wandered out into the moonlit garden with Tom. Neither spoke for a while. Then Sally looked at the moon.

"Oh, how wonderful the moon is tonight."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Tom noncommittally. Then he grew earnest.

"Sally, do you know why I like you? It's because you're a wonderful curiosity. You're sincere, you're not afraid."

"To put men in their places," crisply cut in Sally.

"Why yes. Why do we fellows drink and ——"

Sally groaned. "Oh Tom, this is the third time I've heard that line in two days! Spare me! Instead tell me the truth, if you can. I'm curious about this new and original line. How'd it start?"

"You've heard that line before? That's funny. Who used it?"

"Dick first, and then Bob," sighed Sally.

"It isn't a line with Dick. He means it," answered Tom. "You see one day Dick came out with that argument. I guess we all saw the possibilities of a new line in it. I know I never dreamed any of the others would use it." He laughed ruefully.

Sally was suddenly in a good humor again. "You're a dear to tell me." She ran into the ballroom and danced the next dance with Dick, and the next, and the next, and the next.

In the morning, as the men came downstairs they were greeted by a large sign which read:

"We the girls of this house party do hereby plead, for the success of this and future house parties, that all men engaged in the sport of line-throwing be sure that they do not throw the same one. For this we suggest that a list of all available fraternity lines be posted and that the men sign up for them."

Some of the men laughed, some swore, but there were only two who were not puzzled. Tom smiled sadly, Dick smiled gladly, but neither said a word.

Elizabeth Whittemore, 1922

The Sea

I wonder why the sea's so great? Wouldn't it have been just as well to have had it smaller? 'Twould have been easier to cross, and so many lives would not have been lost in attempting to reach the other side. Pirates would not have plundered, and treasures would not have been sunk.

But if the sea *were* smaller, the timid nymphs would be afraid to play for fear of being seen by some prosaic being; mermaids could not swim about; and who knows but what the creatures were sent to the bottom by some kind fate that these beauties of the deep might deck themselves with gold, and adorn their lovely hair with the sparkling jewels.

Each wave is a fairy coach, and some are sent to bring down to the fairy kingdom, from a sinking boat, a new playmate for the happy children of the sea.

Catherine Miller, 1923

A Chinese Garden

Twilight in a Chinese garden. Tiny, winding paths lead to shady nooks where rest-seekers may wander at their ease, hidden by leafy bamboo and drooping willows. The bushes, a mass of pale pink and white blossoms, lift their fragrant honey-kissed faces into the dusk; here and there a tiny pool, fringed with drooping purple iris, where the goldfish swim like gleams of sunlight through the still, green water.

In the center is a pagoda with quaint, twisted blue roof and grey stone walls, mellow with age. The sound of an old Chinese lute comes faintly from beyond the ivy-covered walls. The slow sweet notes float out on the blossom-haunted air. A spell seems to lie on the old garden, for it is twilight — the time for memories.

Softly the darkness deepens. A pale star faintly shines in the saffron-tinted sky. A breeze sets the leaves of the bamboos to rustling softly. The music ceases leaving the garden to darkness and night.

Katherine Gage, 1922

[Written for Odeon]

His Mother Speaks

Ah, meester, but you no can pay
For da life you've tak' away!
Your dollar no can buy da joy
For tak da place of my poor boy.
To me he was Life's only smile,
An' now hees gone! Poor leetla chil'
He had no odder place to play
But een da street, an' den today
You come along een your beeg car
An' run heem down! Oh, why you are
So cruel for tak' my boy from me?
What eefa your own boy — but see?
W'en I am say such t'eeng to you,
You shudder — yet you come an' do
Dis t'eeng to me. What now you say?
You're sorry? Ya, I teenk today
You learn a lesson, Well, goo'bye!
My God! Why for you let heem die?

Ruth Holmes, 1923

Dinah's Story

"Oh, Aunt Dinah, please tell me a story," begged little eight-year-old Eleanor as she climbed into the lap of a fat old darky who sat on the back doorstep snatching a few minutes' recreation after a long day's labor.

"Go 'way honey," answered the good natured old servant. "I don' feel like tellin' no stories today. Ma rheumytism done come back agin an' pains is shootin' th'u me from head t' foot, jes' like yo po' gran'ma befo' the good Lawd 'livered her out 'en her sufferin'."

"Oh please, Auntie Dinah," pleaded the child, shaking her golden curls. "Just one short story, the one about my great-aunt Grace. You haven't told me that one in a long time."

"Lawd, chile, seems to me like yo oughter know dat story by heart now I done tole it te yo so many times befo', but lan' knows I ain't a-blamin' yo fer wantin' to heah 'bout yo po' Auntie Grace what wuz so sweet an' so beau'ful. I'member how she used to sit at her gran' piani which yo, gran'pa give 'er on her eighteenth birthday, an' play, an' sing jes' like a canary bird all day. An' while she wuz a-settin' dah a playin' an' singin' de sunlight come in de windah an' shine down on her golden curls, jes' like yourn, an' make her look jes' like a angel. An' sometimes Massa Carlton used to come an' listen te her sing, an' tell her how beau'ful she wuz an' make 'er so happy, till one day de war broke out an' Massa Carlton he march off wid de res' o' de brave men to fight.

"Missie Grace wuz jes' eighteen den an' so beau'ful, but she begin te git palah and palah an' thinnah, an' thinnah, an' all she do wuz sew an' sew fer de soljers, an' look so sad-like 'cept when Massa Carlton come back once or twice te 'see 'er. An' den she kindah brighten up a little an' laugh like she used te. But when he lef' agin she aint smile no mo', an' she always stay right wid me like ole Massa done tell her to do. Till one day we wuz settin' out yondah undah dat big ole oak, an' I wuz pealin' taders an' Missie Grace a-knittin' socks fer Massa Carl-

ton, when de ole Massa come a-runnin' out de back do' an' yell at us te come inside, an' jes' den we heah'd a loud gallopin' an' seed a whole cloud of dus' an' de Yankees a-ridin' up te de front do'. Ole Massa he took an' hid me an' Missie Grace in a secret panel in de dinin' room wall, an' all de time de Yankees is beatin' at de do' an' breakin' th'u de windahs wid dey guns. An' finally dey 'scovah ole Massa standin' all calm-like in front of de fireplace an' smokin' his pipe. An' dey ask him a lot o' questions, an' search him, an' tak' all his money, an' his watch. An' some of 'em goes up stairs an' 'stroys eve'y thing dey kin fine, an' some stays down stairs an' busts all de mirrahs an' windahs an' loads up all de silvah fer theyselves. An' some goes down te ole Massa's wine cellah an' drink up so much dey can't stan' up good.

"An' den dey all comes back to ole Massa an' say dey gwyne t' kill him, an' den, Lawdy, if Missie Grace ain't open up de wall an' run out an' stan' between old Massa an' dem Yankees, befo' I could do a thing. An' dey all stan' 'roun' kindah s'prised-like fer a minute, an' den two of 'em grabs ole Massa an' one tries te tak' Missie Grace, but she fight him an' make him so mad he pulls out a pistol an' shoot at 'er, but de shot done hit ole Massa instead, an' he drop ovah dead. Den Missie Grace she fall te de flo' like she wuz dead too, an' I run out te pick 'er up, but dey shuv me away, an' pick 'er up dey selves, an' leave me yellin' an' out o' my min', an' start ridin' away wid all de silvah an' carryin' Missie Grace on one of de hosses, an' dey laughin' at me a-runnin' along an' fallin' down in de dus'—till I couldn't go no mo' but jes' fall down an' start prayin' an' prayin'.

"But prutty soon I heahed anuder gallopin' an' seed our own soljers come a-ridin' up, an' Massa Carlton in front, an' I knowed God had done send him te save Missie Grace. An' when I done tell him, dey rode fas'er an' fas'er, an' by an' by I heahed shots a flyin' 'roun' so I follah 'long in de dus' till I cotch up wid 'em, an' Lawd chile, what ye reckon I seed — dah wuz all de soljers standin' 'roun' kindah scared-like, an' Missie Grace leanin' agin Massa Carlton, all her prutty dress cyvahed wid blood whah de Yankees had done shot her. An' when she seed me she stretch' out bof her han's an' calls me, but befo' I could git

dah she fall over dead. An' ebbah since dat Massa Carlton he goes 'bout all by hisself an' don't min' nobody's bus'ness 'sept'n his own.

"But Lawdy, honey chile, run 'long an' fin' ye mama, it's time fer dinnah an' all my victuals is 'bout te burn up!"

Alexina Wilkins, 1922

Baby

Eyes of blue, and curls of gold,
Red lips of a perfect mould,
Hardly any nose at all,
Teeth that are so very small,
Clasping hands and dimpled feet,
Dresses always clean and sweet,
Sometimes smiling, sometimes crowing
Isn't this a child worth knowing?

Ethel Goodwin, 1923

A Well Tragedy

"Maw! I wish you'd make Oscar behave hisself! He's all the time climbin' on that ol' well an' ev'ry time I start t' read he ups an' almos' falls in an' I runs an' grabs 'im an' jes' barely saves 'im! Lor' knows he'd get kilt if he'd a fell in! Kin I take the rope off'n the clothes line? I'm goin' ta tie 'im to the ol' pear tree."

Clarabelle Campbell looked as though she meant what she said. She did. Upon hearing the faint affirmative of her mother from the upper regions of the ramshackle old house, she marched promptly to the clothes yard on the other side of the house where she proceeded to untie the clothes line. The book she held under her arm fell to the ground; its pages flew open. Clarabelle stooped to pick it up; her eyes roved over the page:—"She sat upon the side of the fountain, the moonlight playing on her soft golden locks. She lifted her two star-like eyes to his,—'Estelle, we can not part like this!' 'George, I love you.' The villain ducked behind the rose bush. He had heard *what Estelle had said!* His white teeth shone in the darkness as he smiled a wicked smile. Suddenly there was a crash — a scream ——!"

"Clarabelle! W'at you doin' readin' that trash an' little Oscar as like as not drownin'!"

Clarabelle was up like a shot: dragging the rope along after her, she dashed to the other side of the house where stood the old well — but no Oscar!

"Maw! — Oscar's gone an' fell in the well!"

There was a terrible silence broken by a piercing scream from the upper regions. The scream descended, and the next minute the back door slammed and Mrs. Campbell, her hair standing on end, came flying through.

"Clarabelle! Will ye get out of my way an' quit standin' thar like a bump on a log!"

Together Mrs. Campbell and the now thoroughly aroused Clarabelle tore to the well.

"Oh, maw! Shee de pretty green catapilla," cooed a curly-haired cherub appearing from the other side.

"Oscar darlin'— 'ow can ye scare yer p'or ol' maw so? don' ye know ye shouldn't ——"

"Baw! Ye've stepped on de pretty catapilla!"

Natalie Bartlett, 1923

To a Toad

Fat wee urchin in my garden,
Why do ya hide when I look't it you?
If you're 'fraid, I beg your pardon
Let's be friends, c'mon, please do.

Are you 'fraid I will not like you?
Don't you worry, 'cause I know
If you didn't live in our yard —
How on earth 'd my garden grow?

Daddy told me toads was good things,
'Cause they eat up all bad worms.
Flowers must be like boys an' childrun
Thet get sick when they get germs.

So you stay here at my side — here!
C'mon out let me look't you.
I'll say "boo" now if you hide, there,
Let's be friends, c'mon, please do.

Margaret Hopkins, 1922

The Turning

"Oh, Fran! I got a letter from Sherry. He's at G. M. A., you know, and just think, he's asked me over to the next hop!"

"You lucky sinner!" Frances Austin looked admiringly at pretty, popular Marian Page. Marian always seemed to have invitations, while she never went anywhere. She couldn't think of anything to say at a dance. If she was riding or swimming or playing tennis — that was different — but you don't do any of those things at a dance, so what was the use? But —

"And listen to what he says! 'I've a friend down here who wants a girl. You can get him one, can't you? Don't pick a lemon because he's one of the nicest fellows in school.' Who *can* I get? Peg had to sprain her ankle so I can't take her. I'll get Anne. Farewell, beloved stick-in-the-mud. If you would cultivate a line I might take you."

She left Fran inwardly bewailing her red hair and her height and her general lack of charm.

"I'm going to carry a weight on my head so I'll shrink, and I'll dye my hair. The only nice thing about me is the way my hair curls — and my eyelashes."

Marian was coming back, fairly radiating despair.

"Those girls, every one, have dates, dingbust 'em." Her eye rested on Fran, and gradually took on a speculative look. "Now, Fran, if you'd just dance — you can awfully well if you only will — and get a line, you might do. With your green evening dress, Peg's fan and Anne's silver effect in your hair you'd *look* a knockout. But Sherry would detest me forever if you turned out a lemon. Oh, I didn't mean to say that."

"I appreciate your kindness, Marian, in making me fifth choice. However, I feel in need of entertainment so I'll condescend to go. Tell your Sherry, you have a girl. As for being a lemon, my bright hair would have dried me up long ago if I were one. Clothes? I think I have a few of my own. I'll take enough and we can go in my roadster. Thank you again for your *kind* invitation, Marian."

On Saturday, in front of a fraternity house at G. M. A., two very good-looking girls left a little roadster with a chaperon sitting in it, only to be met almost at the curb by two cadets.

"Hello, Sherry, and Mr. Stewart. I met you once at a hop, I know. This is my friend, Frances Austin, Fran for short, and, darling,— no, not you (with a glance at Sherry) — this is Sherwood Brown, Sherry, you know, and Mr. Stewart."

"I'm usually Dick for short," put in the latter as Marian stopped for breath.

"I'm Fran only to my friends, but I'll consider allowing *you* to call me that," this to Dick with a glance through her eyelashes. Thanks be, he was about a 'mile' high, and Sherry wasn't half bad, but she liked Dick better. "Oh, Marian, we'd better introduce them to Mrs. Kimball. Our chap, you know."

The introduction over, Sherry showed them upstairs, and had started to go down when Fran stopped him.

"How about my car? Tell me where the garage is and I'll put her in."

"You couldn't find it by yourself. I'll go with you. Marian, the tea-dance starts at 4.30. Be ready, 'cause we want to get every dance in."

Dick was out in front, evidently considering the problem of the car. As he differed from Sherry on the location of the garage, he had to go along too, leaving Marian upstairs with Mrs. Kimball. Marian was considering Fran's unusual behaviour. She couldn't understand it, but at last she gave up trying to, and devoted all her energies to getting dressed. Fran came in quite a bit later with only a narrow margin to get ready, but she quickly donned a dress of a heavenly blue that became her marvelously, and made Marian gasp.

"Why, you never wore that at school."

"What was the use?" came the cool reply. "Nobody there has any use for me except as a tennis partner. I'm a stick. They *may* appreciate me here."

Marian gasped again. The worm *was* turning with a vengeance!

Fran was besieged all through the afternoon, and in the evening it was the same. She had broken the sad news of their hav-

ing to go back that night, and, loud were the wails when the boys heard that she couldn't stay for their Sunday review. Marian had half a mind to stay but Fran made her go.

"They like us all right now, but there can be too much of a good thing, you know."

A brass button pinned to her dress testified that not everybody held that same opinion, but Fran was firm. Amidst a loud chorus of goodbyes they drove off. Their ride back to school was comparatively silent owing to Mrs. Kimball's presence, but when they got into Fran's room Marian demanded:

"Fran Austin, whatever got into you, where did you get the line, and how did you work it?"

Fran's former resentment was now lost in sheer happiness, so she explained.

"Well beloved, I suppose it was a case of the proverbial worm and I ran true to form. When you intimated that I might look halfway decent with a great effort, and when you suggested I'd probably turn out a lemon anyway, I was furious; I was madder than I ever got in any tournament or swimming meet. I was going to show you that I wasn't just a stick. I was so mad at you I forgot the line and it reeled itself out. I'm not a bit mad any more, and I'm so glad you took me in spite of my lemons. And, Marian, Dick asked me to the hop next month, and his friend Sherry wants a girl. Like to go?"

Juliet Haskell, 1922

The Bluebird's Song

From out a bluebird's tiny throat
Came forth a cheery, trilling note.
As sweet a song as e'er I've heard.
April's voice spoke through that bird.

Ruth Holmes, 1923

The Village Postoffice

One cool summer morning, it was before the sun had kissed away the refreshing morning dew, I went out to see the sight of this beautiful New England country. The white silky mist was drawing itself up to the sleepy sun.

Early birds were twittering in the trees and every thing was just beginning to realize that a new day was waking. I went out enjoying the cool morning air and the beautiful sights of the nature. Pretty soon I came to the village.

"Oh!" I thought to myself. "This village is spoiling the beauty of the nature." But when I came to think about it, in this village, in each of these houses how many happy and sad thoughts were contained: and the ugliest one of all, the post-office, has the most thoughts.

It was still quiet but when the time comes many anxious villager will come to get a news or two. One would see all kinds of faces, sad faces, ugly faces, pretty faces, and the news might be a happy one or it might be a sad one, important one, interesting one — all kinds that one could ever think of.

If there wasn't this ugly house where should we go to get these news? How could I know how my family are getting along in Japan? How could friends know what their comrades are planning to do? How could a pretty maiden know when her father or mother is coming back? How could farmers know where their business is standing? Without this house we should feel very lonely and unhappy, and as these thoughts came to me, the house that was ugly and was a hindrance of the view, grew prettier, and as the sun came up it seemed to light up the building and I watched it till I was too far to see it. Ever since then I enjoyed going through the village and standing in front of the Post Office.

Taye Hirooka

Rain

[THREE WORD PICTURES]

I

Rain — Groans and sighs — Green raincoats — Red raincoats — Blue raincoats — Puddles — Pink worms — Damp clothes — “May I go under your umbrella?” — Straight hair.

R. B. H., 1922

II

Smell of rubber — Purple, red and blue umbrellas — Slippery leaves in rain pools — Soft tennis courts — Damp white curtains — Weed tire chains — Gurgling drain pipes — Temper lost — Abbot on a rainy day.

E. Van P., 1923

III

Glances through the window — Search for a thought — Pouring rain outside — Busy scratching of pen — Word to rhyme with rain? — Glances out of window — Same drizzle — No ideas — Ha! a word! — More scratching — A poem!

E. M. MacP., 1922

Three familiar Essays

I. THE ORIGINAL YOUNG WOMAN

One is continually talking about the originality of the modern young woman as if it were necessary to convince the world of it. Far be it from me to dispel any of the pleasant illusions my readers may cherish. On the contrary, I hope that they will realize that it is in all seriousness that I ask, "Why, then, do they all act alike?" I really wish someone would explain it to me; until then I shall be quite at a loss. A few days ago I met a certain young woman at a reception. My friend who had accompanied me had pointed her out saying, "Such a sweet thing! And so original! She is most remarkable." Quite excited at the thought of being near such a paragon, I besought my hostess to present me. This she did — and there I lost every hope.

"Oh — ah — how — do — —er — you do? Er — isn't this a lovely party? It's *awfully* sweet of Mrs. Paul to ask us here, don't you know? I'm *so* glad to — ah — er — oh yes! Mr.? Ah — Mr. ——" I was quite relieved to find her floating off with a young coxcomb greatly enamoured of — well, of some one of her attributes. Nothing very original to that conservation, certainly. It was exactly what I'd been listening to ever since my arrival. In despair I made my excuses to my hostess and rushed forth seeking the novelty which nature always has to offer. Gradually I found peace in the eternal surprises of sky and trees, and went home in a more optimistic frame of mind. But the next day my faith was again shaken. As I made my way along a crowded thoroughfare, I carefully noted the passersby. Nine out of every ten were young women; and every one was an exact replica of her who had just passed. Canes, ear-rings, noses — all were identical. (I mention these items because they are all of the modern female one notices.) And so it is I go about, a Twentieth Century Diogenes, seeking for an original woman. If one of you has seen her, please inform me at once, as I am

obsessed by the fear that I shall die without finding a member of that species so loudly boasted of today.

Elizabeth Brewster, 1922

II. SPARE THE ROD, AND SPOIL THE CHILD

Not long ago I spent a few days with some friends in their luxurious home in the country. The family consisted of a six-year-old daughter, a dog, a canary, and a mother and father.

On my arrival I was first greeted by daughter and dog with an avalanche of "nice" mud gathered from the country roads after an April shower. It was a little inconveniencing but it really was a trifle; especially since my hostess apologized so profusely and after all, "Betty really is a dear but perhaps a little mischievous." During the explanation Betty with the cry of a warlike Indian after a victorious battle ran toward the house to "clean up" for the evening repast.

After bathing and redressing I felt in a more genial mood and went to join my host and hostess. We talked over old times together, which afforded us much pleasure as it had been some four or five years since our last meeting, until the Angel Child appeared wearing my coat and new twenty-five dollar hat, and weeping bitterly over something wrapped in a white cloth which proved to be her mother's best centerpiece. Mother cried out and ran to Betty and gathered her, package, my hat and coat and all into her sympathetic arms and asked who had hurt her baby. Baby had just wanted to see if the yellow would wash off the canary and the naughty bird got stubborn and tried to get away and she held it real tight, and the thing just died so Betty was having a funeral for it, and don't people always wear black and cry at funerals?

Daddy (and I) laughed and pretty soon, when Betty was comforted, nurse came and took her to bed.

That was Act I of a drama that lasted two days during which I figure Betty cost me:

1 watch crystal and stem.	1 coat cleaned.
1 hat.	5 bruises.
1 suit cleaned.	

Several days later I was dining with my sister who had that day attended a luncheon at which Betty's mother also had been present. My sister's conversation dealt at length with praise of Betty's clever ways. I inquired if she knew the child; to which she answered, "No." I then asked her how she had learned of Betty's amazing talents, to which she replied, "Why, through her mother, of course."

Catherine Miller, 1923

III. PROMPTNESS

Do you happen to know it is not the style to be prompt this season? Very likely you do, having learned from bitter experience. No — promptness is anything but stylish, for as the fashionable debutante would say, "Oh absolutely! It is so vulgar to be on time — really it seems so eager, so — oh — you know what I mean!"

But there are times when fashion is utterly disregarded, yes, positively scorned. Take for example railroad trains. The engineers, or whoever attend to them, are *so* old-fashioned, the poor business men simply cannot keep in style; for it is a cruel fact that Time and Tide — and trains wait for no man.

Wouldn't it be awful if our clocks and watches should go on a strike! How should we ever know what time to start for a dinner party, in order to arrive late enough to cause that stupendous sensation which is our whole object in going? Perhaps it is a good thing some people are old-fashioned, because really we couldn't cause a stir in a perfectly empty room, could we? And then we really can't condemn these individuals, because aren't the best of us inclined to sacrifice our ideals to arrive at the theater on time in order to "get our money's worth?"

Sometime perhaps, when the millennium comes, man will be as leisurely as he likes. Theaters will have continuous performances with no admission fees; all engineers will be executed and trains will be made to run whenever they are desired. Then promptness will become an obsolete custom. Oh happy day!

Natalie Bartlett, 1923

Editorials

In Memoriam

Few names among Abbot Academy alumnae have been more widely known than that of Miss Agnes Park, 1858, first as the daughter of her distinguished father, Professor Park, of Andover Theological Seminary, and later for her own sake in the wide Abbot circle.

It is a solace to remember that when the Alumnae Association celebrated last June its fiftieth anniversary, something of appreciation was expressed and honor given to Miss Park for her forty years of faithful, tireless, enthusiastic service as secretary. She little expected such recognition, for it did not occur to her, as she recounted with flashing eyes the achievements of the Association, how much of its growth and power was due to her own efforts. Only a few weeks before her death she showed her progressive spirit by taking an active part in the proposed changes in the Constitution made necessary by expansion. It is pleasant to think that in this way her influence will still be felt in the continued advance of the organization.

One of the ways in which she will be most missed by faculty and students is as chairman of the Advisory Committee. No matter who else of its changing personnel appeared for this annual inspecting visit, she was always there, with an interest as fresh and hearty as if everything were new to her. She often attended classes at other times, and liked to drop in for a few minutes at the John-Esther Gallery to enjoy her friends, the pictures. All Abbot concerns were vital to her, indeed, she was the very embodiment of a spontaneous school loyalty.

The variety of her interests was not surprising to those who felt the impress of her alert mind and eager spirit. She enjoyed life as she went along. People, books, causes — all were stimulating to her. In her generous response to such influences, giving freely as she received, forces were set in motion which will doubtless affect, for good, many through the years who never knew her name.

What's in a name? "The College Boards"—only three words, yet how we shudder at them; what pictures they bring up in our minds, of ruthless cruelty! Once, they merely made us shiver and think "Well, anyway, they're two years off, thank goodness!" But now, from the point of view of a College Senior, they're exceedingly near, and exceedingly dreadful. And just as we are settling down to forget about it, some one is sure to bring up the subject again. "Will they ask us that in the College Boards?" How can you tell? No one knows. No one can ever guess what the question will be, except that they'll be whatever you don't know! Solution: know everything. But that's impossible, and there you are. In every class you hear it. "Yes, that's a favorite College Board proposition." "That's the kind of question the College Examiners are likely to ask," and so it goes. Peace? Rest? Never, until the fatal week of exams is past, and all that remains for us to do is to decide what to choose as our reason for not going to college!

Many and varied are the fads here at Abbot this year. They range from black patent leather sandals to leghorn hats, and then back from beauty-spots to colored stockings.

First and foremost are the tweed suits which come in every possible color. After a vain attempt to count them, we gave it up as a bad job. However, be it sufficient to say that if all the tweed suits at Abbot were to be laid side by side on the sacred Circle, not one bare spot of grass would remain uncovered.

To go with her gay tweed each well-dressed flapper must needs have stockings to match, black patent leather sandals, a leghorn hat, and a cane. Many of the girls have taken to carrying canes this year, and although they seem rather unnecessary objects to some, we feel greatly indebted to the girls who carry them inasmuch as they spear little bits of paper on the end, and thus help to keep the grounds orderly.

A stranger noticing a group of Abbot girls might possibly think that they were little children playing "Indian". And rightly he might, for do not all the girls wear fringed skirts and sweaters with queer little Indian figures on them?

Bobbed hair seems to be no longer a fad — merely a habit.

Over half the school has it, and it rather looks as though it would continue to for quite a while longer.

In spite of all these fads Abbot is still the same, for it is impossible to change the real Abbot spirit by such frivolities.

School spirit, good scholastic standing, good posture, honest effort, skill? Yes, a candidate for the A Society must possess every one of these qualities. Up until this time, any member of a regular school team who participated in the games on Bradford Day has been awarded an A, and thus made a member of the society. But now a girl has to prove herself worthy of wearing an A by meeting with the above-mentioned requirements; that is, she must be a real, good, "all 'round" sport before she can become a member of the honored society. It has always been considered an honor to belong to the A Society, but we feel that the honor is greatly increased with the addition of the new requirements. There is another reason why we should like to be classed with the wearers of the A, and that is because they are constantly having a good time. They are always running off on some hayride, or camping trip, and making the rest of us envious. But the main reason that every one of us is anxious to adorn her white sweater with an A of the Abbot blue is because of the great honor which it signifies is due to the wearer.

Bedmaking and piebaking have gone out of fashion. Nowadays, girls who are not going to college must open shops, or design gowns, or decorate interiors. In the spring, wonderful inspirations are apt to pop into the head of any Academic Senior, so that in a moment, a glittering plan for life-long independence is made. Most of the plans have a lovely little shop around which to revolve. A shop must have a swinging sign above the door, a peculiar color scheme inside and out, something to sell, a charming shopkeeper, and *voila* — a fortune is made. So many of the Academic Seniors of twenty-two are opening shops next year that we may be greeted by an Abbot Lunch Counter in mauve and rose, or Draper Dresses for Daughters in cream and crimson, in all the leading cities of the United States. The present Academic Seniors are all entirely prepared to launch

themselves on this ambitious sea of endeavor, but how about next year's class? Won't it be a bit envious? Why cannot Miss Bailey open several shops in Andover, to be run by the girls who would like to return to enjoy the hockey season or the pleasant frivolities of Abbot, gaining wisdom with experience, and incidentally deferring the final parting from their Alma Mater?

A few days ago, we chanced to see two girls walking briskly down Morton Street. So unusual was the sight that it has inspired us to write an editorial on Abbot walkers.

But, we write not of the faithful few at this renowned center of knowledge who truly walk one hour every afternoon, but of the great majority whose pedal extremities allow them to pursue their habitual course at a pace rivaled only by a certain fabled racer. Instead of reaching a given point in as short a time as possible, our fair contestants cover as short a route as possible in a given time; namely, to Lowe's and back, or, as "Variety is the spice of life," over the hill and back, in one hour.

Their course depends entirely on their mood. If they feel that this academy — wretched habitation! is a prison and they, the prisoners; or if they crave a word with some divine male other than Mr. Ashton or Charles; or if they have a new skirt; their primrose path lies over the hill. If, on the other hand, they feel that girls should not live on love alone, their "Sodaloo" is Lowe's.

But, although their destinations may vary, their required time limit is always the same, one hour, no more, no less — unless, as occasionally happens, they tarry for an extra word or an extra sundae.

However, an hour is an hour and 'tis better to have walked an hour at a tortoise's pace than never to have walked at all.

R. H. '23

Why is it that when one dons one's prettiest dress, and prepares for a grand occasion, one feels that the whole effect will be spoiled unless the locks adorning one's head are curled, nay frizzled, tightly? Why is it that otherwise sober, sensible girls lose their heads when it comes to their hair, and indulge spasmodically in "waves"? Almost any night at dinner anyone

looking around the dining-room can see one or two tightly curled heads and in the morning other individuals appear with strange, unexpected bumps in their coiffures, results of the too often unsuccessful attempts at self-beautifying. Frequently one encounters on the way to class, perhaps, a girl who seems absolutely unfamiliar at the first glance, but who, on closer inspection, turns out to be a good friend. Then comes the exclamation, "Why, I wouldn't have known you if I hadn't looked again! You've had your hair curled, haven't you?"

No one is immune to this strange disease; it breaks out in the most unexpected places. The most sensible girls in school are just as susceptible as the most frivolous. Before week-ends or vacations it becomes more prevalent; everyone catches it then; or the Prom may be coming, and curls are simply a part of the natural preparation for such an event. Or perhaps it's a Saturday and there is to be a caller from Exeter. Surely that is enough to justify even the torture of sleeping on patent wavers. And so it goes on, but sometime let us hope that girls will tire of the queer bumps and dips and waves, and we will again see some hair that looks more like hair and less like wool.

Within the last ten years, a new type of woman has become popular; the willowy girl with boyish figure is now commonly supposed to be the most attractive. When a new fashion appears, whether red checks or purple tweed, if it charms feminine eyes and hearts, Abbot never lags in adopting it. So Miss Bigelow now holds a reducing class, in which all of us who wish to become more sylph-like, and even the boniest of us wish that, assemble to stretch and strain away any excess avoirdupois we may have. But that is a simple matter; the real work is the strict abstinence from an overdose of calories, for a calory beyond the number prescribed is sure to be fatal. But we are apt to compute inversely, so that as sundaes at Lowe's become more and more attractive, they hold less and less calories. We really have done wonders in keeping in the fashion,—only last week an Abbot girl lost three whole pounds; of course she may find them again, but does not such a reduction augur well for Abbot's future beauty?

This year *The Abbot Courant* has acquired a rival. No, not exactly a rival, for *The Abbot Echo* is an entirely different type of publication. It is a newspaper put out by the Senior Middle class every so often, consisting of humorous articles, cartoons, poems, and jokes. No one knows who the editors are, for it is a very secretive organization, and little can be found out. However, this we know, that it is a strictly Senior Middle publication, the first of its kind, and it will pass from this Senior Middle Class to the next and so on.

We feel that this paper has made a good start, and hope that it will flourish successfully long after the class of '23, which originated it, has graduated.

School Journal

Calendar

JANUARY

- 22 Chapel. Dean Wasson: The Perfect Law of Liberty.
- 28 Hall Exercises. Miss Wiggin: Consumers League.
- 24 Senior-Middle Plays.
- 29 Chapel. President Marshall: Friendship.

FEBRUARY

- 4 Chapel. Dr. Harry P. Dewey: Prayer.
- 5 Evening Talk. Anna Hempstead Branch: Poetry.
- 6 Seniors go to Intervale.
- 9 Seniors return from Intervale.
- 11 Concert: Esther Dale.
- 12 Chapel. Miss Bailey: The Desire of the Greatest Gifts.
- 14 Valentine party.
- 18 Hall Exercises. Miss Mary Sweeney: The Work of the International Institute of Madrid.
- 19 Chapel. Dr. Boyd Edwards: The Two Cities.
- 20 Lecture: Colonel Raymond Robins: The Limitation of Armament Conference.
- 26 Chapel. The Hampton Quartet.

MARCH

- 5 Chapel. Mr. C. W. Henry: Lent.
- 11 Concert: The Letz String Quartet.
- 12 Northfield meeting.
- 19 Chapel. Dr. Shailer Mathews: New Forms of Idolatry.
- 23 Spring Vacation begins.

APRIL

- 5 Spring Vacation ends.
- 8 Hall Exercises. Mr. A. B. LeBoutillier: Etchings.
- 9 Chapel. Dr. Brewer Eddy.
- 16 Chapel. Easter Service.
- 18 Senior Play: "Romeo and Juliet."
- 23 Chapel. Rev. Mr. Wheelock: Queen Esther.
- 30 Chapel. Miss Saunders: Work of International Institute in Lawrence.

MAY

- 6 Entertainment, Abbot Birthday.
- 7 Chapel. Dr. Rosalie Morton: Serbian Student Education.
- 13 Senior Promenade.
- 14 Vespers. Miss Bailey.
- 16 French Play: "Le Malade Imaginaire."
- 21 Chapel. Mr. G. H. Gutterson: Power.

Lectures

Miss Wiggin of the Consumers League of Boston, brought to us, on January 28th, the story of the lives of a few of the girls who work in factories and mills that was capable of making us appreciate to a much larger extent than before, the comforts we now enjoy. Then too, she spoke of the school laws and of the school physicians who are quite an improvement on the old system. She left us with the feeling that it is up to us to do what we can to help those less fortunate than we are.

On February 18th, Miss Mary Sweeney spoke to us about the work of the International Institute at Madrid. As she has spent some time there, her talk was doubly interesting, for it gave us the personal viewpoint of the people and the life, and the pictures which she showed us also added to our interest in our Spanish brothers and sisters.

Colonel Raymond Robins, on February 20th, told us something of the Limitation of Armaments Conference at Washington. He explained the real importance of the meeting, and the fact that we do not yet appreciate the cost of the war, or its aftermath. He spoke of the prospect of another war, and gave us some very vivid descriptions as to what it would be like. He said that increasing armaments breed war, and that limitation is one of the signs of confidence between nations. We must think of the boys who sacrificed for us, and what kind of living will justify their sacrifice, and do all within our power to make the cause worthy of the result. One of the methods of doing this, is to prevent another war, and that was the purpose of the Conference.

The Faculty and Senior Class had a special treat on the 8th of April when Mr. Addison B. LeBoutillier spoke to them about etchings. He described the process of engraving the pictures on copper, and of painting them. He also explained the fine points of difference between a dry-point, mezzotint, halftone, and photogravure. As Mr. LeBoutillier himself makes etchings, he illustrated his talk by passing around the different appliances that are used, as well as copper plates in various states of completion, and etchings made from them.

Concerts

Miss Esther Dale proved herself, in her recital in Davis Hall on February 11th, a singer of exceptional ability. She has an excellent voice, a refined, artistic sense and temperament to give effectiveness to her singing. Her

program ranged from Bach and Mozart to Carpenter and Crist, including a group of folksongs by Brahms, a small group by French and Russian composers, also songs by Americans. In all the difficult styles from *Alleluia* of Mozart with its coloratura, to the conversational songs of Carpenter, Miss Dale seemed equally skilled.

On March 11th the Letz String Quartet of New York gave a concert in Davis Hall. These four string players are all men who have won unusual recognition in their respective branches in Europe and America, and who constitute one of the leading quartets in this country. Their well-selected program included works of Haydn, Beethoven, and Dvorak.

Entertainments

The Seniors presented their annual play this year, "Romeo and Juliet", on Tuesday evening, April 18, in Davis Hall. This was the first time a tragedy has ever been attempted at Abbot, and to say the least, it was one of the best plays ever given here. The characters were wonderfully individualized and interpreted. Gwendolyn Bloomfield made a lovely Juliet, and took her part with much grace and ease. Mary Polk, who played the part of Romeo, was a gallant and charming lover. Most of the scenes were very simply but artistically staged. The Bier scene and the Balcony scene were particularly beautiful in a dim, soft light, and elaborate with fragrant flowers. Altogether the play was a great success and will no doubt be remembered for a long time by all who saw it.

On May 16th, the French department presented Molière's play, "Le Malade Imaginaire," in celebration of the birthday of the author. It was exceedingly well done, the action never dragging; the acting was vivid and interpretive, keeping the audience continually charmed and laughing. The costumes, which were exquisite, being those of the time of Louis XIV, added much to the play, and carried us back to the eighteenth century. The leading role was played by Mme. Craig, to whom much of the success of the play is due as she coached the other members of the cast. The little French maid Toinette, who played an important part in the story, was charming, and Angélique daughter of Argan, very lovely.

The last set of corridor stunts proved to be very entertaining. They ranged from a blood-curdling tragedy which took place in an imaginary lighthouse, to a weird scene in a hospital where one ghostly body after another was borne on a stretcher to be examined by a heavily bearded doctor who used an eggbeater and various kitchen utensils for his implements. "The Evolution of Dance" which began with a wild demonstration of a caveman dance, and portrayed every stage of dance up until the present day, was cleverly presented. Last, but by no means least, came the long-awaited-for faculty stunt. The teachers, gaily decked in our best tweed suits, gave a fetching take-off on the Abbot girls at their return to school after spring vacation. The most exciting and thrilling scene was when Abbot went up in imaginary flames. Of course, the Andover fire department was not sufficient to save the frantic

damsels from the flaming building, so our heroes from Phillips, among whom was a famous baseball shark, rushed to the rescue. After the fire was quenched, and the gales of laughter of the audience quieted, several songs were sung by a joint chorus of "Abbot" and "Phillips".

Athletics

This year under the able management of Miss Bigelow athletics and gymnasium work have been a great success. The girls and Miss Bigelow have had a close bond of co-operation which has helped to turn out some excellent teams. Rhythmic under the direction of Miss Dalzell has likewise had a successful season.

On January 31, the "A" Society went on a skating party to Pumps Pond after which they cooked their own supper in the Domestic Science laboratory.

On April 22, a gymnastic exhibition was held at Davis Hall. Some classes performed drills either with wands, Indian clubs, or dumbbells, while others did marching, folk dances, and apparatus work. The whole thing went off with the pep and enthusiasm that is characteristic of the work in the gymnasium classes.

On April 25, the "A" Society had its supper at the Abbot Tea Room.

On May 4, the rhythmic classes gave their exhibition at Davis Hall. Each class had its special feature, and the exhibition was greatly enjoyed by all who saw it.

On May 12, the Faculty basketball team played the girls. It was a very exciting game, and not half as one-sided as one might have expected. The final score was 25-20 in favor of the girls.

On May 24, the long-looked-for Field Day arrived. It was a glorious day, and perfectly suited for sports. The baseball game was held on the day before to save time. The score was 43-5 in favor of the classes of '23 and '25. The tennis doubles were won by D. Osborne and L. Mount. Anne Wolf came first in the 100-yd. dash. P. Bullard and E. Glidden won the three-legged race, and B. Goss and F. Holmes came second. This and the wheelbarrow race, which was won by P. Potter and B. Sands, M. E. Polk and C. P. Damon coming second, were the two most humorous events on the program. A. Wolf won the running high jump, while in the running broad jump M. Saunders and K. Damon took first and second places. B. Goss won the basketball throw. Madeleine Howard won the riding cup, while H. Sperry won second place. The class of '23 won the basketball with a score of 22-12, but '22 beat the hockey with a score of 1-0. The last event of field day was a tug-of-war between all the classes. The rope broke on one side after a long, hard pull and the class of '22 was victorious. This made the final score 55-60 in favor of the class of '23. But was this the last event? Near the end of study hour that same night the fire alarm rang. Everybody thought that there must surely be a real fire, and when the bell rang for us to go outside, we were sure of it. Yes, it was a real fire — a great, big, roaring bonfire. When everybody

saw this, they rushed around it in circles singing all sorts of songs. Certainly this was a glorious ending to a glorious field day!

On May 30, the "A" Society went on its annual camping trip. They started late Tuesday afternoon, and went by auto to Corbette's Lake, N. H. Here they cooked their supper around the campfire, and spent the evening walking or canoeing, finally ending up by singing around the fire. The next morning they made a trip to Mr. Searles' castle. They returned to Hamblet's Camp where they had spent the night, in time for lunch, and spent the rest of the day there. After supper they again piled in the truck and got back to Abbot about eight o'clock tired, dirty and sunburned, but all perfectly well and happy.

School Charities

This year Abbot pledged about six hundred dollars for the Serbian Educational Commission. Seventy-eight dollars were sent to Miss Wiggin for the Consumers' League, and twenty-five dollars were raised for the Andover Guild. The proceeds from the English V plays which amounted to eighty-five dollars, were sent to the Pine Mountain Settlement School in Kentucky.

Honor Roll

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Items of General Interest

On February 15th, the National Federation of Arts in Washington sent us an exhibition of forty pictures by representative contemporary American artists, including such painters as Carlson, Arthur B. Davies, Gardner Symons, Phillip Little, Gertrude Fiske, Bosley, and others. There were interesting examples of the New Mexico school of painting. The collection was increased by several paintings by Charles H. Davis and Henry H. Ahl, lent by Miss Anne Means and Mrs. John A. Towle. This is the fourth large exhibition of paintings Abbot has had.

On April 8th, an exhibition of etchings was opened in the John-Esther Gallery. The exhibit included works by Whistler, Rembrandt, Zorn, and others. This collection was lent by Mrs. John A. Towle. There were works of Millet, Corot, Manet, Davies, and others, lent by Frederick Keppel, and two etchings by Mr. Addison LeBoutillier, lent by the artist. There was on exhibition at the same time a rare pair of portieres of Japanese needle work tapestry lent by Mrs. John A. Towle. The exhibitions this year were opened to the public and the expenses connected with them were borne by the fund left by Miss McKeen for increasing the interest in fine arts in the school.

Abbot has been fortunate in receiving two bequests recently: one in the will of Mrs. Abbie Holt Smart, '49, of two thousand dollars, the income to be used as a scholarship fund for an Andover girl; the other in the will of the late Joseph H. Stone, of one thousand dollars, given in memory of Mr. Stone's sister, Mary Adelaide Stone, '64, to be known as the Mary Adelaide Stone Fund, the income to be used for general purposes.

A charming collection of Colonial costumes has been added to the Abbot property room, from the belongings of Miss Agnes Park, 1858, of Andover, who has been for forty years the beloved secretary of the Alumnae Association, and a staunch friend of the school.

On March 13th, the Abbot trustees were entertained at dinner in the Abbot dining hall for the first time. After the dinner there was a joint meeting of the faculty and trustees to consider the future academic policy of the school. Later in the evening, the trustees held a business meeting.

The Theism class has been most fortunate this term in having a course of lectures given them by the Reverend Charles Henry Oliphant of Methuen. Mr. Oliphant is one of our trustees.

The Abbot Quartet now holds, beside the pianist, Mrs. Ethel Dixon Knights, '19, three old Abbot girls. They are Mrs. Edna Dixon Mansur, '20, and Miss Marjorie Downs, '20, the violinists, and Miss Katherine Tougas, '17, who plays the viola.

For the first time the College Board examinations are to be taken at Abbot. This means that the school will remain open until after the girls preparing for college have taken their examinations, which begin the 19th of June, continuing through the week. The proctors will be entirely from the College Board. The change will be a great help to the girls, inasmuch as they will be among familiar surroundings, so holding less chance of becoming over-excited at this critical time.

Harriet Bixby, formerly a secretary at Abbot, has been promoted to the position of director of the laboratories in the Department of Health, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Miss Howey has a leave of absence for a year to spend in the Orient, traveling, and in term time teaching in Kobe College, Japan. She plans to sail on July 27th. Her sailing address is: "Empress of Australia," Canadian Pacific Line, Vancouver, B. C. Her permanent address is: Kobe College, Kobe, Japan.

Alumnae Notes

The Boston Abbot Club met for an informal luncheon at Hotel Victoria on February 4th. About seventy-five were present. Mrs. Constance Parker Chipman presided. Miss Mary Byers Smith, 1904, of the Bethesda Society for the Care of Girls, spoke of "Anne Perry Hincks, Pioneer," who is executive secretary of the society, and admirably adapted to that difficult position. Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary, 1877, spoke of opportunities for helping Orientals in Utah and California, where she and her husband have been working since their return from Japan. The Abbot Glee Club enlivened the program with school songs. Miss Bailey gave greetings and a special invitation to Alumnae Day, to be Monday of Commencement Week.

The annual meeting of the club was held April 1st at Hotel Victoria. A delightful program was provided, consisting of readings by Miss Bertha E. Morgan, instructor in Vocal Expression at Abbot Academy, interspersed with the singing of several groups of negro "spirituals". Miss Morgan's selections were from "He Knew Lincoln" and Tarkington's "Seventeen". Mrs. Helen Marland Bradbury, 1896, was elected president for the coming year, Miss Grace Kellogg, 1910, recording secretary, Miss Grace Hatch, 1910, corresponding secretary, and Miss Helen Buss, 1908, treasurer. It was voted to have four meetings of the Club next year instead of three. The question of changing the time of the Luncheon with the Alumnae Association from November to December was discussed, and it was voted to recommend the change to the Association.

A leaflet has been sent to all the members of the Alumnae Association with announcements for Commencement, and the revision of the Constitution proposed by the committee of four (Miss Agnes Park, Chairman), appointed at the last annual meeting. This will be discussed at the meeting on June 12th. The provisions of the old constitution, which has been very little changed in the fifty years, were inadequate for the needs of the rapidly growing organization. There are now nearly nine hundred members.

The events in Commencement Week, June 10-13, differ slightly from usual. The Draper Reading will be on Saturday evening, and the alumnae features will be on Monday instead of on Tuesday. There will be an informal luncheon, followed by class reports and business discussions. The hour set is twelve o'clock. Tickets for the luncheon will be sold at Alumnae Headquarters in McKean Hall. All former students are invited, whether members of the Association or not, but it is hoped that everybody will join who is not already listed, as the life membership fee is only five dollars, and the returns are many.

The Detroit Abbot Club was formed on April 1st, at the Woman's City Club in Detroit, with Mrs. Lizzie Gerrish Willard, †1880, acting as hostess.

Mrs. Corinne Willard Dresser, †1911, was elected president, Mrs. Hannah Haines Webb, 1908, vice-president, and Constance Ling, †1920, secretary-treasurer.

May 6th, Abbot Day, has proved itself a great success. Not only has it brought wonderful financial success but in getting both old and new girls together in agreeable social intercourse, in having them work for a common cause, it stimulates their interest in, and love for the school.

At Abbot the celebration included an extremely interesting historical exhibition in the John-Esther Gallery, a sale of kodak pictures, ice cream cones and candy, a bridge party given by Miss Mary Bancroft, 1900, and an amusing exhibition of the teachers' baby photographs. In the evening a "Birthday Benefit" was given for the Fund, at which the Abbot Quartet played, the Glee Club sang, and Mrs. Edna Dixon Mansur, '20, played delightfully on the violin; also Miss Potter, always a favorite at Abbot, read a group of modern poems, and the manuscript play, "Mis' Mercy", by Miss Louise W. Bray, which is soon to be published.

In Andover the birthday celebration was well observed. Two of the opening features of the week were the bridge parties at the homes of Mrs. Abbie Locke Thomson '69, and Mrs. Edith Johnson Donald, '11. The celebration closed with a successful food sale on the lawn of Miss Kate Jenkins. Another feature was the exhibition of the first two of a series of four small etchings of the school which are being made by the well-known etcher, Mr. Addison B. LeBoutillier, the proceeds of which will be shared with the Fund. The two finished etchings are of Abbot Hall and the memorial gateway.

Although few full reports have been received by the school up to the time of writing, the anniversary has been observed all over the country by rallies of former students and friends of the school, in the interest of the Loyalty Endowment Fund. In Boston on April 18th, Mrs. Adeline Perry Walker, '90, arranged a musicale held in the Copley-Plaza. In Worcester Mrs. Mary Ball Bigelow, '07, gave a bridge party and tea, where the alumnae of the Worcester district made their contributions to the fund under the direction of Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Brownell, '74, local chairman. In Newport, New Hampshire, Mrs. Lizzie Farnsworth Richards, '77, Mrs. Louise Richards Rollins, †'07, Helen Martin, †'18, the only alumnae in Newport, sent out cleverly printed invitations in rhyme to a tea and musicale. Reports have come from Marion Cleveland, '21, Albany, New York, Mrs. Harriet Wanning Frick, '99, Mrs. Alfreda Johnson Bolton, '84, Baltimore, Maryland. In Massachusetts we have heard from the alumnae in Peabody and Beverly, which two towns united their efforts for the Fund; from Newtonville, at which place the committee was composed of Mrs. Gladys Perry Miller, '09, Mrs. Gertrude Swanberg Cryan '09, and Mrs. Lucia Trevitt Auryansen '86; from Roslindale, through Elizabeth S. P. Rollins, '73; and from Taunton, through Flora Mason, '89. In Detroit, although no definite reports have arrived, the alumnae have worked individually for the Fund by selling aluminum "wash mits," miniature scrubbing boards.

An exhibition of photographs and other material illustrating the history and development of the Academy was held in the John-Esther Gallery to celebrate the Abbot Brithday, May 6. Several recently acquired treasures were included, as for instance, a printed placard of 1854, announcing the famous levee promoted by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, to raise money for furnishing the new Smith Hall. Mrs. Stowe's three daughters were in school at the time. The placard was found among the papers of Mrs. Abbie Holt Smart. Of that same period is a panorama view of Andover, with buildings in quaint perspective, many of them no longer in existence. This belonged to Miss Agnes Park.

An old tally-book was shown recording the work of the men employed in building Abbot Hall in 1828-29. Special mention is made of "Mr. Saunders' work on the columns, 13½ days, and on the bases 8 1-3 days in Cambridge."

Photographs of all periods were included in the exhibit, of groups and classes as well as individuals. The program of the Draper Reading of 1872 was accompanied by photographs of most of the readers of that year. Pictures for the period 1885-95 were many and interesting. The changes in buildings, costumes and room decoration occasioned much comment from present students.

The exhibit proved of value in many ways, though it was prepared especially to raise money for the Loyalty Fund. A display of baby pictures of the faculty made much merry guessing and brought in many extra nickels. Undergraduates assisted on May 6th, conducting a booth for fortune-telling and a penny show of clever pencil sketches of present-day school customs, which might be looked back upon as curious and interesting by girls of the future.

The Abbot Birthday was further marked by a donation to the Abbot Loyalty Fund of two thousand dollars by Mrs. Mary Aiken Ripley, 1854. The sum itself will count in with the total of the Fund, but the interest is to be kept separate and will be used for increasing the equipment of the Library. The gift is double appreciated because it comes at such an appropriate time and fulfills such a practical need.

1845. By the recent death of Mrs. Luther Sheldon Wightman, 1841, at the age of ninety-eight, the class of 1845 comes to the head of the list. Mrs. Ann Edwards Haskell, of Denver, Col., daughter of Rev. Justin Edwards, former president of Andover Theological Seminary, entered school in the same year as Mrs. Wightman but remained longer. Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell Strong, of Auburndale, entered in 1842. Both married ministers and have had long and useful lives in the service. All honor to them!

†1866. A copy of the class hymn, with words by Emily P. Hidden and music by Professor Downs, has recently been presented to the school by Miss Madeleine Hewes, daughter of Caroline Abbott, †1870.

†1877. Mrs. Ellen Emerson Cary and Mrs. Sarah Bird Harris, former roommates, are planning to come to their reunion in June and hope for others.

†1877. At the Alumnae luncheon at the Hotel Victoria, Boston, April 1, Mrs. Otis Cary (Ellen M. Emerson), who has spent many years in Japan, spoke on her present work among the Japanese in Utah.

†1885. Three girls who entered school last fall are the daughters of Abbot alumnae. Emily Van Patten is the daughter of Mary Kuhnen, 1885, Elizabeth Brewster, daughter of Bernice Marvelle, 1901, and Mary Ward, daughter of *Elizabeth* Charlotte Bousfield, 1896.

†1894. At the Alumnae luncheon in Boston, April 1, Mrs. Doremus Scudder (Mabel Bosher) spoke on the Loyalty Fund. Mary Byers Smith spoke on "Anne Perry Hincks, Pioneer".

†1894. Mabel Bosher (Mrs. Doremus Scudder) took the part of the mother of the prophet, in the play *Jeremiah*, given in Boston last winter under the auspices of the Federation of Churches.

†1895. Mrs. Ernest B. Young (Grace Simonton) gave an Abbot Alumnae Tea at her home in Boston on January 28th.

†1899. Mrs. Channing H. Cox (May Young) is Honorary State Commissioner of the Girl Scouts of Massachusetts. With Governor Cox and other officials she reviewed the delegates at the annual state gathering in Boston on May 20th.

†1900. Mary Carleton has a position in the filing department of the Kuhn Loeb Company of New York.

†1906. Constance Chipman Parker will sail for Europe in July with her husband and three little daughters to spent a year in Paris.

1912. Dorothy Ball is now Mrs. Paul S. Tenney, and lives at 84 Church Street, Winchester. She has a little daughter, Lucretia Paula, three years old.

†1913. Edith Wade is a member of the 1923 class crew at Smith, which took part in the annual Field Day in May.

†1913. Margaret Wilkins will be in Boston next year taking the course in salesmanship at the Prince School.

†1915. Elizabeth Allen is completing her second year as teacher in Miss Chapin's School for girls in New York.

†1917. Sarah Humason is technical assistant with a stock broker's firm in Providence.

†1918. Margaret Morris Clausen has been admitted to the Guild of American Organists by examination.

1918. Elizabeth Holmes Wyatt has moved to Syracuse, New York, where her husband is in business.

†1918. Avalita Howe will receive her degree from Mount Holyoke college this June. During her course there she has been well known in athletics, playing on her class hockey team for four years and being captain for three years. She has also been active in debating, serving as junior member of the executive board of the debating society last year and as a member of the bibliography committee this year.

1918. Elizabeth Gray will also receive her degree from Mount Holyoke on June 13. She has been a member of the literary board of the *Round Table*, the college magazine, and of Blackstick, the literary club. She appeared as Columbine in "Aria da Capo" by Edna St. Vincent Millay, when it was presented by the dramatic club this spring.

†1918. Lois Lindsay graduates from Mount Holyoke this June and will receive her degree. She has been vice-president of the Students' League, house chairman of Rockefeller hall, one of the larger dormitories, advertising manager of the *News*, the college weekly, and a member of the advisory council of the Students' League. She has been a member of the choir throughout her course.

†1919. Marea M. Blackford is completing a two-year course in the French Home School for Girls in New York City and expects to spend next winter traveling in Europe.

1919. Dorothy Shapleigh and her family expect to spend the summer at their home in Norway.

1919. Ethel Dixon Knights was one of the pupils at the New England Conservatory of Music chosen to play in the annual competition for the Chickering piano prize.

†1919. Elizabeth Luce is one of the Junior class representatives on the Student Committee (a committee for the welfare of the self-help girls).

†1920. Helen Walker is going to Labrador this summer where she will be one of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's assistants in his work there.

†1921. Katherine Knight is a member of the college symphony orchestra at Wellesley.

†1921. Harriet Edgell is treasurer of the Freshman class at Wellesley and was editor-in-chief of the March issue of the Freshman paper, *The Twig*.

†1921. Carol Perrin was chairman of the Freshman events in the Winter Snow Carnival and was an assistant editor of the March issue of *The Twig* at Wellesley.

†1921. The Thompson twins are the two factotums of the Freshman class at Wellesley.

Visitors

Mrs. Helen Danforth Prudden, †1913, and Carol Prudden, Mrs. Olga Erickson Tucker, †1913, Katherine Knight, †1921, Carol Perrin, †1921, Elizabeth Thompson, †1921, Henrietta Thompson, †1921, Mary Harrison, †1921, Harriet Edgell, †1921, Dorothy Carr, †1921, Mildred Frost, †1919, Elizabeth Weld, †1921, Karno Weld, †1921, Frances Gere, †1917, Dorothy Shapleigh, †1919, Isabel Herrick, †1901, Elinor Cochrane, †1921, Lois Fleming, †1921, Katherine Hamblet, †1920, Miss Pettingell, Miss Lane, Mrs. Anna Nettleton Miles, †1893, Mary Sweeney, 1909, Josephine Hamilton, †1919.

Engagements

†1895. Elizabeth M. Smith to Mr. Charles E. F. Clarke of New York.

†1916. Ruth Laton to Capt. Andrew Elliot Creesy of the U. S. Marines.

1917. Helene Bennett to Mr. Frederick Ellary Cruff.

1917. Martha C. Swalm to Mr. Timothy Holden of Danville, Ill.

†1919. Charlotte Copeland to Mr. William Bradford Gray.

- †1919. Gretchen Brown to Mr. Alonzo Franklin Knights.
†1919. Kathryn Beck to Mr. George Downing Lane.
1920. Miriam Rowell to Mr. Henry Walter Barnes, Jr.
†1920. Helen Emily Thiel to Mr. H. Peter Gravengaard of Des Moines, Iowa.

Marriages

- †1907. BRUSH — WEBSTER. In Haverhill, March 11, 1922, Alice Morse Webster to Mr. Reuben Warner Brush. At home, 8 Grant Street, Natick, Mass.
†1914. DYER—HAMBLET. In Lawrence, May 20, 1922, Helen Elizabeth Hamblet to Mr. Stephen Webster Dyer.
†1916. BAKER—WARFIELD. In Cranford, New Jersey, April 9, 1922, Helen Elizabeth Warfield to Mr. Mac Latimer Baker.
†1917. PARSONS—BOUTWELL. In Andover, May 8, 1922, Bernice Patterson Boutwell to Mr. Philip Parsons.
1917. WATSON—HIGGINS. In New York City, April 4, 1922, Marcia Eno Higgins to Mr. Morrill Wyman Watson.
†1920. MANSUR—DIXON. In Lowell, March 25, 1922, Edna Grayson Dixon to Mr. Warren Mansur. At home, 107 Livingston Avenue, Lowell.
†1920. WHITAKER—FISHER. In Wellington, New Zealand, April 6, 1922, Dorothy Estelle Fisher to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Whitaker. They are now traveling in Australia and New Zealand. Address, Astor House Hotel, Shanghai, China.
†1920. BAKER—PEARSALL. In Newark, Ohio, February 28, 1922, Elizabeth Justine Pearsall to Mr. Robert J. Baker.

Births

- †1904. On April 10, 1922, a son, Frederic Herbert, to Mr. and Mrs. Alden W. Baldwin (Helen E. Childs) of Springfield.
†1905. On April 18, 1922, a son, Charles Herrick, to Mr. and Mrs. William Knickerbocker (Frances Cutler) of Syracuse, N. Y.
1908. On January 2, 1922, a daughter, Alice Dean, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Webb (Hannah Haines) of Detroit, Mich.
†1911. On July 20, 1921, a daughter, Jane, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin N. Lewis (Mary Hall) of New York City.
†1913. On January 26, 1922, a son, Kinley Walker, to Mr. and Mrs. Carl N. Lindsay (Mary L. Erving) of Newtonville.
1913. On August 29, 1921, a daughter, Lucia Bayley, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Buchanan (Marian Bayley) of Pittsburgh, Pa.
†1914. On April 24, 1922, a daughter, Elizabeth Bowman, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard R. Meeker (Harriett Bowman) of Indianapolis.
†1914. On May 2, 1922, a son, William Alexander, to Mr. and Mrs. Dominic Rich (Helen Gilbert) of Allentown, Pa.

†1915. On January 22, 1922, a son, Harold Sheldon, to Mr. and Mrs. Bertrand B. Salzman (Esther Sheldon Shinn) of Whitneyville, Conn.

†1915. On September 15, 1921, a daughter, Damaris Sayre, to Mr. and Mrs. David Hay Atwater (Eleanor Bartlett) of Bluefield, West Virginia.

†1915. On March 23, 1922, a son, Edward Brooks, to Mr. and Mrs. Ames Stevens (Phyllis Brooks) of Lowell.

†1915. On March 31, 1922, a son, Donald Barnard, to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Cole (Marion Barnard) of Andover.

†1916. On March 8, 1922, a son, Richard Cilley, Jr., to Mr. and Mrs. Richard C. Bartlett (Dorothy Pillsbury).

Deaths

In Paris, France, April 18, 1922, by accident, Maude G. Hopkins, teacher of gymnastics, Abbot Academy, 1890-91.

1841. In Lowell, March 20, 1922, Luthera L. Sheldon, wife of the late H. W. B. Wightman.

1850. In Andover, April 11, 1922, Eliza A. Abbott, wife of the late Henry C. Higgins.

1850. In Andover, March 19, 1922, Mary A. Ballard.

1854. In Andover, February 20, 1922, Parthenia P. Boutwell, wife of the late E. Francis Holt.

1854. In Auburndale, March 2, 1922, Lucy Marcella Brown, wife of the late Francis C. Kelly.

1856. In Derry, N. H., March 2, 1922, Sarah C. Hervey.

1858. In Andover, March 23, 1922, Agnes Park.

1859. In North Andover, February 16, 1922, Harriet A. Frye, wife of the late Edward C. Fisher.

1862. At Arlington Heights, October 20, 1921, Lucy L. Tilton, wife of the late Albert D. Gott.

1863. In Andover, March 29, 1922, Frances A. Tyer, wife of the late John H. Flint.

1865. In Minneapolis, Minn., June 27, 1921, Flora H. Foster.

†1867. In Worcester, November 7, 1921, Martha Pillsbury, wife of James H. Rollins.

1867. In Newton, April 13, 1922, Emma J. Poyen, wife of the late George W. Weymouth.

1871. In Newton, September 8, 1921, Adelaide Howard, wife of Emery G. Wetherbee.

1871. In Orono, Maine, October 20, 1921, Annie M. Mayo, wife of George H. Hamlin.

1874. At Excelsior Springs, Mo., December 2, 1921, Minda C. Bidwell, wife of the late William C. Bedford.

1885. In Peabody, January 16, 1922, Desire Elizabeth Nickels.

†1900. In Plymouth, New Hampshire, February 20, 1922, Susan C. Russell.

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1922

April 5 Boarding Students register before 6 p.m.

April 6

June 13

Sept. 20 Students register

Sept. 21

Nov. 30

Dec. 19

Spring term begins

School year ends

Fall term begins

Thanksgiving Day

Fall term ends



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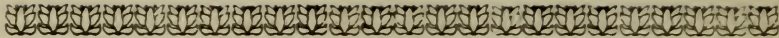
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